THE MINDE OF
THE FRONTISPEECE,
And Argument of this
WORKE.

FIRE, AIRE, EARTH, WATER, all the Oppoſites
That ſtroue in *Chaos*, powrefull LOVE vnites;
And from their Diſcord drew this Harmonie
That ſmiles in *Nature*: who, with rauiſht eye,
Affects his owne-made *Beauties*. But, our *Will*,
Deſire, and *Powres Iraſcible*, the skill
Of PALLAS orders; who the *Mind* attires
With all *Heroick Vertues*: This aſpires
To *Fame* and *Glorie*; by her noble Guide
Eternized, and well-nigh Deifi'd.
But who forſake that faire *Intelligence*,
To follow *Paſſion*, and voluptuous *Senſe*;
That ſhun the Path and Toyles of HERCVLES:
Such, charm'd by CIRCE's luxurie, and eaſe,
Themſelues deforme: 'twixt whom, ſo great an ods;
That theſe are held for Beaſts, and thoſe for Gods.

PHŒBVS APOLLO (ſacred Poeſie)
Thus taught: for in theſe antient Fables lie
The myſteries of all Philoſophie.

Some Natures ſecrets ſhew; in ſome appeare
Diſtempers ſtaines; ſome teach vs how to beare
Both Fortunes, bridling Ioy, Griefe, Hope, and Feare.

Theſe Pietie, Deuotion thoſe excite;
Theſe prompt to Vertue, thoſe from Vice affright;
All fitly mingling Profit with Delight.

This Courſe our Poet ſteeres: and thoſe that faile,
By wandring Stars, not by his Compaſſe, faile.

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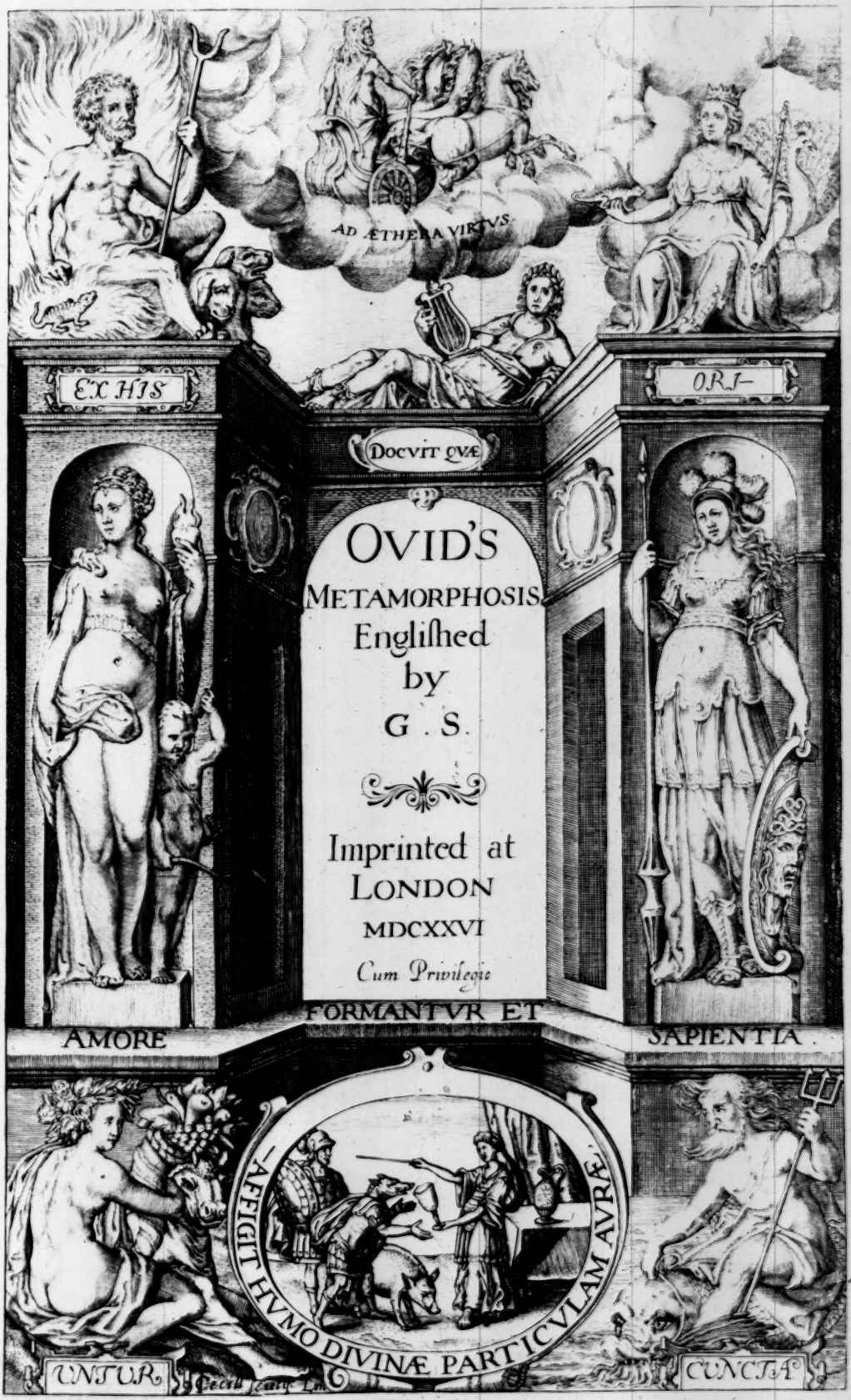
AD ÆTHERA VIRTVS
EX HIS
ORI-
DOCVIT QVÆ
OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS
Engliſhed
by
G. S.
Imprinted at
LONDON
MDCXXVI
Cum Privilegio
FORMANTVR ET
AMORE
SAPIENTIA
AFFIGIT HVMO DIVINÆ PARTICVLAM AVRÆ
VNTVR
CUNCTA

To the most High and Mightie Prince CHARLES, King of *Great Britaine, France, and* IRELAND.

SIR,

YOur Gracious acceptance of the first fruites of my Trauels, when You were our Hope, as now our Happinesse; hath actuated both Will and Power to the finishing of this Peece: being limn'd by that vnperfect light which was snatcht from the howers of night and repose. For the day was not mine, but dedicated to the seruice of your Great Father, and your Selfe: which, had it proued as fortunate as faithfull, in me, and others more worthy; we had hoped, ere many yeares had turned about, to haue presented You with a rich and wel-peopled Kingdome; from whence now, with my selfe, I onely bring this Composure:

Inter victrices Hederam tibi serpere Laurus.

It needeth more then a single denization, being a double Stranger. Sprung from the Stocke of the ancient Romanes; but bred in the New-world, of the rudenesse whereof it cannot but participate; especially hauing Warres and Tumults to bring it to light in stead of the Muses. But how euer vnperfect, Your fauour is able to supply; and to make it worthy of life, if you iudge it not vnworthy of your Royall Patronage. Long may you liue to be, as you are, the Delight and Glorie of your People: and slowly, yet surely, exchange your mortall Diadem for an immortall. So wishes.

Your Maiesties

most humble

Seruant

George Sandys.

Carmina quam tribuunt, Fama perennis erit.
Mercurius Lingua, Plectro dotavit Apollo:
Omne tulit punctum; bina trophæa gerens.
PVBLIVS OVIDIVS NASO EQVES ROMANVS POETARVM INGENIOSISSIMVS
The sweet-tongd Ovids Counterfeit behold,
Which Noblest Romans wore in rings of gold:
Or would you that, which his owne pensil drew:
The Poet in his deathless Poems, view.

THE LIFE OF OVID.

PVBLIVS OVIDIVS NASO, deſcended of the antient Family of the NASONES, who had preſerued the dignitie of *Roman* Knights from the firſt originall of that Order, was borne at *Sulmo*, a Citie of the *Peligni*, on the 14. of the Calends of April, in the Conſul-ſhips of HIRCIVS and PANSA, both ſlaine at the battle of *Mutina* againſt MARCVS ANTONIVS. While yet a boy, his quick wit and readie apprehenſion gaue his parents an aſſurance of a future excellencie: in ſo much as his father LVCIVS ſent him to *Rome* (together with his brother, a yeare elder then hee, and borne on the ſame day) to bee inſtructed by PLOTIVS GRIPPVS, that Art might perfect the accompliſhments of nature. In his firſt of youth he was much addicted vnto poetrie, wherein he had an excellent grace and naturall facilitie. But continually reproued by his father for following ſo vnprofitable a ſtudie, with an ill will he forſooke the pleaſant walkes of the Muſes to trauell in the rugged paths of the Law, vnder AVRELIVS FVSCVS and PORCIVS LATRO; of whoſe eloquence and learning hee was a great Admirer. Neither attained hee therein to a vulgar commendation, being numbred by MARCVS ANNÆVS SENECA among the principall Orators of thoſe times. His proſe was no other then diſſolued verſe: his ſpeech wittie, briefe, and powerfull in perſwaſion. Hauing paſt through diuers offices of Iudicature, and now readie to aſſume the habit of a Senator: his elder brother

ther and father being dead, impatient of toyle, and the clamours of litigious Aſſemblies, hee retired himſelfe from all publick affaires to affected vacancie and his former abandoned ſtudies. Yet ſuch was the mutuall affection betweene him and VARRO, that hee accepted of Command, and ſerued vnder him in the warres of *Aſia*: from whence hee returned by *Athens*, where hee made his aboad, vntill hee had attained to the perfection of that language. He was of a meane ſtature, ſlender of body, ſpare of diet; and, if not too amorous, euery way temperate. He drunk no wine but what was much alayed with water: An Abhorrer of vnnatural Luſts, from which it ſhould ſeeme that age was not innocent: neat in apparell; of a free, affable, and courtly behauiour; wherby hee acquired the friendſhip of many, ſuch as were great in learning and nobilitie; among whom not a few of Conſular dignitie: and ſo honoured by diuers, that they wore his picture in rings cut in precious ſtones. A great Admirer, & as much admired, of the excellent Poets of thoſe times, with whom hee was moſt familiar and intimate. Being perſwaded by ſome of them to leaue out three verſes of thoſe many which hee had written, hee gaue his conſent, ſo that of all hee might except three onely: whereupon they priuately writ thoſe which they would haue him aboliſh, and hee on the other ſide thoſe which hee excepted; when both their papers, being ſhowne, preſented the ſame verſes; the firſt and ſecond recorded by PEDO ALBINOVANVS, who was one of the arbiters,

Semi-bouemque virum, ſemi-uirumque bouem.
Sed gelidum Boream, egelidumque Notum.

whereby

whereby it appeareth that his admirable wit did not want an anſwerable iudgement in ſuppreſſing the libertie of his verſe, had he not affected it. An ample patrimonie hee had in the territories of *Sulmo*; with a houſe and a temple in the citie, where now ſtands the Church of *Sancta Maria de Tumba*: and where now ſtands the Church of *Sancta Maria de Conſolatione* he had an other in *Rome*, not farre from the Capitoll; with pleaſant Hort-yards betweene the wayes of *Flaminia* and *Claudia*, wherein hee was accuſtomed to recreate himſelfe with his Muſes. Hee had had three wiues: whereof the firſt being giuen him in his youth, as neither worthie nor profitable, ſoone after (according to the cuſtome of the *Romans*) he diuorced: nor liu'd he long with the ſecond, although nobly borne, and of behauiour inculpable. The chaſtitie and beauty of the third he often extolleth; whom he inſtructed in poetrie, and to his death entirely affected. Neither was her affection inferior to his; liuing all the time of his baniſhment like a ſorrowfull widdow, and continuing to the end exemplarie faithfull. But in this euery-way happie condition, when his age required eaſe, and now about to imploy his beloued vacancie in the reuiew and poliſhing of his former labours, hee was baniſhed, or rather confined to *Tomos* (a citie of *Sarmatia* bordering on the Euxine Sea) by AVGVSTVS CÆSAR, on the fourth of the Ides of December, and in the one and fiftieth yeere of his age, to the generall griefe of his friends and acquaintance: who ſailed into *Thrace* in a ſhip of his owne, and by land performed the reſt of his voyage. The cauſe of this his ſo cruell and deplored exile is rather coniectured then certainly knowne. Moſt agree

that it was for his too much familiaritie with IVLIA the daughter of AVGVSTVS, masked vnder the name of CORINNA. Others, that hee had vnfortunately ſeene the inceſt of CÆSAR: which may bee inſinuated, in that hee complaines of his error, and compares himſelfe to ACTÆON. But the pretended occaſion was for his compoſing of the Art of Loue, as intollerably laſciuious, and corrupting good manners. A pretence I may call it, ſince vnlikely it is, that he ſhould baniſh him in his age for what hee writ when hardly a man, and after ſo long a conniuance. Yet AVGVSTVS, either to conceale his owne crime or his daughters, would haue it ſo thought: neither would OVID reueale the true cauſe, leaſt hee ſhould further exaſperate his diſpleaſure. After he had long in vaine ſolicited his repeale by the mediation of GERMANICVS CÆSAR, and others that were neere vnto the Emperour; or at leaſt to bee remoued to a more temperate Clime; his hopes (as hee writes) forſaking the earth with AVGVSTVS, hee dyed at *Tomos* in the fifth yeare of the raigne of TIBERIVS; hauing liued ſeuen yeares in baniſhment. As TIBVLLVS and hee were borne in one day, ſo hee and LIVIE dyed on an other; that his birth and death might bee nobly accompanied. He had ſo wonne the barbarous GET's with his humanitie and generous actions (hauing alſo written a booke in their language) that they honoured him in his life with triumphant garlands, and celebrated his funerals with vniuerſall ſorrow; erecting his tomb before the gates of their citie, hard by a lake which retaineth his name to this day. His ſepulcher was found in the yeere, MDVIII. with a magnificent couerture preſenting this Epitaph.

FATVM

Here lies that liuing Poet, by the rage
Of great Auguſtus *baniſhed from* Rome:
Who in his countrie ſought t'interre his Age;
But vainly, Fate hath lodgd him in this tomb.

ISABELLA Queene of *Hungarie* in the yeere MDXL ſhewed to BARGÆVS a pen of ſiluer, found not long before vnder certain ruines, with this inſcription; *OVIDII NASONIS CALAMVS.*: which ſhee highly eſteemed, and preſerued as a ſacred relique. Of the bookes which he writ, ſince moſt of them are extant among vs, I will onely recite theſe following verſes of ANGELVS POLITIANVS.

1 *From times firſt birth he chants the change of (things,* Metamorphoſis.
2 *The flames of Loue in Elegiacks ſings,* DeArte,& Amorum.
3 *With curſes doubtfull* Ibis *he inſnares,* In Ibin
4 *Epiſtles dictates fraught with Louers cares,* Epiſt. Heroidum.
5 *In Swan-like tunes deplores his ſad exile,* Triſt.& de Ponto.
6 *His verſe the* Roman *Feſtiuals compile,* Faſti.
7 *Of fiſhes ſings vnknowne to* Latin *eares,* Halieutica.
8 *Cõputes the ſtars that glide in heauẽly ſpheres,* Phænomena.
9 *His paper fils with epigrammick rimes,* Epigrammata.
10 *The tragick ſtage on high cothurnals climes,* Medeæ trag.
11 *Whips Poetaſters that abuſe the times,* In malos Poetas.

Yet leaues hee out the *Remedie of Loue*, a legitimate Poem (except hee make it an appendix to the *Art*) and his *Conſolation to* LIVIA for the death of DRVSVS: which SENECA hath excerped and ſprinkled among his ſeuerall *Conſolations*. Among ſuch a multiplicitie of arguments our gentle Poet did neuer write a virulent verſe, but onely againſt

CORNIFICVS; (maskt vnder the name of IBIS) who solicited his wife in his absence, and laboured against the repeale of his banishment. Concerning his Metamorphosis, it should seeme that he therein imitated PARTHENIVS of *Chios*, who writ on the same argument: as the *Latin* Poets euen generally borrowed their inuentions from the *Græcian Magazins*. I will conclude with what himselfe hath written of this Poem, wherein I haue imployed my vacant howres: with what successe, I leaue to the censure of others, which perhaps may proue lesse rigid then my owne.

Trist. lib. 1. Elegia. 6.

I thanke your loue: my verse farre liuelier then
My picture shew me; wherefore those peruse:
My verse, which sing the changed shapes of men;
Though left vnperfect by my banisht Muse.
Departing, these I sadly with my hand
Into the fire, with other riches, threw.
Her sonne so Thestias *burning in his brand,*
A better sister then a mother grew:
So I, what should not perish with me, cast
Those bookes, my issue, in the funerall flame:
In that I did my Muse and verse distast;
Or that as yet vnpolished and lame.
But since I could not so destroy them quite;
For sundrie copies it should seeme there be:
Now may they liue, nor lazily delight
The generous Reader; put in mind of me.
Yet they with patience can by none be read,
That know not how they vncorrected stand:
Snatcht from the forge, ere throughly anuiled;
Depriued of my last life-giuing hand.
For praise I pardon craue: though highly grac'd,
If, Reader, they bee not despisd by thee.

Yet

Yet in the front be theſe ſixe verſes plac'd;
If with thy liking it at leaſt agree.
WHO *meets this Orphan-volume, poore in worth,*
Within your Citie harborage afford.
To winne more fauour, not by him ſet forth;
But rauiſht from the funerall of his Lord.
This therefore which preſents it's owne defect,
At pleaſure with a friendly hand correct.

OVID DEFENDED.

SInce diuers, onely wittie in reprouing, haue profaned our Poet with their faſtidious cenſures: we, to vindicate his worth from detraction, and preuent preiudicacie, haue here reuiued a few of thoſe infinite teſtimonies, which the cleereſt iudgements of all Ages haue giuen him. I will begin with the cenſure of that accurate Orator

Controu. 10. MARCVS ANNÆVS SENECA,

One of his frequent and admiring Auditors. NASO *had a conſtant, becomming, and amiable wit. His Proſe appeared no other then diſſolued Verſes.* And a little after. *Of his words no Prodigall, except in his Verſe: wherein, hee was not ignorant of the fault, but affected it: and often would ſay, that a Mole miſſe-became not a beautifull face, but made it more louely.* Amongſt the excellent of his time, wee may eſteeme

Hiſt. lib. 2. VELLEIVS PATERCVLVS,

Who writeth thus in his hiſtorie. *It is almoſt a folly, to number the wits that are euer in our eyes. Amongſt theſe, of our Age the moſt eminent are,* Virgil *the Prince of Verſe,* Rabirius, Liuie *imitating* Saluſt, Tibullus, *and* NASO *in the forme of his abſolute Poem.* Nor doth

Natur. Quæſt. li. 3 LVCIVS ANNÆVS SENECA

degenerate from his Fathers opinion: who to that Verſe, by him thus diſſolued, *The Rocks appeare like Ilands, and augment the diſperſed* Cyclades, annexeth this, *as ſaith the wittieſt of all Poets.* A conſtant Imitor of his, through all his Philoſophie; but eſpecially in his Tragedies. Wherupon ſome haue coniectred that *Seneca's* Medea belongeth to OVID. Whereof

Lib. 10. QVINTILIAN

thus cenſures. OVID's Medea *ſeemeth to me to expreſſe how much that man could haue performd, would he rather haue*

haue reſtrayned then cheriſhed his inuention. And

CORNELIVS TACITVS, Dial. de Orat.

Neither is there any compoſition of Aſinius, *or* Meſſala *ſo illuſtrious, as* OVID's Medea. The wittie

MARTIAL

for the moſt part links him to incomparable *Virgil: as in this Epigram;*

You'r more then mad! thoſe, whom you ſee ſo bare, Lib. 3. Epig. 38.
With OVID's *ſelfe, or* Virgil *may compare.*

And in that to *Inſtantius.* Lib. 1. Epig. 73.

Would you adde ſpirit to my fainting Muſe,
And read immortall Verſes? loue infuſe.
Me, Mantua; SVLMO *mee ſhould ſtile diuine;*
Were but Alexis, or CORINNA *mine.*

Recorded by

STATIVS PAMPINIVS, Syluar. Li.

amongſt the beſt Poets.

That honoured Day the old Callimachus,
Philetas, Vmbrian Propertius,
Prepare to celebrate with one conſent;
And NASO, *chearfull, though in baniſhment,*
With rich Tibullus.

Nor is hee onely approued by prophane Authors. Thus learned

LACTANTIVS, Inſtit. diu. lib. 1.

OVID, *in the beginning of his excellent Poem, confeſſeth that God (not diſguizing his Name) ordayned the World; who calls him the Creator thereof, and Maker of all things.* In the following booke. *Which that ingenious Poet hath admirably deſcribed.* And

S. HIEROME; In Oſe. cap. 2.

Semiramis, *of whom they report many wonders, erected the walls of* Babylon; *as teſtifies that renowned Poet in the* 4. *booke of his Metamorphoſis.* Nor is he forgot by

S.

De Ciuit. Dei.

And NASO, *that excellent Poet.* Now descend wee to those, whom later times haue preferred for learning and iudgement. Thus sings the high prais'd

ANGELVS POLITIANVS.

In Nutricia.

'Tis doubtfull, whether He, whom SVLMO *bore,*
The World-commanding Tyber *honour'd more,*
Then his foule exile thee defam'd, O Rome!
Whom Getick *sands* (*alas*!) *but halfe intombe.*
Perhaps obserued by Augustus *Spyes*
To looke on IVLIA *with too friendly eyes.*

In Ciceroniano Dialogo.

ERASMVS

crownes him with the perfection of Eloquence. And the Censurer of all Poets,

Poetices, lib. 5. & 6.

IVLIVS CÆSAR SCALIGER,

thus writes, when he comes to censure our Author. *But now we arriue where the height of wit, and sharpnesse of iudgement, are both to bee exerciz'd. For, who can commend* OVID *sufficiently? much lesse, who dares reprehend him? Notwithstanding, I will say something; not in way of detraction, but that we also may be able to grow with his greatnesse.* Then speaking of his Metamorphosis. *Bookes deseruing a more fortunate Author; that from his last hand they might haue had their perfection: which hee himselfe bewaileth in luculent Verses. Yet are there, in these, well-nigh an infinite number, which the wit of another, I beleeue, could neuer haue equall'd.* And thus exclaimes against *Cæsar* in the person of OVID.

In Heroidus.

Tyrant, with me I would thou hadst begun:
Nor thy black slaughters had my Fate fore-run.
If my licentious Youth incenst thee so;
Thy owne condemnes thee: into exile goe.
Thy Cabinets are stain'd with horrid deeds:
And thy foule guilt all monstrous names exceeds.

Diuine

Diuine Wit, innocence, nor yet my tongue,
Next to Apollo's, *could preuent my Wrong.*
I ſmooth'd th'old Poets with my fluent Vaine;
And taught the New a farre more numerous ſtraine.
When thee I prais'd, then from the truth I ſweru'd;
And baniſhment for that alone deſeru'd.

STEPHANVS.

NASO, *in his Metamorphoſis, may well be called the Poet of Painters; in that thoſe witty deſcriptions afford ſuchliuely patternes for their pencils to imitate.* Nor may wee omit the Teſtimonie of Præfat. in Horatium.

MARCVS ANTONIVS TRITONIVS, Diſputat. de fabula.

This Diuine Work is neceſſarie, and to bee deſired of all, that are addicted to Poetrie, both for the gracefulneſſe of ſpeech, the admirable art of the Poet, and delightfull varietie of the Subiect. Neither was there euer any, that diligently collected, or learnedly, elegantly and orderly expreſſed the fables, but OVID; *who compoſed out of* Orpheus, Heſiod, Homer, *and other the moſt ancient Poets, ſo excellent and noble a Work, that therein the Learning of the* Latines *may worthily glorie.* And thus

BERNARDVS MARTINVS, Variar. lect. li. 2. ca. 18.

I conceiue the Poet of SVLMO *did follow the induſtrie and aduice of* Zeuxes, *in the compoſure of that admirable Work of his Metamorphoſis. For as that excellent Painter, about to draw the picture of* Helena, *had aſſembled together the moſt rare and beautifull Virgins of* Greece; *that by examining their ſeuerall perfections and graces hee might expreſſe all in one with his curious pencill: ſo hee out of the innumerable Volumes of the Græcian Poets, firſt gathered theſe multiplicities of fables, compoſing the diffuſed and variouſly diſperſed into one bodie: and then diligently noting what in euery author was elegant and beautifull, transferd the ſame to his owne, that nothing might*

bee

be wanting to the inriching and adorning of his ſo diuine a Poem. I muſt not omit this teſtimonie of the learned

Orat. 3. volum. 2.

ANTONIVS MVRETVS.

The Metamorphoſis, a diuine Poem; ſhining through-out, with all the luſtres of conceit and eloquence. Nor this of

Præfat. obſeru. in Metam.

HERCVLES CIOFANVS;

in that a Citizen of SVLMO. *A wittie worke, repleat with ſolid and manifold learning. Who peruſe it diligently, ſhall find ſuch admirable fluencie, ſuch fulneſſe, ſo great a grauitie of words and ſentences; that few or none amongſt the Latin Poets can bee ſaid to tranſcend him. What ſhould I ſay of that ſingular, and well-nigh diuine contexture of Fable with Fable? ſo ſurpaſſing, that nothing can be ſpoken or done, more artificially, more excellently, or, indeed, more gracefully. Who handling ſuch diuerſitie of matter, ſo cunningly weaues them together, that all appeare but one Series.* Planudes, *well knowing that Greece had not a Poem ſo abounding with delight and beautie, tranſlated it into that language. What ſhould I ſay more? All Arts, which Antiquitie knew, are here ſo fully delineated, that a number, expert in both tongues, of prime vnderſtanding and iudgements, admire it beyond all expreſſion.* The firſt that writ a Commentarie on this booke (whereof fiftie thouſand were vented, & that in his life time) was

In præfat. Comment

RAPHAEL REGIVS:

who thus in his Preface. *There is nothing appertayning to the knowledge and glorie of warre, whereof wee haue not famous examples in the Metamorphoſis of* OVID; *(not to ſpeake of ſtratagems, nor the Orations of Commanders) deſcribed with ſuch efficacie and eloquence, that often, in reading, you will imagine your ſelfe imbroiled in their conflicts. Neither ſhall you finde any Author, from whom, a ciuill life may gather better inſtruction*

IACO-

IACOBVS MICYLLVS. In principio Additionum.

Hardly ſhall you find a Poem, which flowes with greater facilitie. For what ſhould I ſpeake of Learning? Herein, ſo great, ſo various, and abſtruſe; that many places haue neither beene explained, nor yet vnderſtood; no, not by the moſt knowing: requiring rather a reſolution from the Delian *Oracle, &c.*

Let the ingenuous, that affect not error, now rectifie their owne by the iudgements of theſe. But, incurable Criticks, who warre about words, and gall the ſound to feed on their ſores, as not deſiring their ſanitie, I forbeare to diſſwade, and deliuer them vp to the cenſure of

AGRIPPA.

QVOD OLIM FACIEBAT VOTVM GERMANICO OVIDIVS, IDEM AVGVSTISSIMO CAROLO Interpretis sui nomine faciunt OVIDIANI MANES.

EXcipe pacato, Cæsar Brittannice, vultu
Hoc opus, & timidæ dirige nauis iter.
Officioque, leuem non auersatus honorem,
Huic tibi deuoto, numine dexter ades.
Huic te daplacidum, dederis in carmine vires:
Ingenium vultu statque caditque tuo.
Pagina iudicium docti subitura mouetur
Principis, vt Clario missa legenda Deo.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

The first Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe World, form'd out of Chaos. *Man is made.*
The Ages change. The Giants Heauen inuade.
Earth turns their blood to men. Ioue's *flames confound*
Lycaon, *now a Wolfe. The World is drown'd.*
Man-kind, cast stones restore. All quickning Earth
Renews the rest, and gines new Monsters birth.
Apollo, Python *kills; hart-wounded, loues*
Lust-flying Daphne: *Shee a Laurel proues.*
Ioue, Iõ *made a Cow, to maske foule deeds.*
Hermes, *a Heardsman.* Syrinx, *chang'd to Reeds.*
Dead Argus *eyes adorn the Peacock's traine.*
The Cow, to Iõ, Ioue *transform's againe.*

OF formes, to other bodies chang'd, I sing.
Assist, you Gods (from you these wonders spring).
And, from the Worlds first fabrick to these times,
Deduce my neuer discontinued Rymes.

The Sea, the Earth, al-couering Heauen vnfram'd,
One face had Nature, which they *Chaos* nam'd:
An vndigested lump; a barren load,
Where jarring seeds of things ill-ioyn'd abod.
No *Titan* yet the World with light adornes;
Nor waxing *Phœbe* fill'd her waned hornes:
Nor hung the selfe-poiz'd Earth in thin Ayre plac't;
Nor *Amphitrite* the vast shore imbrac't.
With Earth, was Ayre and Sea: the Earth vnstable,
The Ayre was darke, the Sea vn-nauigable:
No certayne forme to any one assign'd:
This, that resists. For, in one body ioyn'd,
The Cold and Hot, the Drie and Humid fight:
The Soft and Hard, the Heauy with the Light.
But God, the better Nature, this decides:
Who Earth from Heauen, the Sea from earth diuides:
And purer Heauen extracts from grosser Ayre.
All which vnfolded by his prudent care

From that blind Maſſe; the happily diſ-ioyn'd
With ſtrifeleſſe peace he to their ſeats confin'd.
Forth-with vp-ſprung the quick and waightleſſe Fire,
Whoſe flames vnto the higheſt Arch aſpire:
The next, in leuitie and place, is Ayre:
Groſſe Elements to thicker Earth repayre
Self-clog'd with waight: the Waters, flowing round,
Poſſeſſe the laſt, and ſolid *Tellus* bound.
What God ſoeuer this diuiſion wrought,
And euery part to due proportion brought;
Firſt, leaſt the Earth vnequall ſhould appeare,
He turn'd it round, in figure of a Sphere;
Then, Seas diffus'd; commanding them to rore
With ruffling Winds, and giue the Land a ſhore.
To thoſe he addeth Springs, Ponds, Lakes immenſe;
And Riuers, whom their winding borders fence:
Of theſe, not few Earth's thirſtie jawes deuour;
The reſt, their ſtreames into the Ocean pour;
When, in that liquid Plaine, with freer waue,
The fomy Cliffs, in ſtead of Banks, they laue:
Bids Trees increaſe to Woods, the Plaines extend,
The rocky Mountaynes riſe, and Vales deſcend.
Two equall Zones, on either ſide, diſpoſe
The meaſur'd Heauens; a fifth, more hot then thoſe.
As many Lines th'included Globe diuide:
I'th'midſt vnſufferable beames reſide;
Snow clothes the other two: the temperate hold
'Twixt theſe their ſeats, the heat well mixt with cold.
As Earth, as Water, vpper Ayre out-waighs;
So much doth Ayre Fire's lighter balance raiſe.
There, he commands the changing Clouds to ſtray;
There, thundering terrors mortall mindes diſmay;
And with the Lightning, Winds ingendring Snow:
Yet not permitted euery way to blow;
Who hardly now to teare the World refraine
(So Brothers jarre!) though they diuided raigne,
To *Perſis* and *Sabæa*, *Eurus* flies;
Whoſe fruits perfume the bluſhing Mornes vp-riſe:
Next to the Euening, and the Coaſt that glowes
With ſetting *Phœbus*, flowry *Zeph'rus* blowes:
In *Scythia* horrid *Boreas* holds his raigne,
Beneath *Boötes* and the frozen Waine:
The Land to this oppos'd, doth *Auſter* ſteep
With fruitfull ſhowrs, and clouds which euer weep.

Aboue

Aboue all theſe he plac't the liquid Skies;
Which, void of earthly dregs, did higheſt riſe.
Scarce had he all thus orderly diſpoſ'd;
When-as the Starres their radiant heads diſclos'd
(Long hid in Night) and ſhone through all the skie.
Then, that no place ſhould vnpoſſeſſed lie,
Bright Conſtellations, and fair-figured Gods,
In heauenly Manſions fixt their bleſt abodes:
The glittering Fiſhes to the Flouds repayre;
The Beaſts to Earth, the Birds reſort to Ayre.
The nobler Creature, with a mind poſſeſt,
Was wanting yet, that ſhould command the reſt.
That Maker, the beſt World's originall,
Either Him fram'd of ſeed Cæleſtiall;
Or Earth, which late he did from Heauen diuide,
Some ſacred ſeeds retayn'd, to Heauen ally'd:
Which with the liuing ſtreame *Prometheus* mixt;
And in that artificiall ſtructure fixt
The forme of all th'all-ruling Deities.
And whereas others ſee with downe-caſt eyes,
He with a loftie looke did Man indue,
And bade him Heauens tranſcendent glories view.
So, that rude Clay, which had no forme afore,
Thus chang'd, of Man the vnknowne figure bore.
The *Golden Age* was firſt; which vncompeld,
And without rule, in Faith and Truth exceld.
As then, there was nor puniſhment, nor feare;
Nor threatning Lawes in braſſe preſcribed were;
Nor ſuppliant crouching priſ'ners ſhooke to ſee
Their angrie Iudge: but, all was ſafe and free.
To viſit other Worlds, no wounded Pine
Did yet from Hills to faithleſſe Seas decline.
Then, vnambitious Mortals knew no more,
But their owne Countrie's Nature-bounded ſhore.
Nor Swords, nor Arms were yet: no trenches round
Beſieged Towns, nor ſtrifefull Trumpets ſound:
The Souldier, of no vſe. In firme content
And harmleſſe eaſe, their happy dayes were ſpent.
The yet-free Earth did of her owne accord
(Vntorne with ploughs) all ſorts of fruit afford.
Content with Natures vn-enforced food,
They gather Wildings, Strawb'ries of the Wood,
Sowre Cornels, what vpon the Bramble growes,
And Acorns, which *Ioue's* ſpreading Oke beſtowes.

'Twas alwayes Spring: warm *Zephyrus* ſweetly blew
On ſmiling Flowres, which without ſetting grew.
Forth-with the Earth corne, vnmanured, beares;
And euery yeare renews her golden Eares:
With Milke and Nectar were the Riuers fill'd;
And yellow Hony from greene Elms diſtill'd.
But, after *Saturne* was throwne downe to Hell,
Ioue rul'd; and then the *Siluer Age* befell:
More baſe then Gold, and yet then Braſſe more pure.
Ioue chang'd the Spring (which alwayes did indure)
To Winter, Summer, Autumne hot and cold:
The ſhortned Springs the year's fourth-part vphold.
Then, firſt the glowing Ayre with feruor burn'd:
The Raine to ycicles by bleake winds turn'd.
Men houſes built; late hous'd in Caues profound,
In plaſhed Bowres, and Sheds with Oſiers bound.
Then, firſt was Corne into long furrowes throwne:
And Oxen vnder heauie yokes did grone.
Next vnto this ſucceeds the *Brazen Age*;
Worſe natur'd, prompt to horrid warre, and rage:
But yet not wicked. Stubborne *Yr'n* the laſt.
Then, bluſhleſſe Crimes, which all degrees ſurpaſt,
The World ſurround. Shame, Truth, and Faith depart.
Fraud enters, ignorant in no bad Art.
Force, Treaſon, and the wicked Loue of gayn.
Their ſailes, thoſe winds, which yet they knew not, ſtrayn:
And ſhips, which long on loftie Mountaynes ſtood,
Then plow'd th'vnpractiz'd boſom of the Flood.
The Ground, as common earſt as Light, or Aire,
By limit-giuing Geometrie they ſhare.
Nor with rich Earth's iuſt nouriſhments content,
For treaſure they her ſecret entrailes rent;
The powerfull Euill, which all power inuades,
By her well hid, and wrapt in *Stygian* ſhades.
Curſt Steel, more curſed Gold ſhe now forth brought:
And bloody-handed Warre, who with both fought.
All liue by ſpoile. The Hoſt his Gueſt betrayes;
Sons, Father-in-laws: 'twixt Brethren loue decayes.
Wiues husbands, husbands wiues attempt to kill:
And cruell Step-mothers pale poyſons fill.
The Sonne his Fathers haſtie death deſires:
Foild Pietie, trod vnder foot, expires.
Aſtræa, laſt of all the heauenly birth,
Affrighted leaues the blood-defiled Earth.

And

And that the Heauens their ſafetie might ſuſpect,
The Giants now cæleſtiall Thrones affect;
Who to the skies congeſted Mountaynes reare.
Then *Ioue* with thunder did *Olympus* teare;
Steep *Pelion* from vnder *Oſſa* throwne.
With their owne waight their monſtrous bodies grone;
And with her Childrens blood the Earth imbru'd:
Which ſhee, ſcarce throughly cold, with life indu'd;
And gaue thereto, t'vphold her Stocke, the face
And forme of Man; a God-contemning Race,
Greedie of ſlaughter, not to be withſtood;
Such, as well ſhews, that they were borne of blood.
Which when from Heauen *Saturnius* did behold;
He ſigh't; reuoluing what was yet vntold,
Of fell *Lycaon's* late inhumane feaſt.
Iuſt anger, worthy *Ioue*, inflam'd his breſt.
A Synod call'd, the ſummoned appeare.
There is a way, well ſeene when skies be cleare,
The *Milkie* nam'd: by this, the Gods reſort
Vnto th'Almightie Thunderers high Court.
With euer-open dores, on either hand,
Of nobler Deities the Houſes ſtand:
The Vulgar dwell diſperſt: the Chiefe and Great
In front of all, their ſhining Manſions ſeat.
This glorious Roofe I would not doubt to call,
Had I but boldnes lent me, Heauen's *White-Hall.*
All ſet on Marble ſeats; He, leaning on
His Iuory Scepter, in a higher Throne,
Did twice or thrice his dreadfull Treſſes ſhake:
The Earth, the Sea, the Stars (though fixed) quake;
Then thus, inflam'd with indignation, ſpake:
I was not more perplext in that ſad Time,
For this Worlds Monarchie, when, bold to clime,
The Serpent-footed Giants durſt inuade,
And would on Heauen their hundred-hands haue laid.
Though fierce the Foe, yet did that Warre depend
But of one Body, and had ſoone an end.
Now all the race of man I muſt confound,
Where-euer *Nereus* walks his wauy Round:
And this I vow by thoſe infernall Floods,
Which ſlowly glide through ſilent *Stygian* woods.
All cures firſt ſought; ſuch parts as health reiect
Muſt be cut off, leaſt they the ſound infect.
Our Demi-gods, Nymphs, Syluans, Satyres, Faunes,

Who

Who haunt cleare Springs, high Mountayns, Woods, and (Lawnes
(On whom ſince yet we pleaſe not to beſtow
Cæleſtiall dwellings) muſt ſubſiſt below.
Thinke you, you Gods, they can in ſafetie reſt,
When me (of lightning, and of you poſſeſt,
Who both at our Imperiall pleaſure ſway)
The ſterne *Lycaon* practiz'd to betray?
All bluſter, and in rage the wretch demand.
So, when bold Treaſon ſought, with impious hand,
By *Cæſar's* blood t'out-race the Roman name;
Man-kind, and all the World's affrighted Frame,
Aſtoniſht at ſo great a ruine, ſhooke.
Nor thine, for Thee, leſſe thought, *Auguſtus*, tooke,
Then they for *Ioue*. He, when he had ſuppreſt
Their murmur, thus proceeded to the reſt.
He hath his puniſhment; remit that care:
The manner how, I will in briefe declare.
The Times accuſ'd, (but, as I hop't, bely'd)
To trie, I downe from ſteep *Olympus* ſlide.
A God, transform'd like one of humane birth,
I wandred through the many-peopl'd Earth.
'Twere long to tell, what crimes of euery ſort
Swarm'd in all parts: the truth exceeds report.
Now paſt den-dreadfull *Mænalus* confines,
Cyllene, cold *Lycæus* clad with Pines,
There where th' *Arcadians* dwell, when Doubtfull-light
Drew-on the deawy Charriot of the Night,
I entred his vnhoſpitable Court.
The better Vulgar to their pray'rs reſort,
When I by ſignes had ſhowne a Gods repayr.
Lycaon firſt derides their zealous pray'r;
Then ſaid, We ſtraight the vndoubted truth will trie,
Whether he be immortall, or may die.
In dead of Night, when all was whiſt and ſtill,
Me, in my ſleepe, he purpoſeth to kill.
Nor with ſo foule an enterprize content,
An Hoſtage murders, from *Moloſſus* ſent:
Part of his ſeuer'd ſcarce-dead lims he boyles;
An other patt on hiſſing Embers broyles;
This ſet before me, I the houſe ore-turn'd
With vengefull flames, which round about him burn'd.
He, frighted, to the ſilent Deſart flies;
There howles, and ſpeech with loſt indeuour tries.
His ſelfe-like jawes ſtill grin: more then for food

Hee

He ſlaughters beaſts, and yet delights in blood.
His armes to thighs, his clothes to briſtles chang'd;
A Wolfe; not much from his firſt forme eſtrang'd:
So horie hair'd; his lookes ſo full of rape;
So fiery ey'd; ſo terrible his ſhape.
One houſe that fate, which all deſerue, ſuſtaines:
For, through the World the fierce *Erinnys* raignes.
You'ld thinke they had conſpir'd to ſinne. But, all
Shall ſwiftly by deſerued vengeance fall.
Ioue's words a part approue, and his intent
Exaſperate: the reſt giue their conſent.
Yet all for Mans deſtruction grieu'd appeare;
And aske what form the widowed Earth ſhall beare?
Who ſhall with odours their cold Altars feaſt:
Muſt Earth be onely by wild beaſts poſſeſt?
The King of Gods re-comforts their deſpaire;
And biddeth them impoſe on him that care:
Who promis'd, by a ſtrange originall
Of better people, to ſupply their fall.
And now about to let his lightning flie,
He fear'd leſt ſo much flame ſhould catch the skie,
And burne heauens Axeltree. Beſides, by doome,
Of certayne Fate, he knew the time ſhould come,
When, Sea, Earth, rauiſht Heauen, the curious Frames
Of this World's maſſe, ſhould ſhrinke in purging flame.
He therefore thoſe *Cyclopean* darts reiects;
And different-natur'd puniſhments elects:
To open all the Flood-gates of the skie,
And Man by inundation to deſtroy.
Rough *Boreas* in *Æolian* priſon laid,
And thoſe drie blaſts which gathered Clouds inuade;
Out flyes the South, with dropping wings; who ſhrouds
His terrible aſpect in pitchy clouds.
His white hair ſtreams, his ſwolne Beard big with ſhowres;
Miſts bind his brows, Rain from his boſom poures.
As with his hands the hanging clouds he cruſht;
They roar'd, and downe in ſhowres together ruſht.
All-colour'd *Iris*, *Iuno's* meſſenger,
To weeping Clouds doth nouriſhment confer.
The Corne is lodg'd, the Husband-men deſpaire;
Their long yeares labour loſt, with all their care.
Ioue, not content with his æthereall rages,

His

His brother's auxiliarie flouds ingages.
The Streames conuented; 'Tis too late to vſe
Much ſpeech, ſaid *Neptune*; all your powres effuſe;
Your dores vnbarre, remoue what-ere reſtraines
Your liberall Waues, and giue them the full raynes.
Thus charged, they returne; their Springs vnfold;
And to the Sea with head-long furie rol'd.
He with his Trident ſtrikes the Earth: Shee ſhakes;
And way for Water by her motion makes.
Through open fields now ruſh the ſpreading Floods;
And hurry with them Cattell, People, Woods,
Houſes, and Temples with their Gods inclos'd.
What ſuch a force, vn-ouerthrowne, oppos'd,
The higher-ſwelling Water quite deuoures;
Which hides the aſpiring tops of ſwallowed towres.
Now Land and Sea no different viſage bore:
For, all was Sea, nor had the Sea a ſhore.
He, takes a Hill: He, in a Boat deplores;
And, where He lately plow'd, now ſtrikes his Oares.
O're Corne, o're drowned Villages He ſailes:
He, from high Elmes intangled Fiſhes hales.
In Fields they anchor caſt, as Chance did guide:
And Ships the vnder-lying Vineyards hide.
Where Mountayne-louing Goats did lately graze,
The Sea-calfe now his vgly body layes.
Groues, Cities, Temples, couer'd by the Deep,
The Nymphs admire; in woods the Delphins keep,
And chace about the boughs: the Wolfe doth ſwim
Amongſt the Sheepe: the Lyon (now not grim)
And Tygres tread the Waues. Swift feet no more
Auaile the Hart; nor wounding tusks the Bore.
The wandring Birds, hid Earth long ſought in vaine,
With weary wings deſcend into the Mayne.
Licentious Seas o're drowned Hills now fret:
And vnknowne ſurges Ayerie Mountaynes beat.
The Waues the greater part deuour: the reſt,
Death, with long-wanted ſuſtenance, oppreſt.
The Land of *Phocis*, fruitfull when a Land,
Diuides *Aonia* from th' *Actæan* ſtrand;
But now a part of the inſulting Mayne,
Of ſudden-ſwelling waters a vaſt Playne,
There, his two heads *Parnaſſus* doth extend

To

To touched Stars; whoſe tops the Clouds tranſcend.
On this *Deucalion's* little Boat was throwne:
With him, his Wife; the reſt all ouer-flowne.
Corycian Nymphs, and Hill-gods he adores;
And *Themis*, then oraculous, implores.
None was there better, none more iuſt then Hee:
And none more reuerenc't the Gods then Shee.
Ioue, when he ſaw that all a Lake was growne,
And of ſo many thouſand men but one;
One, of ſo many thouſand women, left;
Both guiltleſſe, pious both; of all bereft:
The clouds (now chac't by *Boreas* (from him throwes:
And Earth to Heauen, Heauen vnto Earth he ſhowes.
Nor Seas perſiſt to rage: their awfull Guide
The wilde waues calmes, his Trident laid aſide;
And calls blew *Triton*, riding on the Deep
(Whoſe mantle Nature did in purple ſteep)
And bids him his lowd-ſounding ſhell inſpire,
And giue the Floods a ſignall to retire.
He his wreath'd trumpet takes (as giuen in charge)
That from the turning bottom growes more large:
To which when he giues breath, 'tis heard by all,
From farre-vpriſing *Phœbus* to his Fall.
When this the watery Deitie had ſet
To his large mouth, and ſounded a retreat;
All Floods it heard, that Earth or Ocean knew:
And all the Floods, that heard the ſame, with-drew.
Seas now haue ſhores: full ſtreams their chanels keep:
They ſink, and hils aboue the waters peep.
Earth re-aſcends: as waues decreaſe, ſo growe
The formes of things, and late-hid figures ſhowe.
And after a long day, the trees extend
Their bared tops; with mud their branches bend.
The World's reſtor'd. Which when in ſuch a ſtate,
So deadly ſilent, and ſo deſolate,
Deucalion ſaw: with teares which might haue made
An other Flood, he thus to *Pyrrha* ſaid.

O Siſter! O my Wife! the poore Remaines
Of all thy Sex; which all, in one, containes!
Whom humane Nature, one paternall Line,
Then one chaſte Bed, and now like dangers ioyne!
Of what the Suwne beholds from Eaſt to Weſt,

We two are all: the Sea intombs the reſt.
Nor yet can we of life be confident;
The threatning clowds ſtrange terrors ſtill preſent.
O what a heart wouldſt thou haue had, if Fate
Had ta'ne me from thee, and prolong'd thy date!
So wilde a feare, ſuch ſorrowes, ſo forlorne
And comfortleſſe, how couldeſt thou haue borne!
If Seas had ſuckt thee in, I would haue follow'd
My Wife in death, and Sea ſhould me haue ſwallow'd.
O would I could my Father's cunning vſe!
And ſoules into well-modul'd Clay infuſe!
Now, all our mortall Race we two contayne;
And but a pattern of Man-kind remayne.
This ſaid, both wept: both, pray'rs to heauen addreſſe;
And ſeeke the Oracle in their diſtreſſe.
Forth-with deſcending to *Cephiſus* Flood,
Which in known banks now ran, though thick with mud;
They on their heads and garments water throwe;
And to the Temple of the Goddeſſe goe;
At that time all defil'd with moſſe and mire;
The vnfrequented Altar without fire.
Then, humbly on their faces proſtrate lay'd,
And kiſſing the cold ſtones, with feare thus pray'd.
If Powres diuine to iuſt deſires conſent,
And angrie Gods doe in the end relent;
Say, *Themis*, how ſhall we our Race repaire?
O, helpe the drown'd in Water and Deſpaire!
The Goddeſſe, with compaſſion mou'd, reply'd;
Goe from my Temple: both your faces hide;
Let Garments all vnbraced looſely flow;
And your Great-Parents bones behind you throw.
Amaz'd! firſt *Pyrrha* ſilence breakes, and ſaid;
By me the Goddeſſe muſt not be obay'd;
And, trembling, pardon craues: Her Mothers ghoſt
Shee feares would ſuffer, if her bones were toſt.
Meane-while they ponder and reiterate
The words proceeding from ambiguous Fate.
Then, *Promethides*, *Epimethida*
Thus recollecteth; loſt in her diſmay:
Or we the Oracle miſſe-vnderſtand
(The righteous Gods no wicked thing command)
Or Earth is our Great-Mother: and the ſtones,

There-

Therein contayn'd, I take to be her bones.
Theſe, ſure, are thoſe we ſhould behind vs throw.
Although *Titania* thought it might be ſo,
Yet ſhee miſſe-doubts. Both with weake faith rely
On ayding Heauen. What hurt was it to try?
Departing with heads vail'd, and clothes vnbrac't,
Commanded ſtones they o're their ſhoulders caſt.
Did not Antiquitie auouch the ſame,
Who would beleeu't! the ſtones leſſe hard became.
And as their naturall hardneſſe them forſooke;
So by degrees they Man's dimenſions tooke;
And gentler-natur'd grew, as they increaſt:
And, yet not manifeſtly Man expreſt;
But, like rough-hewne rude marble Statues ſtand,
That want the Workmans laſt life-giuing hand.
The Earthy parts, and what had any iuyce,
Were both conuerted to the body's vſe.
The vnflexible and ſolid, turne to bones:
The veins remain, that were when they were ſtones.
Thoſe, throwne by Man, the forme of men indue:
And thoſe were Women, which the Woman threw.
Hence we, a hardy Race, inur'd to payne:
Our Actions our Originall explayne.
All other Creatures tooke their numerous birth
And figures, from the voluntary Earth.
When that old humour with the Sunne did ſweat,
And ſlimy Mariſhes grew big with heat;
The pregnant Seeds, as from their Mothers wombe,
From quickning Earth both growth and form aſſume.
So, when ſeuen chanel'd *Nile* forſakes the Playne,
When ancient bounds retyring ſtreames contayne,
And late-left ſlime æthereall feruours burne,
Men various creatures with the gleabe vp-turne:
Of thoſe, ſome in their very time of birth;
Some lame; and others halfe aliue, halfe earth.
For, Heat and Moyſture, when they temperate grow,
Forth-with conceiue; and life on things beſtow.
From ſtriuing Fire and Water all proceede;
Diſcording Concord euer apt to breede.
So, Earth by that late Deluge muddy growne,
When on her lap reflecting *Titan* ſhone,
Produc't a World of formes; reſtor'd the late;

And other vnknowne Monſters did create.
Huge *Python*, thee, againſt her will, ſhee bred;
A Serpent, whom the new-borne People dread;
Whoſe bulk did like a mouing Mountayne ſhowe.
Behold! the God that beares the ſiluer Bowe
(Till then, inur'd to ſtrike the flying Deere,
Or ſwifter Roe, who euery ſhaddow feare)
That terror with a thouſand arrowes ſlew;
And through black wounds the clotted poiſon drew.
Then, leaſt the well-deſerued memorie
Of ſuch a Praiſe, in future times ſhould die;
He inſtituteth celebrated Games
Of free contention; which he *Pythia* names.
Who Ran, who Wraſtled beſt; or Rak't the ground
With ſwifteſt Wheeles, the Oken Garland crown'd.
The Laurel was not yet: all ſorts of Boughs
Phœbus then bound about his radiant Browes.
Peneian Daphne was his firſt belou'd:
Not Chance, but *Cupid's* wrath, that fury mou'd.
Whom *Delius* (proud of his late Conqueſt) ſaw,
As he his pliant Bowe began to draw;
And ſaid: Laſciuious Boy, how ill agree
Thou and theſe Armes! too Manly far for thee.
Such ſuit our ſhoulders; whoſe ſtrong arme confounds
Both Man and Beaſt, with neuer-miſſing wounds;
That *Python*, briſtled with thick Arrows, queld,
Who o're ſo many poyſ'ned Akers ſweld.
Be thou content to kindle with thy Flame
Defires we know not; nor our prayſes claime.
Then, *Venus* ſonne; Selfe-prayſed euer bee:
All may thy Bowe transfixe, as mine ſhall thee.
As much as *Ioue* excelleth humane powr's;
So much thy glorie is exceld by ours.
With that, he breaks the Ayre with nimble wings,
And to *Parnaſſus* ſhadie ſummit Springs;
Two different arrowes from his Quiuer drawes:
One, hate of Loue; the other Loue doth cauſe.
What cauſ'd, was ſharpe, and had a golden Head:
But what repulſt, was blunt, and tipt with Lead.
The God this in *Peneis* fixt: that ſtrucke
Apollo's bones and in his Marrow ſtucke.
Forth-with he loues: a Louer's name ſhee flyes:

And

And emulating vn-wed *Phœbe*, ioyes
In ſpoyles of ſaluage Beaſts, and ſyluan Lares;
A fillet binding her neglected haires.
Her, many ſought: but ſhe, auerſe to all,
Vnknowne to Man, nor brooking ſuch a thrall,
Frequents the pathleſſe Woods; and hates to proue,
Nor cares to heare, what *Hymen* is, or Loue.
Oft ſaid her Father; Daughter, thou do'ſt owe
A Son-in-law, who Nephews may beſtowe.
But ſhe, who Marriage as a Crime eſchew'd
(Her Face with bluſhing ſhamefac'tnes imbew'd)
Hung on his necke with fawning armes, and ſaid,
Deare Father, giue me leaue to liue a Maid:
This boone *Diana's* did to her afford.
He, too indulgent, gaue thee his accord:
But thee, thy excellencie countermands;
And thy owne beautie thy deſire with-ſtands.
Apollo loues, and faine would *Daphne* wed:
What he deſires, he hopes; and is miſſe-led
By his owne Oracles. As ſtubbles burne,
As hedges into ſudden blazes turne,
Fire ſet too neere, or left by chance behinde
By paſſengers, and ſcattered with the winde:
So ſprings he into flames: a fire doth moue
Through all his veins: hope feeds his barren loue.
He on her ſhoulders ſees her haire vntreſt:
O what, ſaid he, if theſe were neatly dreſt!
He ſees her Eyes, two Starres! her Lips which kiſſe
Their happy Selues, and longs to taſte their bliſſe:
Admires her fingers, hands, her armes halfe-bare;
And Parts vnſeene conceiues to be more rare.
Swifter then following Winds, away ſhee runs;
And him, for all this his intreatie, ſhuns.
Stay Nymph, I pray thee ſtay; I am no Foe:
So Lambs from Wolues, Harts fly from Lyons ſo;
So from the Eagle ſprings the trembling Doue:
They, from their deaths: but my purſute is Loue.
Wo's me, if thou ſhouldſt fall, or thorns ſhould race
Thy tender legs, whilſt I inforce the chace!
Theſe roughs are craggy: moderate thy haſte,
And, truſt me, I will not purſue ſo faſt.
Yet know, who 'tis you pleaſe: No Mountanere,

No

No home-bred Clowne; nor keepe I Cattell here.
From whom thou fly'ſt thou know'ſt not (ſilly foole!)
And therefore fly'ſt thou. I in *Delphos* rule.
Ionian Claros, *Lycian Patara*,
And Sea-girt *Tenedos* doe me obay.
Ioue is my Father. What ſhall be, hath beene,
Or is; by my inſtructiue rayes is ſeene.
Immortall Verſe from our inuention ſprings;
And how to ſtrike the well concording-ſtrings.
My ſhafts hit ſure: yet He one ſurer found,
Who in my emptie boſome made this wound.
Of herbs I found the vertue; and through all
The World they Me the great Phyſician call.
Ay me, that herbs can Loue no cure afford!
That Arts, releeuing all, ſhould faile their Lord!
More had he ſaid, when ſhe, with nimble dread,
From him, and his vnfiniſht court-ſhip fled.
How gracefull then! the Wind that obuious blew,
Too much betray'd her to his amorous view;
And play'd the Wanton with her fluent haire:
Her Beauty, by her flight, appear'd more rare.
No more the God will his intreaties looſe;
But, vrg'd by Loue, with all his force purſues.
As when a Hare the ſpeedy Gray-hound ſpyes;
His feet for prey, ſhee hers for ſafetie plyes;
Now beares he vp; now, now he hopes to fetch her;
And, with his ſnowt extended, ſtraines to catch her:
Not knowing whether caught or no, ſhee ſlips
Out of his wide-ſtretcht jawes, and touching lips.
The God and Virgin in ſuch ſtrife appeare:
He, quickned by his hope; She, by her feare,
But, the Purſuer doth more nimble proue:
Enabled by th'induſtrious wings of loue.
Nor giues he time to breathe: now at her heeles,
His breath vpon her dangling haire ſhee feeles.
Cleane ſpent, and fainting, her affrighted blood
Forſakes her cheeks. Shee cryes vnto the Flood.
Helpe Father, if your ſtreames contayne a Powre!
May Earth, for too well pleaſing; me deuour:
Or, by transforming, O deſtroy this ſhape,
That thus betrayes me to vndoing rape.
Forth-with, a numneſſe all her lims poſſeſt;

And ſlender filmes her ſofter ſides inueſt.
Haire into leaues, her Armes to branches grow:
And late ſwift feet, now rootes, are leſſe then ſlow.
Her gracefull head a leauy top ſuſtaynes:
One beauty throughout all her forme remaynes.
Still *Phœbus* loues. He handles the new Plant;
And feeles her Heart within the bark to pant:
Imbrac't the bole, as he would her haue done;
And kiſt the boughs: the boughs his kiſſes ſhun.
To whom the God: Although thou canſt not bee
The Wife I wiſht, yet ſhalt thou be my Tree,
Our Quiuer, Harp, our Treſſes neuer ſhorne,
My Laurell, thou ſhalt euer-more adorne;
And Browes triumphant, when they *Iõ* ſing,
And to the Capitol their Trophęis bring.
Thou ſhalt defend from Thunders blaſting ſtroke,
Auguſtus doores, on either ſide the Oke.
And, as our vn-cut haire no change receaues;
So euer flouriſh with vnfading leaues.
Here *Paan* ends. The Laurell all allowes:
In ſigne whereof her gratefull head ſhee bowes.
A pleaſant Groue within *Æmonia* grows,
Call'd *Tempe*; which high ragged Cliffs incloſe.
Through this, *Peneus*, pour'd from *Pindus*, raues,
And from the bottom rowles, with foming waues;
That by ſteep down-fals tumbling from on hie,
Ingender miſts, which ſmoke-like, vpward flie,
That on the deawy tops of Trees diſtill,
And more then neighboring woods with noyſes fill.
Here, in a Caue, his Court and reſidence
The great Flood keeps: here iuſtice doth diſpence
To ſtreams, and gentle Nymphs that ſtreams frequent.
The Floods, that natiue were, with one conſent
Firſt thither came; as yet, at ſelfe-debate,
Whether to comfort, or congratulate.
Coole *Sperchius*, ſlowe *Amphryſus*, *Apidan*.
Swift *Æas*, *Enipe*, that troubled ran.
Then, forth-with thoſe, who (as their courſes bend)
To Seas, their Waues (with wandring, weary) ſend.
All but old *Inachus*: who in his Caue's
Obſcure receſſe, with teares augments his waues:
For *Iõ*, mournes as loſt; nor yet knowes hee

Whe-

Whether aboue or vnder earth ſhee bee:
But, her, whom he not any-where could find,
He thinks is no where: feare diſtracts his mind.
As from her Fathers ſtreames the Nymph return'd,
Saturnius, ſeeing her, in paſſion burn'd.
O Virgin, worthy *Ioue*! whoſe bed muſt bleſſe
What God I know not; though a Man, no leſſe:
Here in theſe Woods, ſaid he, or theſe repoſe,
Whil'ſt thus the world with fainting feruor glowes.
Nor feare among the Saluages to venter:
A God protecting, thou maiſt ſafely enter.
Nor one of vulgar ranke; but, He that beares
Heauens Scepter, and the clouds wih thunder teares,
O, flie not! for ſhee fled. The Paſtures paſt
Of *Lerna*, and *Lyrcæu's* gloomy waſte,
He in the Aire a ſable cloud diſplai'd,
Caught, and devirginat's the ſtrugling Maid.
Meane-while, with wonder *Iuno* doth ſuruay
Thoſe duskie Clouds, that made a Night of Day.
And, finding that they neither tooke their birth
From vap'rous ſtreames, nor from the humid Earth,
For her miſt Husband ſearcheth Heauen: as one,
To whom his ſtealths ſo often had beene knowne.
Whom when ſhee could not finde; Deceiu'd am I,
Or wrong'd, ſhe ſaid. Downe from the enamel'd skie
Shee ſlides to Earth. The foggy Clouds with-draw
At her command. Her comming *Ioue* fore-ſaw,
And chang'd *Inachides* into a Cow;
Whoſe forme euen *Iuno* prais'd; demanding how
Shee thither came? Whoſe was ſhe? of what herd?
As ignorant of what ſhe more then fear'd.
Ioue faynes (her importunitie to ſhift)
Her borne of Earth. *Saturnia* begs the gift.
What ſhould he doe? be cruell to his Loue;
Or by denying her, ſuſpicion moue?
Shame that perſwades; and Loue doth this diſſwade:
But, ſtronger Loue Shame vnder foot had layd;
Yet doubts, if he ſhould ſuch a thing deny
His Wife and Siſter, 't would the fraud deſcry.
Obtayn'd; not forth-with feare the Goddeſſe left;
Diſtruſting *Ioue*, and iealous of his theft,
Vntill deliuered to *Argus* guard.

A hundred eyes his head's large circuit ſtarr'd;
Whereof, by turnes, at once two onely ſlept;
The other watcht, and ſtill their Stations kept.
Which way ſo-ere he ſtands, he *Iô* ſpyes:
Iô, behind him, was before his eyes.
By day, ſhee graz'd abroad: *Sol* vnder ground,
He hous'd her, in vnworthy halter bound.
On leaues of Trees, and bitter herbs ſhee fed.
Poore ſoule! the Earth not alwayes greene, her bed;
And of the Torrent drinks. With hands vp-heau'd
Shee thought to beg for pity: how deceiu'd!
Who low'd, when ſhee began to make her mone;
And trembled at the voyce which was her owne.
Vnto the banks of *Inachus* ſhee ſtray'd;
Her Fathers banks, where ſhee ſo oft had play'd:
Beholding in his ſtreame her horned head,
Shee ſtarts; and from her ſelfe, ſelfe-frighted, fled.
Her Siſters, nor old *Inachus*, her knew:
Which way ſo-ere they went, ſhee would purſue,
And ſuffer them to ſtroke her; and doth moue
Their wonder with her ſtrange expreſſed loue.
He brought her Graſſe: She gently lickt his hands,
And kiſt his palmes; nor, longer, teares withſtands.
And had ſhee then had words, ſhee had diſplay'd
Her Name, her Fortunes, and implor'd his ayde.
For words, ſhee letters with her foot impreſt
Vpon the Sand, which her ſad change profeſt.
Wo's me! cry'd *Inachus*: his armes he throwes
About her ſnowy Necke. O, woe of woes!
Art thou my daughter, throughout all the Round
Of Earth ſo ſought; that now, vnſought, art found!
Leſſe was thy loſſe: leſſe was my miſerie.
Dumbe wretch (alas!) thou canſt not make reply:
Yet, as thou canſt thou doſt: thy lowings ſpeake,
And deep-fetcht ſighs that from thy boſom breake.
I, ignorant, prepar'd thy marriage bed:
My hopes, a Sonne-in-law, and Nephewes fed.
Now, from the Heard, thy iſſue muſt deſcend:
Nor can the length of time my ſorrowes end;
Accurſt in that a God. Death's ſweet reliefe
Hard fates denie to my immortall griefe.
This ſaid: his Daughter (in that ſhape belou'd)

The Star-ey'd *Argus* farre from thence remou'd;
When, mounted on a hill, the warie Spie
Suruayes the Playnes that round about him lie.
The King of Gods thoſe ſorrowes ſhe indur'd,
Could brooke no longer, by his fault procur'd:
But, calls his ſonne, of fulgent *Pleias* bred;
Commanding him to cut off *Argus* head.
He wings his heeles, puts on his Felt, and takes
His drowſie Rod; the Towre of *Ioue* forſakes;
And, winding, ſtoops to Earth. The changed God
His Hat and Wings layes by; retaynes his Rod:
With which he driues his Gotes (like one that feeds
The bearded Heard) and ſings t'his ſlender Reeds.
Much taken with that Art, before vnknowne,
Come, ſit by me, ſaid *Argus*, on this ſtone.
No place affordeth better Paſtorage,
Or ſhelter from the Sunnes offenſiue rage.
Pleas'd *Atlantiades* doth him obay;
And with diſcourſe protracts the ſpeedy Day:
Then, ſinging to his Pipe's ſoft melody,
Endeuours to ſubdue each wakefull eye.
The Herdſ-man ſtriues to conquer vrgent ſleepe:
Though ſeiz'd on halfe, the other halfe doe keepe
Obſeruant watch. He askes who did inuent
(With that, he yawn'd) that late-found Inſtrument.
Then, thus the God his charmed eares inclines:
Amongſt the *Hamadry'd's* and *Nonacrines*
(On cold *Arcadian* Hils) for beautie fam'd,
A *Naias* dwelt; the Nymphs, her *Syrinx* nam'd.
Who oft deceiu'd the Satyres that purſu'd,
The rurall Gods, and thoſe whom Woods include:
In exerciſes, and in chaſte deſire,
Diana-like: and ſuch in her attire.
You either in each other might behold:
Her Bowe was Horne; *Diana's* was of Gold:
Yet oft miſtooke. *Pan*, crown'd with Pines, returning
From ſteep *Lycæus*, ſaw her; and, loue-burning,
Thus ſaid: Faire Virgin, grant a Gods requeſt;
And be his Wife. Shee would not heare the reſt;
But fled from the deſpis'd, as from her ſhame,
Till to ſmooth *Ladon's* ſandy banks ſhee came.
There ſtopt; implores the liquid Siſters aid,

To

To change her ſhape, and pitty a forc't Maid.
Pan, when he thought he had his *Syrinx* claſpt
Betweene his arms, Reeds for her body graſpt.
He ſighs: they, ſtir'd there-with, report againe
A mournefull ſound, like one that did complaine.
Rapt with the muſick; Yet, O ſweet (ſaid he)
Together euer thus conuerſe will we.
Then, of vnequall wax-ioyn'd Reeds he fram'd
This ſeuen-fold Pipe: of her 'twas *Syrinx* nam'd.
The ſly *Cyllenius*, thus diſcourſing, ſpyes
How leaden ſleep had ſeal'd-vp all his eyes.
Then, ſilent, with his Magick rod he ſtrokes
Their languiſht lights, which ſounder ſleep prouokes,
And with his Fawchion lops his nodding head:
Whoſe blood beſmear'd the hoarie Rock with red.
There lyes he; of ſo many lights, the light
Put forth: his hundred eyes ſet in one night.
Yet, that thoſe ſtarry iewels might remayne,
Saturnia fixt them in her Peacocks trayne.
Inflam'd with anger, and impatient haſte,
Before ſad *Iôs* eyes and thoughts ſhee plac't
Erinnys Snakes; and through the World doth driue
The conſcience-ſtung affrighted Fugitiue.
Thou, *Nile*, to her long toyle an end didſt yeeld.
Approaching thee, ſhee on thy margent kneel'd;
Her looks (ſuch as ſhee had) to heauen vp-throwes:
With tears, ſighs, ſounds (expreſſing worldleſſe woes)
Shee ſeemed *Ioue* t'accuſe, as too ingrate,
And to implore an end of her hard fate.
He clips his Wife; and her intreats to free
Th'vniuſtly plagu'd. Be confident (ſaid hee)
Shee neuer more ſhall cauſe thy griefe, or feare:
His vow he bids the *Stygian* Waters heare.
Appeas'd; the Nymph recouer'd her firſt looke;
So faire, ſo ſweet! the haire her skin forſooke:
Her horns decreaſe: large eyes, wide jawes, contract:
Shoulders and hands againe become exact:
Her hooues to nailes diminiſh: nothing now,
But that pure White, retaynes ſhee of the Cow.
Then, on her feete her body ſhee erects
Now borne by two. Her ſelfe ſhee yet ſuſpects;
Nor dares to ſpeake alowd, leſt ſhee ſhould heare

Her ſelfe to low; but ſoftly tries with feare.
Now, ſhee, a Goddeſſe, is ador'd by thoſe
That linnen weare, where ſacred *Nilus* flowes.
Hence ſprung *Ioue's Epaphus*, no leſſe diuine;
Whoſe Temples next vnto his Mother's ioyne.
Equall in yeares, nor equall ſpirit wants
The Sunne-got *Phaëton*: who proudly vants
Of his high Parentage; nor will giue place.
Inachides puts on him this diſgrace:
Foole, thou thy Mother truſts in things vnknowne;
And of a Father boaſts that's not thy owne.
Vext *Phaëton* bluſht: his ſhame his rage repels:
Who ſtraight to *Clymene* the ſlander tels:
And Mother, ſaid he, to your griefes increaſe;
I free, and late ſo fiery, held my peace;
Aſham'd that ſuch a tainture ſhould be lay'd
Vpon my blood, that could not be gayn-ſaid.
But, if I be deſcended from aboue;
Giue proofe thereof, and this reproach remoue.
Then hangs about her neck: by her owne Head,
By *Merope's*, her Siſters nuptiall bed,
Intreats her to produce ſome certayne gage,
That might aſſure his queſtion'd parentage.
Mou'd with her ſonnes intreaty, more inflam'd
With indignation to be ſo defam'd,
Shee caſts her armes to heauen: and looking on
His radiant Orbe, thus ſaid: I ſweare, my ſon,
By yon'faire Taper, that ſo bright appeares
With far-proiected beames; who ſees, and heares:
That Sun whom thou behold'ſt, who light and heat
Affords the informed World, did thee beget.
If not, may he to me denie his ſight:
And to my eyes let this be his laſt light.
Nor far-remoued doth his Palace ſtand;
His firſt-vpriſe confines vpon our Land:
If that thy heart do ſerue thee, thither goe;
And there thy Father, of thy Father, knowe.
Hereat, ioy'd *Phaëton* enlightned grew;
Whoſe towring thoughts no leſſe then Heauen purſew.
His *Æthiopia* paſt, and *Ind* which fries
With burning beames, he climes the Sun's vpriſe.

Ouid's

OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS.
The ſecond Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

RAſh Phaëton *fires the World. His ſiſters mourne*
His Tragedie; who into Poplars turne;
Their teares to Amber; Cygnus, *to a Swan.*
Ioue, Phœbe-*like*, Caliſto *found a Man:*
Her, Iuno *made a Beare: Shee, and her ſon,*
Aduanced ſtarres, that ſtill the Ocean ſhun.
Coronis, *now a Crowe, flyes* Neptune's *fright.*
Nictimine *is made the Bird of Night.*
The too-officious Rauen, late ſo faire,
Is plum'd with black. Ocyroë *growes a Mare.*
Phœbus, *a Heardſman:* Mercury, *twice ſuch;*
Who turns betraying Battus *into Tuch.*
Enuious Aglauros, *to a Statue, full*
Of her minde's ſpots. Loue Ioue *conuerts t'a Bull.*

SOl's loftie Palace on high Pillars rais'd,
Shone all with gold, and ſtones that flame-like blaz'd.
The roofe of Iuory, diuinely deckt:
The two-leau'd ſiluer-doores bright rayes proiect.
The workmanſhip more admiration crau'd:
For, curious *Mulciber* had there ingrau'd
The Land-imbracing Sea, the orbed Ground,
The arched Heauens. Blew Gods the billowes crown'd;
Shape-changing *Proteus*, *Triton* ſhrill; the tall
Big-brawn'd *Ægæon* mounted on a Whale.
Gray *Doris*, and her daughters, heauenly-faire:
Some ſit on Rocks, and drie their Sea-greene haire;
Some ſeeme vpon the dancing Waues to glide;
Others on backs of crooked Fiſhes ride:
Amongſt them all, no two appeare the ſame;
Nor differ more then ſiſters well became.
The Earth had ſaluage Beaſts, Men, Cities, Woods,
Nymphs, Satyres, rurall Gods, and cryſtall Floods:
Aboue all theſe, Heauen's radiant Image ſhines,
On both ſides deckt with ſix refulgent Signes.

To

To this, bold *Phaëton* made his aſcent;
And to his doubted Father's preſence bent;
Yet forc't to ſtand aloofe: for, mortall ſight
Could not indure t'approach ſo pure a light.
Sol cloth'd in purple, ſits vpon a Throne,
Which cleerly with tralucent Emralds ſhone.
Withequall-raigning Houres, on either hand,
The Dayes, the Months, the Years, the Ages ſtand:
The fragrant Spring with flowrie chaplet crown'd:
Wheat-eares, the browes of naked Summer bound:
Rich Autumn ſmear'd with cruſht *Lyæus* blood;
Next, hoary-headed Winter quiuering ſtood.
Much daunted at theſe ſacred nouelties,
The fearfull Youth all-ſeeing *Phœbus* ſpies;
Who ſaid, What hether drew thee *Phaëton*,
Who art, and worthily my deareſt Son?
He thus reply'd: O thou refulgent Light,
Who all the World reioyceſt with thy ſight!
O Father! if allow'd to vſe that name,
Nor *Clymene* by thee diſguiſe her ſhame;
Produce ſome ſigne, that may my birth approue,
And from my thoughts theſe wretched doubts remoue.
He, from his browes, his ſhining rayes diſplac't;
And, bidding him draw-neere, his neck imbrac't.
By merit, as by birth, to thee is due
That name, ſaid he; and *Clymene* was true.
To cleere all doubts; aske what thou wilt, and take
Thy granted wiſh. Beare witneſſe thou dark Lake,
The oath of Gods, vnto our eyes vnknowne.
Theſe words no ſooner from his lips were flowne,
But he demands his Chariot, and the ſway
Of his hot Steeds, to guide the winged Day.
The God repents him of the oath he made;
And, ſhaking his illuſtrious Treſſes, ſaid:
Thy tongue hath made mine erre, thy birth vnbleſt.
O, would I could break promiſe! this requeſt,
I muſt confeſſe, I onely would denie;
And yet, diſſwade I may. Thy death doth lie
Within thy wiſh. What's ſo deſir'd by thee,
Can neither with thy ſtrength nor youth agree.
Too great intentions ſet thy thoughts on fire.
Thou, mortall, do'ſt no mortall thing deſire;

Through

Through ignorance, affecting more then they
Dare vndertake, who in *Olympus* ſway.
Though each himſelfe approue; except me, none
Is able to ſupply my burning Throne.
Not that dread Thunderer, who rules aboue,
Can driue theſe wheeles: and who more great then *Ioue*?
Steep is the firſt aſcent; which in the prime
Of ſpringing Day, freſh Horſes hardly clime.
At Noone, through higheſt skies their courſe they beare:
Whence Sea and Land euen We behold with feare.
Then downe the Hill of Heauen they ſcoure amaine
With deſperate ſpeed, and need a ſteady reigne;
That *Thetis*, in whoſe wauy bowres I lie,
Each euening dreads my down-fall from the skie.
Beſides; the Heauens are daily hurryed-round,
That turn the Starres, to other motions bound.
Againſt this violence, my way I force,
And counter-run their all-o're-bearing courſe.
My Charriot had: can thy fraile ſtrength aſcend
The obuious Poles, and with their force contend?
No Groues, no Cities, fraught with Gods, expect;
No marble Fanes, with wealthy offerings deckt.
Through ſaluage ſhapes, and dangers lyes thy way:
Which could'ſt thou keep, and by no error ſtray,
Betweene the Buls ſharp horns yet muſt thou goe;
By him that draws the ſtrong *Æmonian* bowe;
The deathfull Scorpion's far-out-bending clawes;
The ſhorter Crab's; the roaring Lyon's jawes.
Nor eaſie is't thoſe fiery Steads to tame:
Who from their mouthes and noſthrils vomit flame.
They, heated, hardly of my rule admit;
But, head-ſtrong, ſtruggle with the hated bit.
Then, leſt my bountie, which would ſaue, ſhould kill;
Beware: and whil'ſt thou maiſt, reforme thy will.
A ſigne thou crau'ſt, that might confirme thee mine:
I, by dehorting, giue a certayne ſigne;
Approu'd a Father, by Paternall feare:
Look on my looks, and reade my ſorrows there.
O, would thou could'ſt deſcend into my breſt;
And apprehend my vexed Soules vnreſt!
And laſtly, all the wealthy World behold,
Of all that Heauen enrich, rich Seas infold,

Or on the pregnant-boſom'd Earth remayne,
Aske what thou wilt; and no repulſe ſuſtayne.
To this alone, I giue a forc't conſent:
No honour, but a true-nam'd puniſhment.
Thou, for a bleſſing, beg'ſt the worſt of harms.
Why hang'ſt thou on my neck with fawning arms?
Diſtruſt not; We haue ſworn: but aske, and take
What thou canſt wiſh: yet, wiſer wiſhes make.
In vaine dehorted; he, his promiſe claym'd;
With glorie of ſo great a charge inflam'd.
The wilfull Youth then lingring *Phœbus* brought
To his bright Chariot, by *Vulcan* wrought.
The Beam and Axeltree of maſſie gold;
On ſiluer Spokes the golden Fellies rol'd:
Rich Gems and Cryſolites the Harneſſe deckt;
Which, *Phœbus* beames, with equall light, reflect.
Whil'ſt this, admiring *Phaëton* ſuruayes,
The wakefull Morning from the Eaſt diſplayes
Her purple doores, and odoriferous bed,
With plentie of deaw-dropping Roſes ſpred.
Cleare *Lucifer* the flying Starres doth chace;
And, after all the reſt, reſignes his place.
When *Titan* ſaw the Dawning ruddy grew,
And how the Moon her ſiluer horns with-drew:
He bade the light-foot Houres, without delay
To ioyn his Steeds. The Goddeſſes obay:
Who, from their loftie Mangers, forth-with led
His fierie Horſes, with *Ambroſia* fed.
With ſacred Oyle anoynted by his Syre,
Of vertue to repulſe the rage of fire,
He crowns him with his Rayes; Then, thus began
With doubled ſighs, which following woes fore-ran.
Let not thy Father ſtill aduiſe in vaine.
Sonne, ſpare the whip, and ſtrongly vſe the raigne.
They, of their owne accord, will run too faſt.
'Tis hard, to moderate a flying haſte.
Nor driue along the fiue directer Lines.
A broad and beaten path obliquely windes,
Contented with three Zones: which doth auoid
The diſtant Poles: the track thy wheeles will guide.
Deſcend thou not too lowe, nor mount too high;
That temperate warmth may heauen and earth ſupply.

A loftie courſe will heauen with fire infeſt;
A lowely, earth: the ſafer Meane is beſt.
Nor to the folded Snake thy Chariot guide:
Nor to the Altar on the other ſide:
Between theſe driue. The reſt I leaue to Fate;
Who better proue, then thou, to thy owne ſtate.
But, while I ſpeak, behold, the humid Night
Beyond th'*Heſperian* Vales hath ta'ne her flight.
Aurora's ſplendor re-inthrone's the Day:
We are expected, nor can longer ſtay.
Take vp the reignes, or, while thou maiſt, refuſe;
And not my Chariot, but my counſell vſe;
While on a firme foundation thou doſt ſtand,
Not yet poſſeſt of thy ill-wiſht Command.
Let me the World with vſuall influence cheare:
And view that light which is vnſafe to beare.
The generous and gallant *Phaëton*,
All courage, vaut's into the blazing Throne:
Glad of the reignes, nor doubtfull of his skill;
And giues his Father thanks againſt his will.
Meane while, the Sunnes ſwift Horſes, hot *Pyrôus*,
Strong *Æthon*, fiery *Phlegon*, bright *Eôus*,
Neighing alowd, inflame the Ayre with heat;
And, with their thundring hooues, the barriers beat.
Which when hoſpitious *Thetis* once with-drew,
(Who nothing of her Nephew's danger knew)
And gaue them ſcope; they mount the ample skie,
And cut the obuious Clouds with feet that flie.
Who, rays'd with plumed pinions, leaue behinde
The glowing Eaſt, and flower Eaſterne-winde.
But, *Phœbus* Horſes could not feele that fraight:
The Chariot wanted the accuſtom'd waight.
And as vnballac't ſhips are rockt and toſt
With tumbling Waues, and in their ſteerage loſt:
So, through the Ayre the lighter Chariot reeles;
And joults, as emptie, vpon iumping Wheeles.
Which when they found, the beaten path they ſhun;
And, ſtraggling, out of all ſubiection run.
He knowes not how to turn, nor knowes the way;
Or had he knowne, yet would not they obay.
The cold, now hot, *Triones* ſought in vaine
To quench their heat in the forbidden Maine.

The Serpent, next vnto the frozen Pole,
Benum'd, and hurtleſſe, now began to rowle
With actuall heat; and long forgotten ire
Reſumes, together with æthereall fire.
'Tis ſaid, that thou *Boötes* ranſt away,
Though ſlow, though thee thy heauy Waine did ſtay.
But, when from top of all the arched skye,
Vnhappy *Phaëton* the Earth did eye:
Pale ſudden feare vn-nerves his quaking thighs;
And, in ſo great a light, be-nights his eyes.
He wiſht thoſe Steeds vnknown; vnknown his birth;
His ſute vngranted: now he couets earth;
To be the ſonne of ſcorned *Merope*.
Rapt as a ſhip vpon the high-wrought Sea,
By ſaluage tempeſts chac't; which in deſpaire
The Pilot leaueth to the Gods, and Pray'r.
What ſhould he doe? much of the heauen behinde;
Much more before: both meaſur'd in his minde.
The neuer-to-be entred Weſt ſuruay's;
And then the Eaſt. Loſt in his owne amaze,
And ignorance, he can nor hold the reignes,
Nor let them goe; nor knowes his Horſes names:
But ſtares on terror-ſtriking skies (poſſeſt
By Beaſts and Monſters) with a panting breſt.
There is a place, in which the Scorpion bends
His compaſt clawes; who through two Signes extends.
Whom when the Youth beheld, ſtew'd in black ſweat
Of poyſon, and with turn'd-vp taile to threat
A mortall wound; pale feare his ſenſes ſtrooke,
And ſlackned reignes let's fall from hands that ſhooke.
They, when they felt them on their backs to lie,
With vn-controlled error ſcoure the skie
Through vnknowne ayrie Regions; and tread
The way which their diſordred fury led.
Vp to the fixed Starres their courſe they take;
And ſtranger Spheres with ſmoking Chariot rake:
Now clime: now, by ſteep Præcipies deſcend:
And neerer Earth their wandring race extend.
To ſee her brother's Steeds beneath her owne
The Moon admires! the Clouds like Comets ſhone.
Inuading fire the vpper Earth aſſayl'd;
All chapt and con'd; her pregnant iuyce exhal'd.

Trees

Trees feed their ruin: Graſſe, gray-headed turns:
And Corne, by that which did produce it, burns.
But this was nothing. Cities with their Towres,
Realmes with their People, funerall fire deuoures.
The Mountayns blaze: High *Athos*, but too high;
Fount-fruitfull *Ida*, neuer till then drie;
Oete, old *Tmolus*, and *Cilician Taurus*
Muſe-haunted *Helicon*, *Oeagrian Æmus*.
Loud *Ætna* roreth with her doubled fires:
Parnaſſus grones beneath two flaming ſpires.
Steep *Othrys*, *Cynthus*, *Eryx*, *Mimas*, glowe;
And *Rhodope*, no longer cloath'd with ſnowe:
The *Phrygian Dindyma*, in cinders mourns:
Cold *Caucaſus* in frosty *Scythia* burns.
High *Mycale*, diuine *Cithæron*, waſt;
Pindus, and *Oſſa* once on *Pelion* caſt,
More great *Olympus* (which before did ſhine)
The ayrie *Alpes*, and cloudie *Appenine*.
Then *Phaëton* beheld on euery ſide
The World on fire, nor could ſuch heat abide;
And, at his deadly-drie and gaſping iawes,
The ſcalding Ayre, as from a furnace, drawes;
His Chariot, redder then the fire it bore;
And, being mortall could indure no more
Such clowds of aſhes, and eiected coles.
Muffled in ſmoake which round about him rowles,
He knowes not where he is, nor what ſucceeds;
Dragg'd at the pleaſure of his frantick Steeds.
Men ſay, the *Æthiopians* then grew ſwart;
Their blood exhaled to the outward part.
A ſandie Deſert *Lybia* then became,
Her full veins emptied by the thirſty flame.
With hair vnbound and torn, the Nymphs, diſtraught,
Bewaile their Springs. *Bœotia Dirce* ſought;
Argos, *Amymone*: *Ephyrè*, faire
Pirene miſt: Nor ſtreames ſecurer are.
Great *Tanais* in boyling chanell fumes;
Teuthranian Caycus with heat conſumes;
Iſmenus, old *Peneus*, *Erymanthus*,
Yellow *Lycormas*; to be twice-burnt, *Zanthus*.
Mæander, running in a turning maze,
Mygdonian Melas, and *Eurotas* blaze;

Euphrates, late inueſting *Babylon*;
Orontes, *Phaſis*, *Iſter*, *Thermodon*,
Ganges, *Alpheus*, *Sperchius* lately cold,
And *Tagus* flowing with diſſolued gold.
The Swans, that rauiſht with their melodie
Mæonian banks, now in *Cayſter* frie.
To fartheſt Earth affrighted *Nilus* fled;
And there conceal'd his yet vnfound-out head,
Whil'ſt his ſeuen duſtie chanels ſtreamleſſe lie.
Iſmarian Hebrus, *Strymon* now are drie.
Heſperian ſtreames, *Rhene*, *Rhodanus*, the *Po*,
And Scepter-deſtinated *Tyber* glowe.
Earth cracks: to Hell the hated light deſcends;
And frighted *Pluto*, with his Queene, offends.
The Ocean ſhrinks, and leaues a field of Sand;
Where new diſcouered Rocks, and Mountayns ſtand,
That multiply the ſcattred *Cyclades*,
Late couer'd with the deep and awfull Seas,
The Fiſhes to the bottom diue: nor dare
The ſportleſſe Dolphins tempt the ſultrie Ayre.
Long boyl'd aliue, the monſtrous *Phocæ* die,
And on the brine with turn'd-vp bellies lie.
With *Doris* and her daughters, *Nereus* raues;
Who hide themſelues beneath the ſcalding waues.
Thrice wrathfull *Neptune* his bold arme vp-held
Aboue the Floods: whom thrice the fire repel'd.
Yet foodfull *Tellus* with the Ocean bound,
Amidſt the Seas, and Fountaynes now vnfound
(Self-hid within the womb where they were bred)
Neck-high aduanceth her all-bearing head
(Her parched fore-head ſhaddowed with her hand)
And, ſhaking, ſhooke what-euer on her ſtand:
Where-with, a little ſhrunke into her breſt,
Her ſacred tongue her ſorrowes thus expreſt:
If ſuch thy will, and I deſerue the ſame,
Thou chiefe of Gods, why ſleeps thy vengefull flame?
Be't by Thy fire, if I in fire muſt frie:
The Author leſſens the calamitie.
But, whilſt I ſtriue to vtter this, I choke.
View my ſing'd hair, mine eyes half-out with ſmoke!
The ſparkling cinders on my viſage throwne!
Is this my recompence? the fauour ſhowne

For

For all my ſeruice? for the fruit I haue borne?
That thus I am with plough and harrowes torne?
Wrought-out through-out the yeare? that man and beaſt
Suſtayne with food? and you with incenſe feaſt?
But, ſay I merit ruine, and thy hate:
What hath thy brother done (by equall Fate
Elected to the wauy Monarchie),
That Seas ſhould ſinke, and from thy preſence flie?
If neither he, nor I thy pitty moue,
Pitty thy Heauen. Behold! the Poles aboue
At either end do fume: and ſhould they burne,
Thy habitation would to ruine turne.
Diſtreſſed *Atlas* ſhoulders ſhrinke with payne,
And ſcarce the glowing Axeltree ſuſtayne.
If Sea, if Earth, if Heauen ſhall fall by fire,
Then all of vs to *Chaos* muſt retire.
O! quench theſe flames: the miſerable ſtate
Of things releeue, afore it be too-late,
This ſaid, her voyce her parched tongue forſook,
Nor longer could the ſmothering vapors brook;
But, down into her-ſelfe with-drew her head,
Neere to the infernall Cauerns of the Dead.
Ioue calls the Gods to witneſſe, and who lent
The ſtraying Chariot; ſhould not he preuent,
That All would periſh by one deſtinie;
Then mounts the higheſt Turret of the skie,
From thence inur'd to cloud the ſpacefull Earth,
And giue the flame fore-running thunder birth.
But, there, for waſted clouds he ſought in vaine,
To ſhade or coole the ſcorched Earth with raine.
He thunders; and, with hands that cannot erre,
Hurls lightning at the audacious Charioter.
Him ſtrooke he from his ſeat, breath from his breſt,
Both at one blow, and flames with flames ſuppreſt.
The frighted horſes, plunging ſeuerall wayes,
Breake all their tire: to whom the bit obayes:
The reignes, torne beame, crackt ſpokes, diſperſt abroad,
Scorcht Heauen was with the Chariots ruines ſtrow'd.
But, ſoule-leſſe *Phaëton*, with blazing haire,
Shot head-long through a long deſcent of Aire;
As when a falling ſtarre glides through the skie,
Or ſeemes to fall to the deceiued eye.

Whom

Whom great *Eridanus* (farre from his place
Of birth) receiu'd, and quencht his flagrant face:
Whoſe Nymphs interr'd him in his Mothers womb;
And fixt this Epitaph vpon his Tomb:
Here *Phaëton* lyes: who though he could not guide
His Fathers Steeds, in high attempts he dy'd.
Phœbus with griefe with-drew. One day did runne
About the World, they ſay, with-out the Sunne,
Which flamie funerals illuminate;
That good, deriued from a wretched Fate.
When *Clymene* had ſaid what could be ſaid
In ſuch a griefe; halfe-ſoul'd, in black array'd,
She fils the Earth ſhe wanders through, with grones,
Firſt ſeeking his dead corps, and then his bones.
Interr'd in forren Lands ſhee found the laſt:
Her feeble-lims vpon the place ſhee caſt,
And bath'd his name in teares, and ſtrictly preſt
The carued Marble with her bared breſt.
Nor leſſe th'*Heliades* lament; who ſhead
From drowned eyes vaine offerings to the dead:
Who with remorſeleſſe hands their boſoms teare;
And wayling, call on him that cannot heare.
With ioyned horns four Moons their orbs had fil'd,
Since they their cuſtomarie plaints vpheld:
When *Phaëthuſa*, thinking to haue caſt
Her ſelfe on Earth, cry'd, ah! my feet ſtick faſt!
Lampetie, preſſing to her ſiſters ayd,
As ſuddenly with fixed roots was ſtayd.
A third, about t'haue torne her ſcattered haire,
Tore-off the leaues which on her crowne ſhe bare.
This, grieueth at her ſtiffe and ſenſeleſſe thighes:
Shee, that her ſtretcht-out arms in branches riſe.
And whil'ſt with wonder they themſelues behold,
The creeping barke their tender parts infold;
Then, by degrees, their bellies, breſts, and all
Except their mouthes; which on their mother call.
What ſhould ſhee doe? but run to that, to this,
As furie draue; and ſnatch a parting kiſſe?
But yet, not ſo ſuffiz'd, ſhee ſtroue to take
Them, from themſelues, and down the branches brake:
From whence, as from a wound, pure blood did glide.
O pitty, Mother! (ſtill the wounded cry'd)

Nor

Nor teare vs in our Trees! O! now adieu!
With that, the barke their lips together drew.
From theſe cleere dropping trees, tears yearly flow:
They, hardned by the Sunne, to Amber grow;
Which, on the moyſture-giuing Riuer ſpent,
To *Roman* Ladies, as his gift, is ſent.
Sthenelian Cygnus at that time was there,
A-kin to *Phaëton*; in loue, more neere.
He, leauing State (who in *Liguria* raign'd,
Which Cities great and populous contayn'd)
Fild with complaints the Riuer-chiding floods,
The ſedgie banks, and late augmented Woods.
At length, his voice grew ſmall: white plume contends
In whiteneſſe with his haire: his neck aſcends.
Red films vnite his toes: armes turne to wings:
His mouth, a flat blunt bill, that ſadly ſings.
Becomne a Swan, remembring how vniuſt
Ioue's lightning was, nor Heauen, nor him will truſt.
Whom Lakes and Ponds (deteſting fire) delight;
And Floods, to Flames in nature oppoſite.
The wofull Father to dead *Phaëton*,
Him-ſelfe neglecting (all his luſtre gon,
As when eclipſt) day, light, his owne life hates;
And loued griefe, with anger, aggrauates.
Refuſing to illuminate the Earth.
Enough, too much my toile! born with the birth
Of Time; (as reſtleſſe;) without end, regard,
Or honour: recompenc't with this reward!
Some other now may on my Chariot fit.
If all of you confeſſe your ſelues vnfit;
Let *Ioue* aſcend: that he (when he ſhall trie)
At length may lay his murdering thunder by.
Then will he finde, that he, who could not guide
Thoſe fire-hou'd Steeds, deſeru'd not to haue dy'd.
The Gods ſtand round about him, and requeſt
That endleſſe Night might not the World inueſt.
Euen *Ioue* excus'd his lightning, and intreats:
Which, like a King, he intermixt with threats.
Diſpleaſed *Phœbus*, hardly reconcil'd,
Takes-vp his Steeds, as yet with horror wild.
On whom he vents his ſpleen: and, though they run,
He laſhes, and vpbraids them with his Son.

The

The Thunderer then walks the ample Round
Of Heauens high walls, to ſearch if all were ſound.
When finding nothing there by fire decay'd;
He Earth, and humane induſtries ſuruay'd.
Arcadia chiefely exerciz'd his cares;
There, Springs and ſtreams, that durſt not run, repair's;
The Fields with graſſe, the Trees with leaues indue's,
And withered Woods with vaniſht Shades renew's.
Oft paſſing to and fro, a *Nonacrine*
The God inflam'd; her beautie, more diuine!
'Twas not her Art to ſpin, nor with much care
And fine varietie to trick her haire;
But, with a zone, her looſer garments bound,
And her rude treſſes in a fillet wound:
Now armed with a Dart, now with a Bowe:
A Squire of *Phœbe's*. *Mænalus* did knowe
None more in grace, of all her Virgin throng:
But, Fauorites in fauour laſt not long.
The parted Day in equall balance held,
A Wood ſhee entred, as yet neuer feld.
There from her ſhoulders ſhee her Quiuer takes,
Vnbends her Bowe; and, tyr'd with hunting, makes
The flowry-mantled Earth her happy bed;
And on her painted Quiuer layes her head.
When *Ioue* the Nymph without a guard did ſee
In ſuch a poſiture; This ſtealth, ſaid hee,
My Wife ſhall neuer know: or, ſay ſhee did;
Who, ah, who would not for her ſake be chid!
Diana's ſhape and habit them indew'd,
He ſaid; My Huntreſſe, where haſt thou purſew'd
This morning's chace? Shee, riſing, made reply;
Haile Pow'r, more great then *Ioue* (though *Ioue* ſtood by)
In my eſteem—He ſmil'd: and gladly heard
Him-ſelfe, by her, before Him-ſelfe preferr'd;
And kiſt. His kiſſes too intemperate grow;
Not ſuch as Maids on Maidens do beſtow.
His ſtrict imbracements her narration ſtay'd;
And, by his crime, his owne deceit betray'd.
Shee did what Woman could to force her Fate:
(Would *Iuno* ſaw! it would her ſpleen abate)
Although, as much as Woman could, ſhee ſtroue;
What Woman, or, who can contend with *Ioue*!

The

The Victor hies him to th'æthereall States.
The Woods, as guiltie of her wrongs, ſhee hates;
Almoſt forgetting, as from thence ſhee flung,
Her Quiuer, and the Bowe which by it hung.
High *Mænalus Dictynna* with her traine
Now entring, pleaſed with the quarry ſlaine,
Beheld, and call'd her: call'd vpon, ſhee fled;
And in her ſemblance *Iupiter* doth dread.
But, when ſhee ſaw the attending Nymphs appeare;
Shee troops amongſt them, and diuerts her feare.
Ah, how our faults are in our faces read!
With eyes ſcarce euer rais'd, ſhee hangs the head:
Nor perks ſhee now, as ſhee was wont to do,
By *Cynthia's* ſide, nor leads the ſtarry crew.
Though mute ſhee bee, her violated ſhame
Selfe-guiltie bluſhes ſilently proclaime.
But that a Maid, *Diana* the ill hid
Had ſoone eſpy'd: they ſay, her ſly Nymphs did.
Nine Creſcents now had made their Orbs compleat;
When, faint with labour, and her brothers heat,
Shee takes the ſhades; cloſe by the murmuring
And ſiluer current of a fruitfull Spring.
The place much prays'd, the ſtreame as coole as cleere
Her faire feet glads. No Spyes, ſaid ſhe, be here:
Here will we our diſrobed bodies dip.
Caliſto bluſht: the reſt their faire lims ſtrip.
And her perforce vncloth'd, that ſought delayes;
Who, with her body, her offence diſplayes.
They, all abaſht, yet loth to haue it ſpy'd,
Striuing her belly with their hands to hide;
Auant, ſaid *Cynthia*; get thee from our trayne;
Nor, with thy lims, this ſacred Fountayne ſtayne.
This knew the Matron of the Thunderer;
Whoſe thoughts, to fitter times, reuenge defer:
Nor long delaye's; for, *Arcas* (which more ſcorne
And griefe prouok't) was of the Lady borne.
Beheld with ire, which turn'd her eyes to flame;
Muſt thou be fruitfull too, to blaze my ſhame,
And propagate the wrong? and muſt he be
A liuing infamy to *Ioue* and me?
I'le not indur't: That ſo ſelfe-pleaſing ſhape,
Which drew my husband to thy willing rape,

I ſure ſhall ſpoile. This ſaid, her haire ſhe wound
About her hand, and dragg'd her on the ground.
Her hands, for pitty heau'd (ſo ſmooth, ſo faire!)
Grew forth-with rough, and horrid with black haire.
Her daintie hands (which, ſwift deformity
Conuerts to pawes) the place of feet ſupply.
The mouth, ſo prays'd by *Ioue* (that late to ſin
Entic't a God) now horribly doth grin.
And, leſt ſhee might too powrefully beſeech,
Shee inſtantly bereft her of her ſpeech:
In ſtead whereof, a noyſe aſcends her hoarſe
And rumbling throte, which terror doth inforce;
Although a Beare, her minde ſhee ſtill poſſeſt,
And with continuall grones her griefe expreſt;
With pawes ſtretcht vp to heauen, accus'd her fate:
And whom ſhe could not call, ſhe thought ingrate.
How oft, afraid to keep the Wood's alone,
Sought ſhe the houſe and fields that were her owne!
How often, chaced by the following crie,
Th'affrighted Huntreſſe from her hounds did flie!
Oft ſhee (the Wood's wild foragers eſpy'd)
Forgetting what ſhee was, her ſelfe would hide:
A Beare; yet trembles at the ſight of Beares;
And Wolues (her Father then amongſt them) feares.
When (lo!) *Lycaon's* Grand-child thither drew,
Thrice fiue yeares old, nor of his Mother knew;
While he purſues the chace and ſaluage ſpoyles
(The *Erymanthian* Woods begirt with toyles)
Her he encounters. *Arcas* ſeene, ſhee ſtay'd,
And would haue ta'ne acquaintance. He, afraid,
Stared vpon her with a conſtant eye;
And backward ſtept, as ſhee approched nye.
About to wound her vndefended breſt:
The King of Gods, who did the fact deteſt,
With them, the crime with-drew, and both conuai'd
To heauen; now neighbouring Conſtellations made.
Saturnia ſweld to ſee her Riuall ſhine
Amongſt the Starres. She ſtoops to *Neptune's* brine;
Gray *Thetis* and the old *Oceanus*
(Grac't by the Deities) accoaſting thus:
Aske you why I, the Queene of Gods, am come
From bleſt aboads? Another holds my roome.

When

When Nights blacke mantle ſhall the World infold;
My wounds (thoſe honour'd Stars) you may behold;
There, where the ſhorteſt Circle, at the end
Of all the turning Axeltree, doth bend.
Who would not injurie the wife of *Ioue*,
When our worſt puniſhments preferments proue?
How great our act! how is our powre diſplay'd!
Vnform'd a Woman, and a Goddeſſe made.
Thus we the guiltie ſcourge! Thus, thus we our
Reuenge aduance! ſuch, and ſo great our powre!
Let him vnbeaſt the beaſt (as heretofore
Phoronis) and her wanton ſhape reſtore.
Why doth he not *Lycaon's* daughter wed,
Reiecting me, and place her in his bed?
But, you who once my carefull Nurſes were,
If my indignities doe touch you neere,
Command you that the ſeuen *Triones* keepe
Their lazie Waine out of your ſacred Deepe.
From thence, thoſe ſtars, the price of whordome, driue;
Nor let th'impure in your pure Surges diue.
They both aſſent. Her Peacocks to the skyes
Their Goddeſſe draw; late ſtucke with *Argus* eyes.
Thou too, thou prating Rauen, turn'd as late
From white to blacke, by well-deſerued Fate.
(The ſpotleſſe ſiluer Doue was not more white,
Nor Swans which in the running brookes delight:
Nor yet that vigilant Fowle, whoſe gaggling ſhall
Hereafter free th'attempted Capitoll.)
Thy tongue, thy tell-tale tongue did thee vndoe:
And what was white, is now of ſable hew.
The Palme, *Coronis*, of *Larissa*, bare
From all th'*Æmonian* Dames for matchleſſe faire.
Who dearly, *Delphian*, was belou'd by thee;
As long as chaſte, or from detection free.
But, *Phœbus* Bird her ſcapes did ſoone deſcrie:
Nor could they charme th'inexorable Spie:
Whom, flying to his Lord, the Crowe purſewes
(As talkatiue as he) to know the newes;
And, knowing, ſaid: Thy ſelfe thou doſt ingage
By thankleſſe ſeruice: ſlight not my preſage.
Know what I was, and am: through all my time
My actions ſift: thou'lt find my faith my crime.

For, *Pallas*, on a day, in cheſt compos'd
Of *Attick* Oſiars, priuately inclos'd
Her *Erichthonius* (whom no Woman bare)
Committed to the cuſtodie and care
Of three fair Virgin Nymphs, that daughters were
To prudent *Cecrops*, who two ſhapes did beare:
Nor told what it contayn'd; but, charg'd that they
Her ſecrets ſhould not to themſelues betray.
Theſe from an Elme I (vneſpy'd) eſpy.
Faire *Herſe* and *Pandroſa* faithfully
Performe their charge. *Aglauros* then did call
Her fearfull ſiſters, and vntyes with-all
The wicker Cabinet; whoſe twigs contayne
An infant, rayſed on a Dragon's trayne.
This, I my Goddeſſe told; and for reward,
Am now caſhiered from *Minerua's* Guard,
The Bird of Night preferd. Beware by mee:
Nor too officiouſly tell all you ſee.
Perhaps, you thinke, I to that place aſpir'd
Without her grace: vnſought-to, or deſir'd:
Should you aske *Pallas*, and her anger by;
Though more then angrie, this ſhee would deny.
Me had King *Coronëus*, great in fame.
Through happy *Phocis*, by a royall Dame.
Rich ſuters I (deſpiſe me not) had ſtore:
My beautie wrackt me. Walking on the ſhore,
As leaſurely as now I vſe to goe,
Cold *Neptune* ſaw me, and with luſt did glowe.
The time, his prayr's, and prayſes ſpent in vaine;
What would not yeeld, he offers to conſtraine;
And follows me that fled. The harder ſtrand
Behind me left, and tyr'd with yeelding ſand,
To Gods and Men I crie. No humane aid
Was then at hand: a Maid releeues a Maid.
For, as to heauen my trembling armes I threw;
My armes cole-black with houering feathers grew.
My Robe I from my ſhoulders thought to throwe:
But, that was plume, and to my skin did growe.
With hands to beat my naked breſt, I trie:
But, neither breſt to beat, nor hands, had I.
Running, in ſand I ſunke not as before;
But, me the ſcarce-toucht Earth, vnburden'd bore.

Forth-

Forth-with, I lightly through the Ayre aſcend;
And on *Minerua*, without blame, attend.
But, what was this; when ſhee, whoſe wicked deeds
Vnwoman'd her, in our loſt grace ſucceeds?
For, know (no more then through all *Lesbos* ſpred)
Nyctimene defil'd her Father's bed.
Though now a Bird; yet, full of guilt, the ſight,
The Day, ſhe ſhuns, and masks her ſhame in Night.
About her, all our winged troops repayre;
And, with inuectiues, chace her through the Ayre.
To her, the Rauen: Miſchiefe thee ſurpriſe
For ſtaying me. Vaine Omen's I deſpiſe;
Then, forward flew; and told the hurtfull truth
Of loſt *Coronis*, and th'*Æmonian* Youth.
The harp drops from his hand: and from his head
The Laurell fell: his chearfull colour fled.
Tranſported with his rage, his bow he tooke,
And with ineuitable arrow ſtrooke
That breſt, which he ſo oft to his had ioyn'd:
Shee ſhreeks; and from the deadly wound doth wind
The biting ſteele, purſu'd with ſtreams of blood,
That bath'd her pure white in a crimſon Flood:
And ſaid; Though this be dew, yet, *Phœbus*, I
Might firſt haue teem'd: now, two in one muſt die.
Shee faints: forc't life in her blood's torrent ſwims:
And ſtifning cold benums her ſenſeleſſe lims.
His crueltie, to her he lou'd, too late,
He now repenteth, and him-ſelfe doth hate,
Who lent an eare, whom rage could ſo incenſe:
He hates his Bird, by whom he knew th'offence;
He hates his Art, his Quiuer, and his Bowe;
Then, takes her vp, and all his skill doth ſhowe.
But (ah!) too late to vanquiſh Fate he tries;
And ſurgerie, without ſucceſſe, applies.
Which when he ſaw, and ſaw the funerall pyle
Prepared to deuour ſo deare a ſpoyle;
Since no cœleſtiall eye may ſhed a teare,
He fetcht a grone, that made Earth grone to heare:
And now vncar'd-for odours powr'd vpon her;
And vndue death with all due rites doth honour.
But, *Phœbus*, not induring that his ſeed
(And that by her) the greedie Fire ſhould feed,

Snatcht

Snatcht it both from her womb, and from the flame;
And to the two-ſhap't *Chiron* brought the ſame.
The white-plum'd Rauen, who reward expects,
He turnes to black; and for his truth reiects.
It pleas'd the Halfe-horſe to be ſo imploy'd;
Who in his honorable trouble ioy'd.
Behold: the *Centaur's* daughter with red haire,
Whom formerly the Nymph *Caricle* bare
By the ſwift Riuer, and *Ocyroë* nam'd;
Who had her Father's healthfull Art diſclaym'd,
To ſing the depth of Fates: Now, when her breſt
Was by the prophecying rage poſſeſt,
And that th'included God inflam'd her mind;
Beholding of the Babe, ſhe thus diuin'd:
Health giuer to the World, grow Infant, grow;
To whom mortalitie ſo much ſhall owe.
Fled Soules thou ſhalt reſtore to their aboads;
And once againſt the pleaſure of the Gods.
To doe the like, thy Grand-ſires flames denie:
And thou, begotten by a God, muſt die.
Thou, of a bloodleſſe corps, a God ſhalt bee:
And Nature twice ſhall be renew'd in thee.
And you, deare Father, not a Mortall now;
To whom the Fates eternitie allow;
Shall wiſh to die, then when your wound ſhall ſmart
With Serpents blood, and ſlight your helpleſſe Art.
Relenting Fates will pitty you with death,
Againſt their Law, and ſtop your groning breath.
Not all yet ſaid, her ſighs in ſtormes ariſe;
And ill-aboding teares burſt from her eyes.
Then, thus: My Fates preuent me: lo, they tie
My faltering tongue, and farther ſpeech denie.
Alas! theſe Arts not of that valew be,
That they ſhould draw the wrath of Heauen on me!
O, rather would I nothing had fore-knowne!
My lookes ſeeme now not humane, nor my owne.
I long to feed on graſſe: I long to run
About the ſpacious fields. Woe's me, vndon!
Into a Mare (my kindred's ſhape) I grow:
Yet, why throughout? my Father but halfe ſo.
The end of her complaint you ſcarce could heare
To vnderſtand: her words confuſed were.

Forth-

Forth-with, nor words, nor neighings, ſhe expreſt;
Her voyce yet more inclining to the beaſt:
Then, neigh'd out-right. Within a little ſpace,
Her down-thruſt armes vpon the Meadow paſe.
Her fingers ioyne: one hoofe fiue nayles vnite:
Her head and neck enlarge, not now vp right:
Her trayling garment to a trayne extends:
Her dangling haire vpon her creſt deſcends:
Her voyce and ſhape at once transform'd became:
And to the Prodigie they giue a name.
Old *Chiron* weeps; and *Phœbus*, vainly cryes
On thee to change the changeleſſe Deſtinies.
Admit thou could'ſt: thee, from thy ſelfe expeld,
Then *Elis*, and *Meſſenian* paſtures held.
It was the time when, cloth'd in Neat-herds weeds,
Thou play'dſt vpon vnequall ſeuen-fold Reeds:
Whil'ſt thee thy Pipe delights, whil'ſt cares of loue
Thy ſoule poſſeſſe, and other cares remoue;
Without a guard the *Pylian* Oxen ſtray:
Obſerued by the craftie ſonne of *May*,
Forthwith he ſecretly conueighs them thence,
In vntract Woods concealing his offence.
None ſaw but *Battus*, in that Country bred;
Who wealthy *Neleus* famous horſes fed.
Him onely he miſdoubts: then, (t'ane a-part)
Stranger, ſaid *Mercury*, what ere thou art;
If any for this Herd by chance inquire,
Conceale thy knowledge: and receiue, for hire,
This white-hair'd Cow. Hee tooke her, and reply'd,
Be ſafe; thy theft ſhall ſooner be deſcry'd
By yonder ſtone, then me; and ſhew'd a ſtone.
Ione's ſonne departs, and ſtraight returns vnknowne
(A ſeeming Clowne in forme and voice) who ſaid:
Saw'ſt thou no cattel through theſe fields conuay'd?
Detect the theft; in their recouerie ioyne:
And, lo, this Heifer, with her Bull, is thine,
He (the reward redoubl'd) anſwer'd: There
Beneath thoſe hills, beneath thoſe hills they were.
Then, *Hermes*, laughing lowd; What, knaue, I ſay,
Me to my ſelfe; me to my ſelfe betray?
Then, to a Touch-ſtone turn'd his periur'd breſt;
Whoſe nature now is in that name expreſt.

Hence;

Hence, he, who beares the Caduceus, ſprings
Through boundleſſe ayre; & views, frõ ſtretcht-out wings,
Munychian fields, *Minerua's* loued ſoyle,
Lycæum, exerciz'd with learned toyle.
By chance, vpon that day it did befall,
When to her Fane, prepar'd for feſtiuall,
In crowned baskets on their ſhining haire,
The Virgin-trayne her ſacrifices bare:
Returning; theſe the winged God doth view;
Who not forth-right, but in a circuit flew.
As when a greedie Kite freſh entrailes ſpies,
Fearing to ſtoop for thoſe that ſacrifice,
Strikes circles through the Ayre, nor far remoues;
But, with fixt eyes reuerts to what he loues:
So, ſwift *Cyllenius* o're the *Attick* towers,
In ayrie windings circularly ſcowers.
As *Lucifer* out-ſhines each other Starre;
As ſiluer *Phœbe*, *Lucifer*; ſo farre
Did *Herſe* all the other Virgins ſtayne;
The glorie of that pomp, and of her trayne.
Loue-ſtruck, he burnes as in the Ayre he hung.
A bullet by *Balarian* Slinger flung,
Increaſeth ſo in feruor as it flyes;
And findes the fire it had not, in the skyes.
From Heauen, he ſtoops to more affected Earth:
Not now diſguis'd like one of humane birth;
Such confidence his beauteous parts impart;
Which, though diuine, he ſtriues to grace by Art.
He curls his haire; his mantle, wrought with gold,
He in the moſt becomming garb doth fold;
And his fine feet adorns: then, in his hand
Takes his ſleep-cauſing and expelling wand.
Three roomes there were within the fair contect
Of *Cecrop's* houſe, with Iuory arches deckt.
Pandroſa and *Aglauros* on each ſide
Of *Herſe* lay; *Aglauros* firſt eſpy'd
The ſly-approching *Mercurie*: his name
Shee boldly asks, and why he thither came.
To whom, *Pleiones* nephew: He am I
Who on *Ioue's* errands (*Ioue*, my Father) flie.
And to be plaine; to *Herſe* faithfull proue:
And be an Aunt vnto our fruitfull loue.

Thy

Thy ſiſter's beauties this repaire inforce:
I pray thee of a Louer take remorſe.
So ſtar'd ſhe on him, and as much amaz'd;
As when ſhee on *Minerua's* ſecrets gaz'd:
Who askes a maſſe of treaſure for her hire;
And, till 'twere payd, conſtrayn'd him to retire.
Warres angrie Goddeſſe caſt on her a looke
That darted fire; and fetcht a ſigh which ſhooke
Her boſom, with the *Ægis* which ſhee wore:
Who cals to minde, how ſhee, not long afore,
Profanely did, againſt her faith, diſcouer
The *Lemnian* iſſue, borne without a Mother:
Now to her ſiſter, to the God ingrate;
And by ſo baſe a meanes t'inrich her ſtate.
Forth-with to *Enuie's* caue her courſe ſhee bent,
Furr'd with black filth, within a deep deſcent
Between two hills; where *Phœbus* neuer ſhowes
His chearfull face; where no winde euer blowes:
Repleat with ſadneſſe, and vnactiue cold;
Deuoid of fire, yet ſtill in ſmoake enrowl'd.
Whether when as the fear'd in battell came,
Shee ſtaid before the houſe (that hatefull frame
Shee might not enter), and the darke doore ſtrooke
With her bright lance; which ſtraight in ſunder broke.
There ſaw ſhee *Enuie* lapping Vipers blood;
And feeding on their fleſh, her vices food:
And, hauing ſeen her, turn'd-away her eyes.
The Catife ſlowly from the ground doth riſe
(Her halfe-deuoured Serpents laid-aſide)
And forward creepeth with a lazie ſtride.
Viewing her forme ſo faire; her armes, ſo bright;
Shee gron'd, and ſigh't at ſuch a chearfull ſight.
Her body more then meger; pale her hew;
Her teeth all ruſty; ſtill ſhee looks askew;
Her breaſt with gall, her tongue with poyſon ſweld:
Shee only laught, when ſhee ſad ſights beheld.
Her euer-waking cares exil'd ſoft ſleep:
Who looks on good ſucceſſe, with eyes that weep;
Repining, pines: who, wounding others, bleeds:
And on her ſelfe reuengeth her miſdeeds.
Although *Tritonia* did the Hag deteſt;
Yet briefely thus her pleaſure ſhee expreſt:

Aglauros, one of the *Cecropides*,
Doe thou infeſt with thy accurſt diſeaſe.
This ſaid; the haſtie Goddeſſe doth aduance
Her body, with her earth-repelling lance.
Enuie perſues her with a wicked eye,
Much grieu'd at her preuayling induſtrie.
Wrapt in darke clouds, which way ſo ere ſhe turns,
The Corne ſhe lodges, flowry paſtures burns,
Crops what growes high; Towns, Natiõs, with her breath
Pollutes; and Vertue perſecutes to death.
When ſhee the faire *Athenian* towres beheld,
Which ſo in wealth, in learned Arts exceld,
And feaſtfull Peace; to crie ſhee ſcarce forbeares,
In that ſhee ſaw no argument for teares.
When ſhee *Aglauros* lodging entred had,
Shee gladly executes what *Pallas* bade:
Her cancred hand vpon her breſt ſhee lay'd,
And crooked thornes into her heart conuay'd,
And breath'd in banefull poyſon; which ſhe ſheads
Into her bones, and through her liuer ſpreads.
And that her enuy might not want a cauſe;
The God in his diuineſt forme ſhee drawes:
And with it, ſets before her wounded eyes
Her happy ſiſter, and their nuptiall ioyes:
Augmenting all. Theſe ſecret woes excite,
And gnaw her ſoule. Shee ſighs all day, all night;
And with a ſlow infection melts away,
Like Ice before the Sunnes vncertayne ray.
Faire *Herſe's* happy ſtate ſuch heart-burne breeds
In her black boſom, as when ſpiny weeds
Are ſet on fire: which without flame conſume,
And ſeem (ſo ſmall their heat) to burne with fume.
Oft ſhee reſolues to die, ſuch ſights to ſhun:
Oft, by diſcloſing, to haue both vndon.
Now ſits ſhee on the threſhold, to preuent
The Gods acceſſe; who with loſt blandiſhment,
And his beſt Art, perſwades. Quoth ſhee; forbeare,
I cannot be remou'd, if you ſtay here.
I to this bargayn, he reply'd, will ſtand;
The doore then forces with his figured wand.
Striuing to riſe, to ſecond her debate,
Her hips could not remoue, preſt with dull waight.

Againe

Againe ſhee ſtruggl'd to haue ſtood on end:
But, thoſe vnſupple ſinewes would not bend.
Incroching cold now enters at her nayles:
And lack of blood her veines blew branches pale's.
And as a Canker, ſlighting helpleſſe Arts,
Creeps from th'infected to the ſounder parts:
So by degrees the winter of wan Death
Congeales the path of life, and ſtops her breath:
Nor ſtroue ſhe: had ſhe ſtroue to make her mone,
Voyce had no way; her neck and face now ſtone:
There ſhee a bloodleſſe Statue ſate, all freckt:
Her ſpotted minde the Marble did infect.
When *Atlantiades*, on her, prophane
Of tongue and heart, this ſharp reuenge had ta'ne;
He from the Citie, nam'd by *Pallas*, flew
On mounting wings, and vnto heauen with-drew.
With whom, *Ioue* thus (his loue concealing) ioynes:
Thou, faithfull Miniſter to my deſignes,
Shoot ſwiftly through the Ayre vnto that Land,
Whoſe Northern coaſts beneath thy Mother ſtand,
Which thoſe Inhabitants *Sidonia* name:
Behold, yon royall Herd: conduct the ſame,
From not farre diſtant Mountaynes, to the ſhore.
This he diſpatcht, with ſpeed that went before
A humane thought. There, oft the princely Maid,
Accompany'd with *Tyrian* Virgins, play'd.
Loue and high Maieſtie agree not well;
Nor will together in one boſom dwell.
That Powre, from whom, what-ere hath being, ſprings;
That King of Gods, who three-fork't lightning flings;
Whoſe nod the World's vnfixt foundation ſhakes,
The figure of a ſouleleſſe Bull now takes:
And, lowing, walks vpon the tender graſſe
Amongſt the Herd; though he in forme ſurpaſſe.
His colour whiter then vntrodden ſnow,
Before ſtill-moyſt and thawing *Auſter* blow.
The fleſh, in ſwelling rowles, adornes his neck:
His broad-ſpred breſt, long dangling dew-laps deck.
His hornes, though ſmall, yet ſuch as Art inuite
To imitate, then ſhining gemmes more bright:
His eyes no wrath, his browes no terror threat;
His whole aſpect with ſmiling peace repleat.

The beaſt, *Agenor's* daughter doth admire,
So wondrous beautifull, ſo void of ire.
Though ſuch, at firſt ſhe his approach did dread,
Yet forth with touch't; and then with flowres him fed.
The Louer ioyes: till he his hopes might feaſt,
He kiſt her hands; ah, ſcarce defers the reſt!
Now, on the ſpringing graſſe, he friſks and playes:
His ſides now on the golden ſands he layes.
Her feare ſubdu'd, ſhee ſtrokes his proffred breſt:
Her Virgin-hands his hornes with garlands dreſt.
The royall Maid, who now no courage lackt,
Aſcends the Bull, not knowing whom ſhee backt.
He, to the Sea approaching, by degrees
Firſt dips therein his hoofs, anon his knees;
Then, ruſhing forward, beares away the prize.
Shee ſhreeks, and to the ſhore reuerts her eyes:
One hand his horne, the other held behind;
Her lighter garments ſwelling with the wind.

OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS.
The third Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

ARm'd troops from Dragons late-ſowne teeth ariſe.
By his owne Hounds the Hart Actæon *dyes.*
Iuno, *a Beldame.* Semele *doth frie*
In wiſhd embraces. Bacchus *from* Ioues *thigh*
Takes ſecond birth. The wiſe Tireſias *twice*
Doth change his ſex. Scorn'd Echo *pines t'a voice:*
Self-lou'd Narciſſus *to a Daffadill.*
Bacchus, *a Boy. The* Tyrrhen's *ſhip ſtands ſtill,*
With Iuy mor'd. Strange ſhapes the Saylers fright:
Who Dolphines turne, and ſtill in ſhips delight.

AND now the God, arriuing with his Rape
At ſacred *Creet*, reſumes his heauenly ſhape.
The King, his ſonne to ſeeke his daughter ſent,
Fore-doomed to perpetuall baniſhment,
Except his fortune to his wiſh ſucceed:
How pious, and how impious in one deed!
Earth wandred-through (*Ioue's* thefts who can exquire?)
He ſhuns his Country, and his Fathers ire:
With *Phœbus* Oracle conſults, to know
What Land the Fates intended to beſtow.
Who, thus: In deſert fields obſerue a Cow,
Yet neuer yoakt, nor ſeruile to the plow:
Follow her ſlowe conduct: and where ſhee ſhall
Repoſe, there build: the place *Bœotia* call.
Scarce *Cadmus* from *Caſtalian* Caue deſcended,
When he a Heifer ſaw, by no man tended,
Her neck vngall'd with groning ſeruitude.
The God ador'd, he foot by foot purſew'd.
Cephiſus flood, and *Panope* now paſt,
Shee made a ſtand; to heauen her fore-head caſt,
With loftie horns moſt exquiſitely faire;
Then, with repeated lowings fild the Ayre:
Looks back vpon the company ſhee led;
And, kneeling, makes the tender graſſe her bed.

Thanks-

Thanks-giuing *Cadmus* kiſt the vnknowne ground;
The ſtranger fields and hills ſaluting round.
About to ſacrifice to heauen's high King,
He ſends for water from the liuing Spring.
A Wood there was, which neuer Axe did hew;
In it, a Caue, where Reeds and Oſiers grew,
Rooft with a rugged Arch by Nature wrought;
With pregnant waters plentifully fraught.
The lurking Snake of *Mars* this Hold poſſeſt;
Bright ſcal'd, and ſhining with a golden creſt;
His bulk with poyſon ſwolne; fire-red his eyes:
Three darting tongues, three ranks of teeth compriſe.
This fatall Well th'vnlucky *Tyrians* found;
Who with their down-let Pitcher, rays'd a ſound.
With that, the Serpent his blew head extends;
And ſuffering Ayre with horrid hiſſes rends.
The water from them fell: their colour fled:
Who all, aſtoniſht, ſhook with ſudden dread.
He wreaths his ſcaly foldes into a heape;
And fetcht a compaſſe with a mightie leape:
Then, bolt-vpright his monſtrous length diſplayes
More then halfe way; and all the Woods ſurmayes.
Whoſe body, when all ſeene, no leſſe appeares,
Then that, which parts the two Cœleſtiall Beares.
Whether the *Tyrians* ſought to fight, or flie,
Or whether they through feare could neither trie;
Some craſht he 'twixt his iawes; ſome claſpt to death;
Some kils with poyſon; others with his breath.
And now the Sunne the ſhorteſt ſhadowes made;
Then, *Cadmus*, wondring why his ſeruants ſtay'd,
Their foot-ſteps trac't. A hide the Heros wore,
Which late he from a ſlaughtred Lyon tore:
His Arms a dart, a bright ſteele-pointed Speare;
And ſuch a minde as could not ſtoope to feare.
When he the Wood had entred, and there view'd
The bodies of the ſlaine with blood imbrew'd;
Th'inſulting Victor quenching his dire thirſt
At their ſuckt wounds; he ſigh't, as heart would burſt:
Then ſaid, I will reuenge, ô faithfull Mates,
Your murders, or accompany your Fates.
With that, he lifteth vp a mightie ſtone,
Which with a more then manly force was throwne.

What

What would haue batter'd downe the ſtrongeſt wall,
And ſhiuered towres, doth giue no wound at all.
The hardneſſe of his skin, and ſcales that growe
Vpon his armed back, repell the blowe.
And yet that ſtrong defence could not ſo well
The vigour of his thrilling Dart repell;
Which through his winding back a paſſage rends:
There ſticks: the ſteele into his guts deſcends.
Rabid with anguiſh, he retorts his looke
Vpon the wound; and then the jauelin tooke
Betweene his teeth; it euery way doth winde:
At length, tugg'd out, yet leaues the head behind.
His rage increaſt with his augmenting paines:
And his thick-panting throte ſwels with full veines.
A cold white froth ſurrounds his poys'nous jawes:
On thundring Earth his trayling ſcales he drawes:
Who from his black and *Stygian* maw eiect's
A blaſting breath, which all the graſſe infect's.
His body, now he circularly bends;
Forthwith into a monſtrous length extends:
Then ruſheth on, like ſhowr-incenſed Floods;
And with his breſt ore-beares the obuious Woods.
The Prince gaue way; who with the Lyon's ſpoyle
Suſtayn'd th'aſſault; and forc't a quick recoyle,
His Lance fixt in his iawes. What could not feele,
He madly wounds; and bites the biting ſteele.
Th'inuenom'd gore, which from his palate bled,
Conuerts the graſſe into a duskie red:
Yet, ſlight the hurt, in that the Snake with-drew;
And ſo, by yeelding, did the force ſubdew.
Till *Agenorides* the ſteele imbrew'd
In his wide throte, and ſtill his thruſt purſew'd;
Vntill an Oke his back-retrait with-ſtood:
There, he his neck transfixt: with it, the Wood.
The Tree bends with a burden ſo vnknowne;
And, laſhed by the Serpents taile, doth grone.
While he ſuruay'd the hugeneſſe of his foe,
This voyce he heard (from whence he did not knowe)
Why is that Serpent ſo admir'd by thee?
Agenor's ſonne, a Serpent thou ſhalt bee.
He ſpeechleſſe grew: pale feare repeld his blood;
And now vncurled haire like briſtles ſtood.

Be-

Behold! mans Fautreſſe, *Pallas* (from the ſky
Deſcending to his needfull aide) ſtood by:
Who bade him in the turn'd-vp furrowes throwe
The Serpents teeth; that future men might growe.
He, as commanded, plow'd the patient Earth:
And therein ſow'd the ſeeds of humane birth.
Lo (paſt beliefe!) the Clods began to moue:
And tops of Lances firſt appear'd aboue:
Then, Helmets, nodding with their plumed Creſts;
Forth-with, refulgent Pouldrons, plated Breſts;
Hands, with offenſiue weapons charg'd, inſew:
And Target-bearing troops of Men vp-grew.
So in our Theater's ſolemnities,
When they the Arras rayſe, the Figures riſe:
Afore the reſt, their faces firſt appeare;
By little and by little then they reare
Their bodies, with a meaſure-keeping hand,
Vntill their feet vpon the border ſtand.
Bold *Cadmus*, though much daunted at the ſight
Of ſuch an Hoſt, addreſt him to the fight.
Forbeare (a new-borne Souldier cry'd) t'ingage
Thy better fortune in our ciuill rage!
With that, he on his earth-bred brother flew:
At whom, a deadly dart another threw.
Nor he that kild him, long ſuruiues his death;
But, through wide wounds expires his infant breath.
Slaughter, with equall furie, runs through all:
And by vnciuill ciuill blowes they fall.
The new-ſprung Youth, who hardly life poſſeſt,
Now panting, kick their Mother's bloody breſt.
But fiue ſuruiu'd: of whom, *Echion* one;
His Armes to Earth by *Pallas* counſell throwne,
He craues the loue he offers. All accord
As Brothers ſhould: and what they take afford.
Sidonian Cadmus theſe aſſiſt, to build
His loftie walls; the Oracle fulfild.
Now flouriſht *Thebes*: now did thy exile proue
In ſhew a bleſſing; thoſe that rule in loue
And warre, thy Nuptials with their daughter grace:
By ſuch a Wife to haue ſo faire a race;
So many ſonnes and daughters; nephews too
(The pledges of their peacefull beds) inſew;

And

And they now growne to excellence and powre.
But, Man muſt cenſur'd be by his laſt houre:
Whom truly we can neuer happy call,
Afore his death, and cloſing funerall.
In this thy euery way ſo proſperous ſtate,
Thy firſt miſſe-hap ſprung from thy Nephew's fate:
Whoſe browes vnnaturall branches ill adorne;
By his vngratefull dogs in peeces torne.
Yet fortune did offend in him; not he:
For, what offence may in an error be?
With purple blood, ſlaine Deare the Hills imbrew:
And now high Noon the ſhades of things withdrew;
While Eaſt and Weſt the equall Sunne partake:
Thus, then, *Hyantius* to his Partners ſpake,
That trod the Mazes of the pathleſſe Wood:
My Friends our nets and iauelins reake with blood:
Enough hath beene the fortune of this day:
To morrow, when *Aurora* ſhall diſplay
Her roſie cheeks, we may our ſports renew.
Now, *Phœbus*, with inflaming eye doth view
The crannyed Earth: here let our labour end:
Take vp your toyles. They gladly condeſcend.
A Vale there was with Pines and Cypreſſe crown'd,
Gargaphie call'd; for *Dian's* loue renown'd.
A ſhady Caue poſſeſt the inward part,
Not wrought by hands; there, Nature witty Art
Did counterfet: a natiue Arch ſhee drew,
With Pumice and light Topaſes, that grew.
A bubbling Spring, with ſtreams as cleere as glaſſe,
Ran chiding by, inclos'd with matted graſſe.
The weary Huntreſſe vſually here laues
Her Virgin lims, more pure then thoſe pure waues.
And now her Bowe, her Iau'lin, and her Quiuer;
Doth to a Nymph, one of her Squires, deliuer:
Her light impoueriſht Robes another held:
Her Buskins two vntie. The better skild
Iſmenian Crocale, her long haire wound
In pleited-wreathes: yet was her owne vnbound.
Neat *Hyale*, *Nyphe*, *Rhanis*, *Pſecas* (ſtill
Imploy'd) and *Phiale* the Lauers fill.
While here *Titania* bath'd (as was her guiſe)
Lo *Cadmus* Nephew, tyr'd with exerciſe,

And wandring through the Woods, approcht this Groue
With fatall ſteps: ſo Deſtinie him droue!
Entring the Caue with skipping Springs bedeaw'd:
The Nymphs, all naked, when a Man they view'd,
Clapt their reſounding breſts, and fild the Wood
With ſudden ſhreeks: like Iuory pales they ſtood
About their Goddeſſe: but ſhee, far more tall,
By head and ſhoulders ouer-tops them all.
Such as that colour, which the Clouds adorns,
Shot by the Sunne-beam's; or the roſie Morn's:
Such fluſht in *Dians* cheeks, being naked tane.
And though inuiron'd by her Virgin trayne,
Shee ſide-long turnes, looks back, and wiſht her bow:
Yet, what ſhee had, ſhee in his face doth throwe.
With vengefull Waters ſprinkled; to her rage
Theſe words ſhe addes, which future Fate preſage:
Now, tell how thou haſt ſeene me diſarray'd;
Tell if thou canſt: I giue thee leaue. This ſaid,
Shee to his neck and eares new length imparts;
T'his Browe th'antlers of long-liuing Harts:
His leggs and feet with armes and hands ſupply'd;
And cloth'd his body in a ſpotted hide.
To this, feare added. *Autonoëius* flyes,
And wonders at the ſwiftneſſe of his thighes.
But, when his looks he in the Riuer view'd,
He would haue cry'd, Woe's me! no words inſew'd:
His words were grones. He frets, with galling teares,
Cheeks not his owne; yet his owne mind he beares.
What ſhould he doe? Goe home? or in the Wood
For euer lurke? Feare, this; ſhame that withſtood.
While thus he doubts, his Dogs their Maſter view:
Black-foot and *Tracer*, opening firſt, perſew:
Sure *Tracer*, *Gnoſſus*; *Black-foot Sparta* bare.
Then all fell in, more ſwift then forced Ayre:
Spie, *Rauener*, *Clime-cliffe*; theſe *Arcadia* bred:
Strong *Fawn-bane*, *Whirlwinde*, eager *Follow-dread*;
Hunter, for ſent; for ſpeede, *Flight* went before;
Fierce *Saluage*, lately ganched by a Bore;
Greedy, with her two whelps; grim Wolf-got *Ranger*;
Stout *Shepherd*, late preſeruing flocks from danger;

Gaunt

Gaunt *Catch*, whoſe race from *Sicyonia* came ;
Patch, *Courſer*, *Blab*, raſh *Tyger* neuer tame;
Blanch, *Mourner*, *Royſter*, *Wolfe* ſurpaſſing ſtrong;
And *Tempeſt*, able to continue long:
Swift, with his brother *Churle*, a *Cyprian* hound;
Bold *Snatch*, whoſe ſable brows a white ſtar cround;
Cole, ſhag-hair'd *Rug*, and *Light-foot* wondrous fleet,
Bred of a *Spartan* Bitch, his Sire of *Creet:*
White-tooth, and *Ring-wood* (others not to expreſſe.)
O're Rocks, o're Crags, o're Cliffs that want acceſſe,
Through ſtreightned wayes, and where there was no way,
The well-mouth'd hounds perſue the princely prey.
Where oft he wont to follow, now he flyes;
Flyes from his family ! in thought he cryes,
I am *Actæon*, ſeruants, knowe your Lord!
Thoughts wanted words. High skyes the noyſe record.
Firſt, *Collier* pincht him by the haunch : in flung
Fierce *Kill-deare* ; *Hill-bred* on his ſhoulder hung.
Theſe came forth laſt; but croſt a nearer way
A-thwart the hills. While thus their Lord they ſtay,
In ruſh the reſt; who gripe him with their phangs.
Now is no roome for wounds. Grones ſpeak his pangs,
Though not with humane voyce, vnlike a Hart:
In whoſe laments the knowne Rocks beare a part.
Pitcht on his knees, like one who pitty craues,
His ſilent looks, in ſtead of Armes, he waues.
With vſuall ſhowts their Dogs the Hunters cheare;
And ſeeke, and call *Actæon*. He (too neare !)
Made anſwer by mute motions, blam'd of all
For being abſent at his preſent fall.
Preſent he was, that abſent would haue beene;
Nor would his cruell hounds haue felt, but ſeene.
Their ſnowts they in his body bathe; and teare
Their Maſter in the figure of a Deare:
Nor, till a thouſand wounds had life diſſeis'd,
Could quiuer-bearing *Dian* be appeas'd.
'Twas cenſur'd variouſly : for, many thought
The puniſhment farre greater then the fau't.
Others ſo ſowre a chaſtitie commend,
As worthy her : and both, their parts defend.
Ioue's wife not ſo much blam'd or prays'd the deed,
As ſhee reioyceth at the wounds that bleed

In *Cadmus* Family; who keeps in mind
Europa's rape, and hateth all the kind.
Now new occaſions freſh diſpleaſure moue:
For *Semele* was great with child by *Ioue*.
Then, thus ſhee ſcolds: O, what amends ſucceeds
Our loſt complaints! I now will fall to deeds.
If we be more then titularly great;
If we a Scepter ſway; if Heauen our ſeat;
If *Ioue's* fear'd Wife and Siſter (certainly,
His Siſter) torment ſhall the Whore deſtroy.
Yet, with that theft perhaps ſhee was content,
And quickly might the iniurie repent:
But, ſhee conceiues, to aggrauate the blame,
And by her Belly doth her crime proclaime.
Who would by *Iupiter* a Mother proue,
Which, hardly once, hath hapned to our loue:
So confident is beautie! Yet ſhall he
Deceiue her hopes: nor let me *Iuno* be,
Vnleſſe, by her owne *Ioue* deſtroy'd, ſhee make
A ſwift deſcent vnto the *Stygian* Lake.
Shee quits her Throne, and in a yellow clowd
Approach't the Palace; nor diſmiſt that ſhrowd,
Till ſhee had wrinkl'd her ſmooth skin, and made
Her head all gray: while creeping feete conuay'd
Her crooked lims; her voice ſmall, weake, and hoarce,
Berôe-like, of *Epidaure*, her Nurſe.
Long talking; at the mention of *Ioue's* name,
Shee ſigh't, and ſaid; Pray heauen, he proue the ſame!
Yet much I feare: for many oft beguile
With that pretext, and chaſteſt beds defile.
Though *Ioue*; that's not enough. Giue he a ſigne
Of his affection, if he be diuine.
Such, and ſo mightie, as when pleaſure warmes
His melting boſome, in high *Iuno's* armes;
With thee, ſuch and ſo mightie, let him lie,
Deckt with the enſignes of his deitie.
Thus ſhee adviz'd the vnſuſpecting Dame;
Who begs of *Ioue* a boone without a name.
To whom the God: Chooſe, and thy choyce poſſeſſe;
Yet, that thy diffidencie may be leſſe,
Witneſſe that Powre, who through obſcure aboads
Spreads his dull ſtreams: the feare, and God of Gods.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with her harm, of too much powre to moue!
To periſh by the kindneſſe of her Loue:
Such be to me, ſhe ſaid, as when the Invites
Of *Iuno* ſummon you to *Venus* Rites.
Her mouth he ſought to ſtop: but, now that breath
Was mixt with ayre which ſentenced her death.
Then, fetch't a ſigh, as if his breſt would teare
(For, ſhee might not vnwiſh, nor he vnſweare)
And ſadly mounts the skie; who with him tooke
The Clouds, that imitate his mournefull looke;
Thick ſhowrs and tempeſts adding to the ſame,
With thunder and ineuitable flame.
Whoſe rigor yet he ſtriueth to ſubdew:
Not armed with that fire which ouerthrew
The hundred-handed Giants; 'twas too wilde:
There is an other lightning, far more milde,
By *Cyclops* forged with leſſe flame and ire:
Which, deathleſſe Gods doe call the Second fire.
This, to her Father's houſe, he with him tooke:
But (ah!) a mortall body could not brooke
Æthereall tumults. Her ſucceſſe ſhee mournes;
And in thoſe ſo deſir'd imbracements burnes.
Th'vnperfect Babe, which in her wombe did lie,
Was ta'ne by *Ioue*, and ſew'd into his thigh,
His Mother's time accompliſhing: Whom firſt,
By ſtealth, his carefull Aunt, kinde *Ino*, nurſt:
Then, giuen to the *Nyſeïdes*, and bred
In ſecret Caues, with milke and hony fed.
While this on earth befell by Fates decree
(The twice-born *Bacchus* now from danger free)
Ioue, waightie cares expelling from his breſt
With flowing Nectar, and diſpos'd to ieſt
With well-pleas'd *Iuno*, ſaid: In *Venus* deeds,
The Femal's pleaſure farre the Male's, exceeds.
This ſhee denyes; *Tireſias* muſt decide
The difference, who both delights had try'd.
For, two ingendring Serpents once he found,
And with a ſtroke their ſlimy twiſts vnbound;
Who ſtraight a Woman of a Man became:
Seuen Autums paſt, he in the eighth the ſame
Refinding, ſaid: If ſuch your powre, ſo ſtrange,
That they who ſtrike you muſt their nature change;

Once

Once more I'le trie. Then, ſtruck, away they ran:
And of a Woman he became a Man.
He, choſen Vmpire of this ſportfull ſtrife,
Ioue's words confirm'd. This vext his froward wife
More then the matter crau'd. To wreak her ſpite,
His eyes ſhee muffled in eternall night.
Th'omnipotent (ſince no God may vndoe
An others deed) with Fates which ſhould inſew
Inform'd his Intellect; and did ſupply
His body's eye-ſight, with his mindes cleere eye.
He giuing ſure replyes to ſuch as came,
Through all th'*Aonian* City's ſtretcht his fame.
Firſt, blew *Liriope* ſad triall made
How that was but too true which he had ſaid:
Whom in times paſt *Cephiſus* flood imbrac't
Within his winding ſtreams, and forc't the chaſte.
The louely Nymph (who not vnfruitfull prou'd)
Brought forth a Boy, euen then to be belou'd,
Narciſſus nam'd. Enquiring if old age
Should crowne his Youth; He, in obſcure preſage,
Made this reply: Except himſelfe he knowe.
Long, they no credit on his words beſtowe:
Yet did the euent the prophecie approue,
In his ſtrange ruine, and new kind of loue.
Now, he to twentie added had a yeare:
Now in his looks both Boy and Man appeare.
Many a loue-ſick Youth did him deſire;
And many a Maid his beautie ſet on fire:
Yet, in his tender age his pride was ſuch,
That neither Youth nor Mayden might him touch.
The vocall Nymph, this louely Boy did ſpy
(Shee could not proffer ſpeech, nor not reply)
When buſie in perſuite of ſaluage ſpoyles,
He draue the Deere into his corded toyles.
Eccho was then a Body, not a Voyce:
Yet then, as now, of words ſhee wanted choyce;
But onely could reiterate the cloſe
Of euery ſpeech. This *Iuno* did impoſe.
For, often when ſhee might haue taken *Ioue*,
Compreſſing there the Nymphs, who weakly ſtroue;
Her long diſcourſes made the Goddeſſe ſtay,
Vntill the Nymphs had time to run-away.

Which

Which when perceiu'd; ſhee ſaid, For this abuſe
Thy tongue henceforth ſhall bee of little vſe.
Thoſe threats are deeds: Shee yet ingeminates
The laſt of ſounds, and what ſhee heares relates.
Narciſſus ſeene, intending thus the chace;
Shee forth-with glowes, and with a noyſeleſſe paſe
His ſteps perſues; the more ſhee did perſew,
More hot (as neerer to her fire) ſhee grew:
And might be likened to a ſulph'rous match;
Which inſtantly th'approched flame doth catch.
How oft would ſhee haue woo'd him with ſweet words!
But, Nature no ſuch liber tie affords:
Begin ſhee could not, yet full readily
To his expected ſpeech ſhee would reply.
The Boy, from his Companions parted, ſaid;
Is any nigh? I, *Eccho* anſwer made.
He, round about him gazed (much appall'd)
And cry'd out, Come. Shee him, who called, call'd.
Then looking back; and ſeeing none appear'd,
Why ſhunſt thou mee? The ſelfe-ſame voyce he heard,
Deceiued by the Image of his words;
Then let vs ioyne, ſaid he: no ſound accords
More to her wiſh: her faculties combine
In deare conſent; who anſwer'd, *Let vs ioyne!*
Flattering her ſelfe, out of the Woods ſhe ſprung;
And would about his ſtruggling neck haue hung.
Thruſt back; he ſaid, Life ſhall this breſt forſake,
Ere thou, light Nymph, on me thy pleaſure take.
On me thy pleaſure take, the Nymph replyes
To that diſdainfull Boy, who from her flyes.
Deſpiz'd; the Wood her ſad retreat receaues:
Who couers her aſhamed face with leaues;
And ſculks in deſert Caues. Loue ſtill poſſeſt
Her ſoule; through griefe of her repulſe, increaſt.
Her wretched body pines with ſleepleſſe care:
Her skin contracts: her blood conuerts to ayre.
Nothing was left her now but voyce and bones:
The voyce remaynes; the other turne to ſtones.
Conceal'd in Woods, in Mountaynes neuer found,
Shee's heard of all: and all is but a Sound.
Thus her, thus other Nymphs, in mountayns born,
And ſedgy brooks, the Boy had kild with ſcorn.

Thus

Thus many a Youth he had afore deceiu'd :
When one thus prai'd, with hands to heau'n vpheau'd;
So may he loue himſelfe, and ſo deſpaire!
Rhamnuſia condeſcends to his iuſt pray'r.
A Spring there was, whoſe ſiluer Waters were,
As ſmooth as any mirror, nor leſſe cleare:
Which neither Herdſ-men, tame, nor ſaluage Beaſt,
Nor wandring Fowle, nor ſcattered leaues moleſt;
Girt round with graſſe, by neighboring moyſture fed,
And Woods, againſt the Sunnes inuaſion ſpred.
He, tyr'd with heat and hunting, with the Place
And Spring delighted, lyes vpon his face.
Quenching his thirſt, another thirſt doth riſe;
Rays'd by the forme which in that glaſſe he ſpyes.
The hope of nothing doth his powres inuade:
And for a body he miſtakes a ſhade.
Himſelfe, himſelfe diſtracts: who pores thereon
So fixedly, as if of *Parian* ſtone.
Beholds his eyes, two ſtarres! his dangling haire
Which with vnſhorn *Apollo's* might compare!
His fingers worthy *Bacchus*! his ſmooth chin!
His Iuory neck! his heauenly face! where-in
The linked Deities their Graces fix!
Where Roſes with vnſullied Lillyes mix!
Admireth all; for which, to be admir'd:
And vnconſiderately himſelfe deſir'd.
The prayſes, which he giues, his beautie claym'd.
Who ſeeks, is ſought: th'Inflamer is inflam'd.
How often would he kiſſe the flattering ſpring!
How oft with downe-thruſt arms ſought he to cling
About that loued neck! Thoſe cous'ning lips
Delude his hopes; and from himſelfe he ſlips.
Not knowing what, with what he ſees he fryes:
And th'error that deceiues, incites his eyes.
O Foole! that ſtriu'ſt to catch a flying ſhade!
Thou ſeek'ſt what's no-where: Turn aſide, 'twill vade.
Thy formes reflection doth thy ſight delude:
Which is with nothing of its owne indu'd.
With thee it comes; with thee it ſtayes; and ſo
'Twould goe away, hadſt thou the powre to go.
Nor ſleep, nor hunger could the Louer rayſe:
Who, lay'd along, on that falſe forme doth gaze

With

With looks, which looking neuer could ſuffice;
And ruinate s himſelfe with his owne eyes.
At length, a little lifting vp his head;
You Woods, that round about your branches ſpred,
Was euer ſo vnfortunate a Louer!
You know, to many you haue beene a couer;
From your firſt growth to this long diſtant day
Haue you knowne any, thus to pine away!
I like, and ſee: but yet I cannot find
The lik't, and ſeene. O Loue, with error blind!
What grieues me more; no Sea, no Mountayn ſteep,
No wayes, no walls, our ioyes a-ſunder keep:
Whom but a little water doth diuide;
And he himſelfe deſires to be inioy'd.
As oft as I to kiſſe the flood decline,
So oft his lips aſcend, to cloſe with mine.
You'ld thinke we toucht: ſo ſmall a thing doth part
Our equall loues! Come forth, what ere thou art.
Sweet Boy, a ſimple Boy beguile not ſo:
From him that ſeeks thee, whither would'ſt thou go?
My age nor beautie merit thy diſdaine:
And me the Nymphs haue often lou'd in vaine.
Yet in thy friendly ſhewes my poore hopes liue;
Still ſtriuing to receiue the hand I giue:
Thou ſmil'ſt my ſmiles: when I a teare let fall,
Thou ſhedd'ſt an other; and conſent'ſt in all.
And, lo, thy ſweetly-mouing lips appeare
To vtter words, that come not to our eare.
Ah, He is I! now, now I plainly ſee:
Nor is't my ſhaddow that bewitcheth mee.
With loue of me I burne; (ô too too ſure!)
And ſuffer in thoſe flames which I procure.
Shall I be woo'd, or wooe? What ſhall I craue?
Since what I couet, I already haue.
Too much hath made me poore! O, you diuine
And fauoring Powres, me from my ſelfe diſ-ioyne!
Of what I loue, I would be diſpoſſeſt:
This, in a Louer, is a ſtrange requeſt!
Now, ſtrength through griefe decayes: ſhort is the time
I haue to liue; extinguiſht in my Prime.
Nor grieues it me to part with well-miſt breath;
For griefe will find a perfect cure in death:

Would he I loue might longer life inioy!
Now, two ill-fated Louers, in one, die.
This ſaid; againe vpon his Image gaz'd;
Teares on the troubled water circles rais'd:
The motion much obſcur'd the fleeting ſhade.
With that, he cry'd (perceiuing it to vade)
O, whither wilt thou! ſtay: nor cruell proue,
In leauing me, who infinitely loue.
Yet let mee ſee, what cannot be poſſeſt;
And, with that emptie food, my fury feaſt.
Complaining thus, himſelfe he diſarrayes;
And to remorſeleſſe hands his breſt diſplayes:
The blowes that ſolid ſnowe with crimſon ſtripe;
Like Apples party-red, or Grapes ſcarce ripe.
But, in the water when the ſame appeare,
He could no longer ſuch a ſorrow beare.
As Virgin wax diſſolues with feruent heat;
Or morning froſt, whereon the Sunne-beams beat:
So thawes he with the ardor of deſire;
And, by degrees, conſumes in vnſeene fire.
His meger cheeks now loſt their red and white;
That life, that fauour loſt, which did delight.
Nor thoſe diuine proportions now remaine,
So much by *Eccho* lately lou'd in vaine.
Which when ſhee ſaw; although ſhe angry were,
And ſtill in minde her late repulſe did beare;
As often as the miſerable cry'd,
Alas! Alas, the wofull Nymph reply'd.
And euer when he ſtruck his ſounding breſt,
Like ſounds of mutuall ſufferance expreſt.
His laſt words were, ſtill hanging o're his ſhade;
Ah, Boy, belou'd in vaine! ſo *Eccho* ſaid.
Farewell. Farewell, ſigh't ſhe. Then down he lyes:
Deaths cold hand ſhuts his ſelfe-admiring eyes:
Which now eternally their gazes fix
Vpon the Waters of infernall *Styx*.
The wofull *Naiades* lament the dead;
And their clipt haire vpon their brother ſpred.
The wofull *Dryades* partake their woes:
With both, ſad *Eccho* ioynes at euery cloſe.
The funerall Pyle prepar'd, a Herſe they brought
To fetch his body, which they vainely ſought.

In

In ſtead whereof a yellow flowre was found,
With tufts of white about the button crown'd.
This, through *Achaia* ſpred the Prophets fame;
Who worthily had purchas't a great name.
But, proud *Echion's* ſonne, who did deſpiſe
The righteous Gods, derides his prophecies;
And twits *Tireſias* with his rauiſht ſight.
He ſhook his head, which age had cloth'd in white;
And ſaid, 'Twere well for thee, hadſt thou no eyes
To ſee the *Bacchanal* ſolemnities.
The time ſhall come (which I preſage is neere)
When *Semeleian Liber* will be here:
Whom if thou honour not with Temples due;
Thy Mother, and her ſiſters ſhall imbrue
Their furious hands in thy effuſed bloud;
And throw thy ſeuered lims about the Wood.
Twill be; thy malice cannot but rebell:
And then thou'lt ſay; The blinde did ſee too well.
His mouth proud *Pentheus* ſtops. Beliefe ſucceeds
Fore-running threats: and words are ſeal'd by deeds.
Liber is come; the fields with clamor ſound:
They in his Orgies tread a frantick Round.
Women with Men, the baſe, and nobler ſort,
Together to thoſe vnknowne Rites reſort.
You ſonnes of *Mars*, you of the Dragons race
(Said he) what furie doth your minds imbaſe?
Is Braſſe of ſuch a powre, which drunkards beat,
Or ſound of Hornes, or Magicall deceit;
That you, whom Trumpets clangor, horrid fight,
Nor death, with all his terrors, could affright;
Lowd Women, wine-bred rage, a luſtfull crew
Of Beaſts, and Kettle-drums, ſhould thus ſubdew?
At you, graue Fathers, can I but admire!
Who brought with you your flying Gods from *Tyre*,
And fixt them here: now from that care ſo farre
Eſtranged, as to loſe them without warre!
Or you, who of my able age appeare;
Whoſe heads ſhould helmets, and not garlands, weare!
Not leauy Iauelins, but good Swords adorne
The hands of Youth. O you, ſo nobly borne;
That Dragon's fiery fortitude indue,
Whoſe ſingle valour ſuch a number ſlue.

He, in defending of his Fountayne, fell:
Doe you th'Inuaders of your fame repell.
He ſlue the ſtrong: doe you the weake deſtroy;
And free your Country from foule infamy.
If Deſtinies decree that *Thebes* muſt fall;
May men, may warlike engins raze her wall:
Let ſword and fire our famiſht liues aſſault:
Then ſhould we not be wretched through our fault,
Nor ſtriue to hide our guilt; but, Fortune blame;
And vent our pittyed ſorrowes without ſhame.
Now, by a naked Boy we are put to flight:
Whom bounding Steeds, nor glorious Arms delight;
But haire perfum'd with Myrrhe, ſoft Anadems,
And purple Robes inchac't with gold and gems:
Who ſhall confeſſe (if you your aid denie)
His forged Father, and falſe Deitie.
What? had *Acriſius* vertue to withſtand
Th'Impoſtor, chaced from the *Argine* ſtrand?
And ſhall this vagabond, this forainer,
Me *Pentheus*, and the *Theban* State deterre?
Goe (ſaid he to his ſeruants) goe your way,
And drag him hither bound: preuent delay.
Him *Cadmus*, *Athamas*, and all diſſwade;
By oppoſition, more intemperate made.
Furie increaſeth, when it is with-ſtood:
And then good counſell doth more harme than good.
So haue I ſeene an vnſtopt torrent glide
With quiet waters, ſcarcely heard to chide:
But, when ſaln Trees, or Rocks, impeacht his courſe;
To fome, and roare with vncontrolled force.
All bloody they returne. Where is, ſaid hee,
This *Bacchus*? *Bacchus* none of vs did ſee,
Reply'd they; This his miniſter we found
(Preſenting one with hands behinde him bound)
A *Lydian*, zealous in thoſe myſteries.
On whom fierce *Pentheus* looks, with wrathfull eyes:
Who hardly could his puniſhment deferre.
Then, thus: Thou wretch, that others ſhalt deterre,
Declare thy Name, thy Nation, Parentage;
And why thou followeſt this new-fangled Rage,
He, in whom innocency feare ore-came,
Made this reply: *Acetes* is my name:

My

My life I owe to the *Mæonian* earth;
To none, my fortunes; borne of humble birth.
No land my Father left me to manure,
Nor Herds, nor bleating Flocks: himſelfe was poore.
The tempted Fiſh, with hook and line he caught:
His skill was all his wealth: His skill he taught;
And ſaid, My heire, ſucceſſour to my Art,
Receiue the riches which I can impart.
He, dying, left me nothing; and yet all:
The Sea may I my patrimony call.
Yet, leſt I ſtill ſhould on thoſe Rocks abide,
To nauigation I my time apply'd;
Obſeru'd th'*Olenian Kids*, that raine portend;
The *Hyades*, who weepe when they deſcend;
Taygeta, and *Arcturus*; the reſorts
Of ſeuerall windes; and harbour-giuing Ports.
For *Delos* bound, we made the *Chian* ſhores:
And, there arriued, with induſtrious Oares.
Leaping a-ſhore, I made the beach my bed.
When aged Night *Aurora's* bluſhes fled,
I roſe; and bade my men freſh water bring:
Shewing the way that guided to the Spring.
Then, from a Hill obſeru'd the windes accord;
My Mates I cald, and forth-with went abord.
All here, the Maſter's Mate *Opheltes* cryes:
And thinking he had light vpon a prize,
Along the ſhore a louely Boy conuay'd,
Adorned with the beautie of a Maid.
Heauy with wine and ſleep, hee reeled ſo,
That, though ſupported, he could hardly goe.
When I beheld his habit, gait, and feature,
I could not thinke it was a humane Creature.
Fellowes, I doubt (nay, without doubt) ſaid I,
This excellence includes a Deitie.
O, be propitious, who-ſo-'ere thou art;
And to our induſtrie ſucceſſe impart;
And pardon theſe who haue offended thus.
Then, *Dictys* ſaid: Forbeare to pray for vs:
(Than he, none could the top ſaile-yard beſtride
With lighter ſpeed; nor thence more nimbly ſlide)
This, *Libys*, ſwart *Melanthus* (who the Prow
Commanded) and *Alcimedon* allow;

Epe-

Epopeus the Boats-man, ſo all ſay;
Bewitched with the blind deſire of prey.
This ſhip, ſaid I, you ſhall not violate
With ſacrilege of ſo diuine a weight;
Wherein I haue moſt int'reſt, and command:
And on the hatches their aſcent with-ſtand.
Whereat, the deſperate *Lycabas* grew wild;
Who for a bloudy murder was exil'd
From *Tuſcany*. Whil'ſt I alone reſiſt,
He tooke me ſuch a buffet with his fiſt,
That downe I fell; and had falne ouer-board,
If I (though ſenſeleſſe) had not caught a cord.
The wicked Company the fact approue.
Then, *Bacchus* (for, 'twas he) began to moue,
As if awaked with the noyſe they made
(His wine-bound ſenſes now diſcharg'd) and ſaid.
What clamor's this? What doyou? Sailers, whither
Meane you to beare me? Ah, how came I hither!
Fear not, ſaid *Proreus*: name where thou would'ſt be;
And to that Harbor we will carry thee.
Then, Friends, *Lyæus* ſaid, for *Naxos* ſtand:
Naxos my home; an hoſpitable Land.
By Seas, by all the Gods, by what auayles,
They ſweare they will, and bade me hoyſe-vp ſayles,
Which trim'd for *Naxos* on the Star-board ſide;
What do'ſt thon mad-man, foole? *Opheltes* cry'd.
Each feares his loſſe. Some whiſper in mine eare:
Moſt ſay by ſignes, vnto the Lar-board ſteere,
Amaz'd: Some other hold the Helme, ſaid I;
I'le not be tainted with your periurie.
All chafe and ſtorme. What? ſaid *Ethalion*,
Is all our ſafetie plac't in thee alone?
With that, my office he vpon him tooke;
And *Naxos* (altering her courſe) forſooke.
The God (as if their fraud but now out-found)
From th' vpper deck the Sea ſuruayed round;
Then, ſeem'd to crie. Sirs, this is not, ſaid he,
That promis't ſhore, the Land ſo wiſht by me.
What is my fault? what glory in my ſpoyle,
If men a Boy, if many one beguile?
I wept afore: but, they my teares deride;
And with laborious Oares the waues diuide.

By

By him I ſweare (then whom none more in view)
That what I now ſhall vtter, is as true,
As paſt beliefe. The ſhip in thoſe profound
And ſpacefull Seas, ſo ſtuck as on drie ground.
They, wondring, ply'd their Oares; the ſayles diſplay'd;
And ſtriue to run her with that added aide.
When Iuy gaue their Oares a forc't reſtraint;
Whoſe creeping bands the ſayles with Berryes paint.
He, head-bound with a wreath of cluſtred Vines,
A Iauelin ſhook, claſpt with their leauy twines.
Stern Tigers, Lynxes (ſuch vnto the eye)
And ſpotted Panthers, round about him lye.
All, ouer-boord now tumble; whether 'twere
Out of infuſed madneſſe, or for feare.
Then, *Medon* firſt with ſpiny fins grew black;
His forme depreſſed, with a compaſt back.
To whom ſaid *Lycabas*; ô more then ſtrange!
Into what vncouth Monſter wilt thou change!
As thus he ſpake, his mouth became more wide;
His noſe more hookt: ſcales arme his hardned hide.
While *Libys* tugg'd an Oare that fixed ſtands,
His hands ſhrunk vp; now finns, no longer hands.
An-other by a cable thought to hold;
But, miſt his armes. He fell: the Seas infold
His maymed body: which a taile eſt-ſoone
Receiues, reuerſed like the horned Moone.
They leap aloft, and ſprinkle-vp the Flood;
Now chace aboue; now vnder water ſcud:
Who like laſciuious Dancers friske about;
And gulped Seas, from their wide noſthrils, ſpout.
Of twentie Saylers, onely I remayn'd:
So many men our Complement contayn'd.
The God my minde could hardly animate;
Trembling with horror of ſo dire a Fate.
Suppreſſe, ſaid he, theſe tumults of thy feare;
And now thy courſe for ſacred *Dia* beare.
Arriued there, with his implor'd conſent,
I Orders tooke; and thus his Feaſts frequent.
Our eares are tyr'd with thy long ambages:
Which wrath, ſaid he, would by delay, appeaſe.
Goe, ſeruants, take him hence: let his forc't breath
Expire in grones: and torture him to death.

In

In ſolid priſon pent; while they prouide
Whips, Racks, and Fire, the doores flie open wide.
And of themſelues, as if diſſolu'd by charmes,
The fetters fall from his vnpinion'd armes.
But now, not bidding others, *Pentheus* flings
To high *Cytharon's* ſacred top, which rings
With frantick ſongs, and ſhrill-voyc't *Bacchanals*,
In *Liber's* celebrated Feſtiuals.
And as the warlike Courſer neighs and bounds,
Inflam'd with fury, when the Trumpet ſounds:
Euen ſo their far-heard clamours ſet on fire
Sterne *Pentheus*, and exaſperate his ire.
In midſt of all the ſpacious Mountayne ſtood
A perſpicable Champain, fring'd with wood.
Here, firſt of all, his Mother him eſpyes,
Viewing thoſe holy Rites with prophane eyes.
Shee, firſt, vpon him frantickly did runne:
And firſt her eger Iauelin pearc't her ſonne.
Come, ſiſters, cry'd ſhee, this is that huge Bore
Which roots our fields; whom we with wounds muſt gore.
With that, in-ruſh the ſenſe-diſtracted Crew:
And altogether the amaz'd perſew.
Now trembled he; now, late-breath'd threats ſuppreſt:
Himſelfe he blames, and his offence confeſt.
Who cry'd, Helpe Aunt *Autonoë*; I bleed:
O let *Actæon's* ghoſt ſoft pitty breed!
Not knowing who *Actæon* was, ſhee lops
His right hand off: the other, *Ino* crops.
The wretch now to his Mother would haue throwne
His ſuppliant hands: but, now his hands were gone.
Yet lifting vp their bloody ſtumps, he ſaid,
Ah, Mother, ſee! *Agaue*, well appay'd,
Shouts at the ſight, caſts vp her neck, and ſhakes
Her ſtaring haire. In cruell hands ſhee takes
His head, yet gaſping: *Iõ* ſing, ſaid ſhee,
Iõ my Mates! this ſpoyle belongs to mee.
Not leaues, now wither'd, nipt by Autumn's froſt,
So ſoon are rauiſht from high Trees, and toſt
By ſcattering windes, as they in peeces teare
His minced lims. Th'*Iſmenians*, ſtruck with feare,
His Orgies celebrate; his prayſes ſing;
And incenſe to his holy Altars bring.

OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS.

The fourth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

DErceta, *a Fiſh.* Semiramis *a Doue.*
Transforming Nais *equall Fate doth proue.*
White berryes Louers blood with black defiles.
Apollo, *like* Eurynome, *beguiles*
Leucothoe, *buried quick for that offence:*
Who, Nectar ſprinkled, ſprouts to Frankincenſe.
Griew'd Clytie, *turn'd t' a Flowr, turns with the Sun.*
Daphnis, *to Stone. Sex changeth* Scytheon.
Celmus, *a Lead-ſtone.* Curets, *got by ſhowres.*
Crocus, *and* Smilax *turn'd to little flowres.*
In one Hermaphrodite, *two bodies ioyn.*
Mineides, *Bats. Sad* Ino *made diuine,*
With Melicert. *Who* Iunos *fact vpbray'd,*
Or Statues, or Cadmean *Fowles are made.*
Hermione *and* Cadmus, *worne with woe,*
Proue hurtleſſe Dragons. Drops to Serpents growe.
Atlas, *a Mountayne.* Gorgon-*toucht Sea-weeds*
To Corall change. From Gorgons *blood, proceeds*
Swift Pegaſus: Cryſaor *alſo takes*
From thence his birth. Faire haires conuert to Snakes.

BVt yet, *Alcithoë Minëides*
The honour'd Orgies of the God diſpleaſe.
Her ſiſters ſhare in that impietie;
Who *Bacchus* for the ſonne of *Ioue* denie.
And now his Prieſt proclaimes a ſolemne Feaſt;
That Dames and Maids from vſuall labour reſt;
That wrapt in skins, their haire-laces vnbound,
And dangling Treſſes with wilde Iuy crown'd,
They leauy Speares aſſume. Who propheſies
Sad haps to ſuch as his command deſpiſe.
The Matrons and new-marryed Wiues obay:
Their Webs, their vn-ſpun Wooll, aſide they lay;
Sweet odours burne; and ſing: *Lyæus, Bacchus,*
Nyſæus, Bromius, Euan, great *Iacchus:*

Fire-got, Sonne of two Mothers, The twice-borne,
Father *Eleleus*, *Thyon* neuer ſhorne,
Lenæus, planter of life-cheering Vines;
Nyctileus: with all names that *Greece* aſſignes
To thee, ô *Liber*! Still doſt thou inioy
Vnwaſted Youth; eternally a Boy!
Thou'rt ſeen in heauen; whom al perfections grace;
And, when vnhorn'd, thou haſt a Virgins face.
Thy conqueſts through the Orient are renown'd,
Where tawny *India* is by *Ganges* bound.
Proud *Pentheus*, and *Lycurgus*, like prophane,
By thee (ô greatly to be fear'd!) were ſlaine:
The *Thuſcans* drencht in Seas. Thou hold'ſt in awe
The ſpotted *Lynxes*, which thy Chariot draw.
Light *Bacchanals*, and skipping Satyrs follow,
Whil'ſt old *Sylenus*, reeling ſtill, doth halloo;
Who weakly hangs, vpon his tardie Aſſe.
What place ſo-e're thou entreſt, ſounding braſſe,
Lowd Sack-buts, Tymbrels, the confuſed cryes
Of Youths and Women, pierce the marble skyes.
Thy preſence, we, *Iſmenides*, implore;
Come, ô come pleas'd! Thus they his Rites reſtore.
Yet, the *Minëides* at home remayne;
And with their plyed tasks his Feaſt prophane:
Who either weaue, or at their diſtaffs ſpin;
And vrge their Maids to exerciſe their ſin.
One ſaid, as ſhee the twiſted thread out-drew;
While others ſport, and forged Gods perſew,
Let vs, whom better *Pallas* doth inuite,
Our vſefull labour ſeaſon with delight,
And ſtories tell by turnes; that, what long yeares
Denie our eyes, may enter at our eares.
They all agree; and bade the eldeſt tell
Her ſtorie firſt. Shee paus'd; not knowing well
Of many which to chooſe: T'inſiſt vpon
The Sad *Dercetis*, of fam'd *Babylon*
(Who, as the *Paleſtines* beleeue, did take
A ſcaly forme, inhabiting a Lake)
Or of her daughter ſpeake, with wing'd aſcent
High-pearcht on towres: who there her old age ſpent:
Or of that *Nâis*; who with charmes moſt ſtrange,
And weeds too-pow'rfull, humane ſhapes did change,

Into

Into mute Fiſhes, till a Fiſh ſhee grew:
Or of the Tree whoſe berryes chang'd their hew;
The white to black, by bloods aſperſion, growne:
This pleaſeth beſt; as being moſt vnknowne.
Who thus began; and draws the following woll.
Young *Pyramus* (no Youth ſo beautifull
Through all the Eaſt) and *Thisbe* (who for faire
Might with th'immortall Goddeſſes compare)
Ioyn'd houſes, where *Semiramis* inclos'd
Her ſtately towne, with walls of brick compos'd.
This neighbourhood their firſt acquaintance bred;
That, grew to loue; Loue ſought a nuptiall bed:
But Parents, who could not with-ſtand, with-ſtood
Their ioynt deſires, and like incenſed blood.
Signes onely vtter their vnwitneſt loues:
But hidden fire the violenter proues.
A cranny in the parting wall was left;
By ſhrinking of the new-layd morter, cleft:
This, for ſo many Ages vndiſcry'd
(What cannot Loue finde out!) the Louers ſpy'd.
By which, their whiſpering voyces ſoftly trade,
And Paſſion's amorous embaſſie conuay'd.
On this ſide and on that, like Snailes they cleaue;
And greedily each others breath receaue.
O enuious walls (ſaid they) who thus diuide
Whom Loue hath ioyn'd! O, giue vs way to ſlide
Into each others armes! if ſuch a bliſſe
Tranſcend our Fates, yet ſuffer vs to kiſſe!
Nor are w'ingrate: much we confeſſe we owe
To you, who this deare libertie beſtowe.
At Night they bid farewell. Their kiſſes greet
The ſenſeleſſe ſtones, with lips that could not meet.
When from th'approching Morn the ſtars withdrew,
And that the Sunne had drunke the ſcorched deaw,
They at the vſuall Station meet againe;
And with ſoft murmurs mutually complaine.
At laſt, reſolue in ſilence of the Night
To ſteale away, and free themſelues by flight;
And with their houſes, to forſake the Towne.
Yet, leſt they ſo might wander vp and downe;
To meete at *Ninus* tombe they both agree,
Vnder the ſhelter of a ſhady Tree.

There, a high Mulberry, full of white fruit,
Hard by a liuing Fountayne fixt his Root.
The Sun, that ſeem'd too ſlow, his ſteeds beſtowes
In reſtfull Seas: from Seas, wiſht Night aroſe.
Then *Thisbe* in the darke the doores vnbarr'd;
And ſlipping forth, vnmiſſed by her guard,
Comes maskt to *Ninus* tomb: there in the cold
Sits vnderneath that Tree: Loue made her bold.
When (lo!) a Lyoneſſe, ſmear'd with the blood
Of late-ſlaine Beeues, approcht the neighbor flood,
To quench her thirſt. Far-off by Moon-light ſpy'd,
Swift feare her flight into a Caue doth guide.
Flying, her mantle from her ſhoulders fell:
The fatall Lioneſſe, as from the Well
Vp to the rocky Mountayne ſhee with-drawes,
Found it, and tore it with her bloudy iawes.
When *Pyramus*, who came not forth ſo ſoone,
Perceiued by the glimpſes of the Moone
The footing of wilde Beaſts: his looke grew pale.
But, when he ſpy'd her torne and bloody vaile;
One night (ſaid he) two louers ſhall deſtroy!
Shee longer life deſerued to inioy.
The guilt is mine: 'twas I (poore ſoule!) that ſlue thee
Who to a place ſo full of danger drew thee,
Nor came before. You Lyons, ô deſcend
From your aboads! a wretch in peeces rend,
Condemned by his ſelfe-pronounced doom:
And make your entrailes my opprobrious tomb!
But Cowards wiſh to die. Her mantle hee
Carryes along vnto th'appointed Tree.
There hauing kiſt, and waſht it with his eyes;
Take from our blood, ſaid he, the double dyes.
With that, his body on his ſword he threw:
Which, from the reaking wound, he dying drew.
Now, on his back, vp-ſpun the blood in ſmoke:
As when a Spring-conducting pipe is broke,
The waters at a little breach break out,
And hiſſing, through the aëry Region ſpout.
The Mulberryes their former white forſake;
And from his ſprinkling blood their crimſon take.
Now ſhe, who could not yet her feare remoue,
Returns, for feare to diſappoint her Loue.

Her

Her eger ſpirit ſeeks him through her eyes;
Who longs to tell of her eſcap't ſurpriſe.
The place and figure of the Tree ſhe knew;
Yet doubts, the berryes hauing chang'd their hew.
Vncertayne; ſhe his panting limbs deſcry'd,
That ſtruck the ſtayned earth; and ſtarts aſide.
Box was not paler then her changed looke:
And like the lightly breath'd-on Sea ſhe ſhooke.
But, when ſhe knew 'twas he (now diſpoſſeſt
Of her amaze) ſhee ſhreeks, beats her ſwoln breſt,
Puls off her haire; imbraces, ſoftly reares
His hanging head, and fils his wound with teares.
Then, kiſſing his cold lips: Woe's me (ſhe ſaid)
What curſed Fate hath this diuiſion made!
O ſpeake, my *Pyramus*! ô looke on mee!
Thy deare, thy deſperate *Thisbe* calls to thee!
At *Thisbe's* name he opens his dim eyes;
And hauing ſeen her, ſhuts them vp, and dyes.
But when his emptie ſcabbard ſhee had ſpy'd,
And her known Robe; Vnhappy man! ſhe cry'd,
Theſe wounds from loue, from thine own hand proceed!
Nor is my hand too weake for ſuch a deed:
My loue as ſtrong. This, this ſhall courage giue
To force that life which much diſdayns to liue.
In death I'le follow thee! inſtyl'd by all,
The wretched Cauſe, and partner of thy Fall.
Whom Death (that had (alas!) alone the might
To pull thee from me!) ſhall not diſ-vnite.
O you, our wretched Parents (thus ſeuere
To your owne blood!) my laſt Petition heare:
Whom conſtant loue, whom death hath ioyn'd, interre
Together in one envi'd Sepulcher.
And thou, ô Tree, whoſe branches ſhade the ſlaine;
Of both our ſlaughters beare the laſting ſtaine:
In funerall habit euer clothe your brood;
A liuing monument of our mixt blood.
This ſaid, his ſword, yet reeking, ſhee reuers't,
And with a mortall wound her boſom pearc't.
The eaſie Gods vnto her wiſh accord;
Their Parents alſo her deſire afford:
The late-white Mulberryes in black now mourne;
And what the fire had left, lay in one vrne.

Here

Here ended ſhe. Some intermiſſion made,
Leucothoë, her ſiſters ſilent, ſaid:
This Sunne, who all directeth with his light,
Weake Loue hath tam'd: his loues we now recite.
He firſt diſcouer'd the adulterie
Of *Mars* and *Venus* (nothing ſcapes his eye)
And in diſpleaſure told to *Iuno's* ſonne
Their ſecret ſtealths, and where the deed was done.
His ſpirits faint: his hands could not ſuſtaine
The worke in hand. Forthwith, he forg'd a chaine,
With nets of braſſe, that might the eye deceaue,
(Leſſe curious far the webs which Spiders weaue)
Made pliant to each touch, and apt to cloſe:
This, he about the guiltie bed beſtowes.
No ſooner theſe Adulterers were met,
Than caught in his ſo ſtrangely forged net;
Who, ſtruggling, in compeld imbracements lay.
The Iuory doores then *Vulcan* doth diſplay;
And calls the Gods. They ſhamefully lay bound:
Yet one, a wanton, wiſht to be ſo found.
The heauenly dwellers laugh. This tale was told
Through all the Round, and mirth did long vphold.
Venus, incenſt, on him who this diſclos'd
A memorable puniſhment impos'd.
And he, of late ſo tyrannous to Loue,
Loue's tyrannie in iuſt exchange doth proue.
Hyperion's ſonne, what boots thy pearcing ſight!
Thy feature, colour, or thy radiant light!
For thou, who earth inflameſt with thy fires,
Art now thy ſelfeinflam'd with new deſires.
Thy melting eyes alone *Leucothoë* view;
And giue to her, what to the World is dew.
Now, in the Eaſt thou haſtneſt thy vp-riſe:
Now, ſlowly ſett'ſt; euen loth to leaue the skyes.
And, while that Obiect thus exacts thy ſtay,
Thou addeſt houres vnto the Winters day.
Oft, in thy face thy mindes diſeaſe appeares;
Affrighting all the darkned World with feares.
Not *Cynthia's* interpoſed Orbe doth moue
Theſe pale aſpects; this colour ſprings from loue.
Shee all thy thoughts ingroſt: nor didſt thou care
For *Clymene*, for her who *Circes* bare,

For

For *Rhodos*; *Clytie*, who in loue abounds,
Although deſpis'd, though tortur'd with two wounds.
All, all were buried in *Leucothoë*;
Borne in ſweet *Saba*, of *Eurynome*.
As ſhee in beautie farre ſurpaſt all other:
So much the Daughter far ſurpaſt the Mother.
Great *Orchamus* was Father to the Maid:
Who, ſeuenth from *Belus Priſcus*, *Perſia* ſway'd.
In low *Heſperian* Vales thoſe paſtures are
Where *Phœbus* horſes on *Ambroſia* fare.
There, tyred with the trauels of the day,
They renouate what labour doth decay.
Now, while cœleſtiall food their hunger feeds,
And Night in her alternate raigne ſucceeds;
In figure of *Eurynome*, the God
Approcht the chamber, where his life aboad.
He, ſpinning by a lamp, *Leucothoë* found,
With twice ſix hand-maids, who inclos'd her round.
Then kiſſing her (her Mother now by Art)
I haue, ſaid he, a ſecret to impart:
Maids, preſently with-draw. They all obay'd.
He, after he had cleer'd the chamber, ſaid:
The tardie Yeare I meaſure: I am he
Who ſee all Obiects, and by whom all ſee;
The World's cleere eye: by thy fair ſelfe, I ſweare,
I loue thee aboue thought. Shee ſhooke for feare;
Her ſpindle and her diſtaffe from her fell:
And yet that feare became her wondrous well.
Then, his owne forme and radiancy, he tooke:
Though with that vnexpected preſence ſtrooke;
Yet, vanquiſht by his beautie, her complaint
Shee laid aſide, and ſuffred his conſtraint.
This *Clytie* vext (his loue obſeru'd no meaſure)
Who in the furie of her fell diſpleaſure,
Divulg'd the quickly-ſpreading infamy:
And to her father doth the fact deſcry.
Who ſterne and ſauage, ſhuts vp all remorſe,
From her that ſu'd, ſubdewd, ſhe ſaid, by force;
And *Sol* to witneſſe calls. He his diſhonour
Interres aliue, and caſts a Mount vpon her.
Hyperion's ſonne this batters with his rayes:
And for her re-aſcent a breach diſplayes.

Yet

Yet could not ſhe aduance her heauy head:
But life, too haſty, from her body fled.
Neuer did *Phœbus* with ſuch ſorrow morne
Since wretched *Phaëton* the World did burne:
Yet ſtriues he with his influence to beget
In her cold lims a life-reuoking heat.
But, ſince the Fates ſuch great attempts withſtood;
He ſteeps the place and body in a floud
Of fragrant Nectar: much bewailes her end:
And ſighing, ſaid; Yet ſhalt thou heauen aſcend.
Forthwith, her body thawes into a deaw:
Which, from the moyſtned earth, an odour threw.
Then through the hill a ſhrub of Frankincenſe
Thruſt vp his crowne, and tooke his root from thence.
Though loue might *Clyties* ſorrow haue excus'd;
Sorrow, her tongue; Daye's King her bed refus'd.
She, with diſtracted paſſion, pines away,
Deteſteth company; all night, all day,
Diſrobed, with her ruffled haire vnbound,
And wet with humour, ſits vpon the ground:
For nine long dayes all ſuſtenance forbeares;
Her hunger cloyd with deaw, her thirſt with teares.
Nor roſe; but, riuets on the God her eyes;
And euer turnes her face to him that flyes.
At lengh, to earth her ſtupid body cleaues:
Her wan complexion turns to bloodleſſe-leaues,
Yet ſtreak't with red: her periſht lims beget
A flowre, reſembling the pale Violet;
Which, with the ſun, though rooted faſt, doth moue;
And, being changed, changeth not her loue.
Thus ſhe. This wondrous ſtory caught their eares:
To ſome the ſame impoſſible appeares;
Others, that all is poſſible, conclude,
To true-ſtyl'd Gods: but, *Bacchus* they extrude.
All whiſt, *Alcithoë*, call'd-vpon, doth run
Her ſhettle through the web; and thus begun.
T'omit the paſtorall loues, to few vnknowne,
Of young *Idæan Daphnis*; turn'd to ſtone
By that vext Nymph, who could not elſe aſſwage
Her iealouſie: ſuch is a louer's rage!
And *Scython* who his nature innouates,
Now male, now female, by alternate Fates;

With

With *Celmus* turn'd into an Adamant,
Who of his faith to little *Ioue* might vant;
The ſhorne *Curetes*, got by falling ſhowres;
Crocos and *Smilax*, chang'd to pretty flowres,
I ouer-paſſe; and will your eares ſurprize
With ſweet delight of vnknowne nouelties.
Then, know, how *Salmacis* infamous grew;
Whoſe too ſtrong waues all manly ſtrength vndo,
And mollifie, with their ſoule-ſoftning touch:
The cauſe vnknown; their nature known too much.
Th'*Idæan* Nymphs nurſt, in ſecure delight,
The ſonne of *Hermes* and faire *Aphrodite*.
His father and his mother in his looke
You might behold: from whom, his name he tooke.
When Summers fiue he thrice had multiply'd;
Leauing the fount-full Hills of foſter *Ide*,
He wandred through ſtrange Lands, pleas'd with the ſight
Of forren ſtreames; toyle leſs'ning with delight.
The *Lycian* Cities paſt, he treads the grounds
Of wealthy *Caria*, which on *Lycia* bounds:
There lighted on a Poole, ſo paſſing cleer,
That all the glittering bottom did appear;
Inuiron'd with no mariſh-louing Reeds,
Nor piked Bull-ruſhes, nor barren weeds:
But, liuing Turf vpon the border grew;
Whoſe euer-Spring no blaſting Winter knew.
A Nymph this haunts, vnpractiz'd in the chace,
To bend a Bow, or run a ſtrife-full race.
Of all the Water-Nymphs, this Nymph alone
To nimble-footed *Dian* was vnknowne.
Her ſiſters oft would ſay; Fie, *Salmacis*,
Fie lazie ſiſter, what a ſloth is this!
Vpon a Quiuer, or a Iauelin ſeaze;
And with laborious hunting mix thine eaſe.
On Quiuer, nor on Iauelin, would ſhe ſeaze;
Nor with laborious hunting mix her eaſe.
But now in her owne Fountayne bathes her faire
And ſhapefull lims; now kembs her golden haire;
Her ſelfe oft by that liquid mirror dreſt;
There taking counſell what became her beſt:
Her body in tranſparent Robes array'd,
Now on ſoft leaues, or ſofter moſſe diſplay'd:

Oft gathers flowres; ſo, when ſhe ſaw the Boy :
Whom ſeen, forthwith ſhee couets to inioy;
And yet would not approch, though big with haſte,
Till neatly trickt, till all in order plac't;
Her loue-inueighling lookes ſet to inſnare;
Who merited to be reputed faire.
Sweet Boy, ſaid ſhe, well worthy the aboad
Of bleſt cœleſtialls! if thou be a God,
Then art thou *Cupid*! if of humane race,
Happy the Parents, whom thy perſon grace!
Thy ſiſter, if thou haſt a ſiſter, bleſt!
Thy Nurſe, much more, who fed thee with her breſt!
But (ô!) no leſſe then deifi'd is ſhee
Whom mariage ſhall incorporate to thee!
If any ſuch; let me this treaſure ſteale:
If not, be't I; and our dear Nuptials ſeale.
This ſaid, ſhe held her peace. He bluſht for ſhame;
Not knowing loue: whom ſhamefac'tneſſe became.
So Apples ſhow vpon the ſunny ſide;
So Iuory, with rich Vermillion dy'd:
So pure a red the ſiluer Moon doth ſtaine,
When auxil'ary braſſe reſounds in vaine.
Shee earneſtly intreats a ſiſters kiſſe:
And now, aduancing to imbrace her bliſſe,
He, ſtruggling, ſaid; Laſciuious Nymph, forbeare;
Or I will quit the place, and leaue you here.
Faire Stranger, timorous *Salmacis* reply'd,
'Tis freely yours; and therewith ſtept aſide:
Yet, looking back, amongſt the ſhrubby Trees
She cloſely ſculks, and crouches on her knees.
The vacant Boy, now being left alone,
Imagining he was obſeru'd by none,
Now here, now there, about the margent trips;
And, in th'alluring waues his ankles dips.
Caught with the Water's flattering temp'rature,
He ſtreight diſrobes his body; O, how pure!
His naked beautie *Salmacis* amaz'd:
Who with vnſatisfied longing gaz'd.
Her ſparkling eyes ſhoot flames through this ſweet error;
Much like the Sunne reflected by a mirror.
Now, ſhe impatiently her hope delayes;
Now, burnes t'imbrace: now, halfe-madde, hardly ſtayes.

Hee

He ſwiftly from the banke on which he ſtood,
Clapping his body, leaps into the flood;
And, with his rowing armes, ſupports his lims:
Which, through the pure waues, gliſter as he ſwims.
Like Iuory ſtatues, which the life ſurpaſſe;
Or like a Lilly, in a cryſtall glaſſe.
He's mine! the Nymph exclaim'd: who all vnſtript;
And, as ſhe ſpake, into the water skipt:
Hanging about the neck that did reſiſt;
And, with a maſtring force, th'vnwilling kiſt:
Now, puts her hand beneath his ſcornfull breſt;
Now euery way inuading the diſtreſt:
And wraps-about the ſubiect of her luſt,
Much like a Serpent by an Eagle truſs't;
Which to his head and feet, infettered, clings;
And wreaths her tayle about his ſtretcht-out wings.
So claſping Iuy to the Oke doth grow;
And ſo the *Polypus* detaynes his foe.
But *Atlantiades*, relentleſſe coy,
Still ſtruggles, and reſiſts her hop't-for ioy.
Inueſted with her body: foole, ſaid ſhee,
Struggle thou may'ſt; but neuer ſhalt be free.
O you, who in immortall thrones reſide,
Grant that no day may euer vs diuide!
Her wiſhes had their Gods. Euen in that ſpace
Their cleauing bodies mix: both haue one face.
As when wee two diuided ſcions ioyne,
And ſee them grow together in one rine:
So they, by ſuch a ſtrict imbracement glew'd,
Are now but one, with double forme indew'd.
No longer he a boy, nor ſhe a maid;
But neither, and yet either, might be ſaid.
Hermaphroditus at himſelfe admires:
Who halfe a female from the ſpring retires,
His manly lims now ſoftned; and thus prayes,
With ſuch a voyce as neither ſex betrayes:
Swift *Hermes*, *Aphrodite*! him ô heare
Who was your ſonne! who both your names doth beare!
May euery man, that in this water ſwims,
Returne halfe-woman, with infeebled lims.
His gentle parents ſigne to his requeſt;
And with vnknowne receits the ſpring infeſt.

Here, they conclude: yet giue their hands no reſt;
But *Bacchus* ſlight, and ſtill prophane his Feaſt.
Then, ſuddenly harſh inſtruments ſurprize
Their charged eares, not extant to their eyes:
Sweet Myrrhe and Saffron all the houſe perfume.
Their webs (paſt credit!) flouriſh in the loome:
The hanging wooll to green-leau'd Iuy ſpreads;
Part, into vines: the equall twiſted threads
To branches run: buds from the diſtaffe ſhoote;
And with that purple paint their bluſhing fruit.
Now to the day ſucceeds that doubtfull light;
Which neither can be called day, nor night.
The building trembles: torches of fat Pines
Appeare to burne; the roome with flaſhes ſhines;
Fill'd with fantaſticall reſemblances
Of howling beaſts, whom blood and ſlaughter pleaſe.
The Siſters, to the ſmoaky roofe retire;
And, there diſperſt, auoid both light and fire.
Thus, while they corners ſeeke, thin films extend
From lightned lims, with ſmall beams inter-pend.
But how their former ſhapes they did forgoe,
Concealing darkneſſe would not let them know.
Nor are theſe little Light-deteſting things
Born-vp with feathers, but tranſparent wings.
Their voyce befits their bodies; ſmall, and faint:
Wherewith they harſhly vtter their complaint.
Theſe houſes haunt, in night conceale their ſhame;
And of the loued Euening take their name.
All *Thebes* now feared *Bacchus* celebrates:
Whoſe wondrous powr his boaſting Aunt relates.
She onely, of ſo many ſiſters, knew
No griefe as yet, but what from them ſhe drew.
A happy Mother, Wife to *Athamas*,
Nurſe to a God: theſe caus'd her to ſurpaſſe
The bounds of her felicities; and made
Vext *Iuno* ſtorm; who to her ſelfe thus ſaid;
What? could that Strumpets brat the form deface
Of poore *Mæonian* Saylers, drencht in Seas?
A Mother vrge to murther her owne ſon?
And wing the three *Minëides* that ſpun?
Can I but vn-reuenged wrongs deplore?
Muſt that ſuffize? and is our powre no more?

Hee

He teacheth what to doe; learne of thy Foe:
What furie can, the wounds of *Pentheus* ſhow
More then too-much. Why ſhould not *Ino* tread
The path which late her franticke ſiſters lead?
A ſteepe darke Caue, with deadly Ewe repleat,
Through ſilence leads to hell's infernall ſeat.
By this, dull *Styx* ejects a blaſting fume:
Here ghoſts deſcend, whoſe bodies earth inhume;
Amongſt thoſe thorns, ſtiffe Cold and Paleneſſe dwell.
The new-come ghoſts nor know the way to Hell;
Nor where the roomy *Stygian* Citie ſtands;
Or that dire Palace where black *Dis* commands.
A thouſand entries to this Citie guide:
The gates ſtill open ſtand, on euery ſide.
And as all Riuers run into the Deep:
So all vn-houſed Soules doe thither creep.
Nor are they peſtered for want of roome:
Nor can it be perceiu'd that any come.
Here ſhadowes wander from their bodies pent:
Some plead; and ſome the Tyrants Court frequent:
Some in life-practiz'd Arts imploy their times:
Others are tortur'd for their former Crimes.
Saturnia ſtooping from her Throne of Ayre
(Her hate immortall!) thither makes repayre.
As ſoone as ſhee had entered the gate,
The threſhold trembl'd with her ſacred waight.
Still-waking *Cerberus* the Goddeſſe dreads,
And barketh thrice at once, with his three heads.
Shee calls the Furies, Daughters to old Night;
Implacable, and hating all delight.
Before the doors of Adamant they ſit;
And there with combs their ſnaky curls vnknit.
When they through gloomy darkneſſe did diſcloſe
That forme of Heauen, the Goddeſſes aroſe.
The Dungeon of the Damned this is nam'd.
Here *Tityus*, for attempted Rape defam'd,
Had his vaſt body on nine Acres ſpread:
And on his heart a greedy Vulture fed.
From *Tantalus*, deceitfull water ſlips:
And catcht-at fruit auoids his touched lips.
Thou euer ſeekeſt, or roul'ſt vp in vaine
A ſtone, ô *Siſyphus*, to fall againe.

Ixion

Ixion, turn'd vpon a reſtleſſe wheele,
With giddie head perſews his flying heele.
The *Belides*, whom Kinſ-men's blood accuſe,
For euer draw the Water, which they looſe.
On all, *Saturnia* frowns; but moſt of all
At thee *Ixion*; then, a looke lets fall
On *Siſyphus*: And why (ſaid ſhee) remaines
This brother onely in perpetuall paines;
When haughtie *Athamas*, whoſe thoughts deſpiſe
Both *Ione* and me, abides in conſtant ioyes?
Then tels the cauſe of her approch, her hate,
And what ſhee would: the fall of *Cadmus* ſtate;
That *Athamas* the Furies would diſtract,
And vrge him to ſome execrable fact.
Importunately ſhee ſoliciteth,
Commands, intreats, and promiſt, with one breath.
Incenſt *Tiſiphone* her Treſſes ſhakes;
And, toſſing from her face the hiſſing Snakes,
Thus ſaid: You need not vſe long ambages;
Suppoſe all done already, that may pleaſe:
Forſake this lothſome Kingdome, and repayre
To th'vpper world's more comfortable ayre.
Well-pleas'd *Saturnia* then to heauen with-drew:
Whom firſt *Thaumantian Iris* purg'd with deaw.
Forthwith, *Tiſiphone* her garment takes,
Dropping with blood, and girt with knotted Snakes.
About her head a bloody torch ſhee ſhooke;
And ſwiftly thoſe accurſt aboads forſooke.
Still-ſighing Sorrow, Horror, trembling Feare,
And gaſtly Madneſſe, her aſſociats were.
The entred Palace gron'd: pale poyſon ſoyles
The poliſht doores: the frighted Sunne recoyles.
Then *Athamas* and *Ino*, ſtrucke with dread
And monſtrous apparitions, ſought t'haue fled:
But ſterne *Erinnys* their eſcape withſtands;
And ſtretching-out her viper-graſping hands,
Shook her dark brows. The troubled Serpents hiſt:
Some, falling on her ſhoulders, there vntwiſt;
Others, vpon her vgly breſt deſcend,
Spet poyſon, and their forked tongues extend.
Two Adders from her crawling haire ſhee drew;
And thoſe at *Athamas* and *Ino* threw:

Theſe

These vp and down about their bosoms roule;
And with infus'd infection sad the Soule.
No wound vpon their bodies could be found:
It was the mind that felt the desperate wound.
She brought besides, from her abhorred home,
The surfet of *Echidna*, with the fome
Of hell-bred *Cerberus*, still-wandring Error,
Obliuion, Mischiefe, Teares, infernall Terror,
Distracted Fury, an Affection fixt
On murder; altogether ground, and mixt
With blood yet reeking; boyl'd in hollow brasse,
And stird with Hemlocke. While sad *Athamas*
And *Ino* quake, she pours into their brests
The ragefull poyson; which their peace infests.
Her flamy torch then whisking in a round
(Whose circularie fire her conquest crown'd)
To *Pluto's* emptie regiment she makes
A swift descent; and there vngirts her Snakes.
Forthwith, *Æolides* with poyson boyles.
Iõ, my Mates, he cryes, here pitch your toyles;
Here, late a Lyoneſſe by me was seen
With her two whelps. With that, persues the Queen
And from her breſt *Clearchus* snatcht: The Child
Stretcht forth his little arms, and on him smil'd:
Whom like a sling about his head he swings;
And cruelly against the pauement flings.
The Mother, whether with her griefe distraught,
Or that the poyson on her senses wrought,
Runs howling with her haire about her eares;
And in bare arms her *Melicerta* beares;
Cryes Euohe *Bacchus*! *Iuno* laught, and said;
Thus art thou by thy Foster-child repay'd.
There is a Rock that ouer-looks the Mayne,
Hollow'd by fretting Surges, sconst from rayne;
Whose craggy brow to vaster Seas extends.
This, *Ino* (fury adding strength) ascends;
Descending head-long, with the load she beares;
And strikes the sparkling waues, that fall in teares.
Then, *Venus*, grieuing at her Neece's Fate,
Her Vncle thus intreats: O thou, whose State
Is next to *Ioue's*; great Ruler of the Flood;
My sute is bold; yet pitty thou my blood,

Now

Now toſſed in the deepe *Iônian* Seas :
And ioyne them to thy watrie Deities.
Some fauour of the Sea I ſhould obtaine,
That am ingender'd of the fomy Maine :
Of which, the acceptable name I beare.
Neptune affords a fauourable eare;
Who what was mortall from their beings tooke;
Then gaue to either a Maieſticke looke;
In all their faculties diuinely fram'd:
And her, *Lucothoë*; him, *Palemon* nam'd.
The *Theban* Ladies, who her ſteps perſew'd,
Her laſt on the firſt Promontorie view'd.
Then, held for dead; with haire, and garments rent,
They beat their breſts; and *Cadmus* Houſe lament.
Of little Iuſtice, and much Crueltie,
All, *Iuno* tax. Indure (ſhee ſaid) ſhall I
Such blaſphemies? I'le make you monuments
Of my reuenge. Threats vſher their euents.
When one, of all the moſt affectionate,
Cry'd, ô my Queene, I will partake thy Fate!
And thought to leape into the roring Flood;
But could not moue : her feete faſt fixed ſtood.
Another, who her boſome meant to beat;
Perceiu'd her ſtiff'ned armes to loſe their heat.
By chance, her hand This ſtretcheth to the Maine;
Nor could her hand, now ſtone, vnſtretch againe.
As She her violated Treſſes tare,
Her fingers forthwith hardned in her haire.
Their Statues now thoſe ſeuerall geſtures beare
Wherein they formerly ſurpriſed were.
Some, Fowles became; now cald *Cadmëides*;
Who with their light wings ſweepe thoſe gulphy Seas.
Little knew *Cadmus*, that his Children raign'd
In ſacred Seas, and deathleſſe States retayn'd.
Subdew'd with woes, with tragicall euents,
That had no end, and many dire oſtents,
He leaues his Citie; as not through his owne,
But by the fortune of the place o're-throwne :
And with his wife *Hermione*, long toſt,
At length arriueth at th'*Illyrian* Coaſt.
Now ſpent with griefe and age, whil'ſt they relate
Their former toyles, and Familie's firſt fate :

And

And was that Serpent ſacred, which I ſlew
(Said he) whoſe teeth into the Earth I threw
(An vncouth ſeed) when I from *Sidon* came?
If this, the vengefull Gods ſo much inflame,
May I my belly Serpent-like extend!
His belly lengthned, ere his wiſh could end.
Tough ſcales vpon his hardned out-ſide grew;
The black, diſtinguiſhed with drops of blew.
Then, falling on his breaſt, his thighs vnite;
And in a ſpiny progreſſe ſtretch out-right.
His armes (for, armes as yet they were) he ſpreads:
And teares on cheeks, that yet were humane, ſheds.
Come, ô ſad Soule, ſaid he; thy husband touch;
Whil'ſt I am I, or part of me be ſuch.
Shake hands, while yet I haue a hand to ſhake;
Before I totally endue a Snake.
His tongue was yet in motion; when it cleft
In two, forthwith of humane ſpeech bereft.
He hiſt, when he his ſorrowes ſought to vent;
The onely language now which Nature lent.
His Wife her naked boſom beats, and cryes,
Stay *Cadmus*, and put-off theſe prodigies.
O ſtrange! where are thy feet, hands, ſhoulders, breſt,
Thy colour, face, and (while I ſpeake) the reſt!
You Gods, why alſo am not I a Snake?
He lick't her willing lips euen as ſhe ſpake;
Into her well-knowne boſom glides; her waſte,
And yeelding neck, with louing twines imbrac't.
Amazement all the ſtanders-by poſſeſt;
While glittering combs their ſlippery heads inueſt.
Now are they two: who crept, together chayn'd,
Till they the couert of the Wood attayn'd.
Theſe gentle Dragons, knowing what they were,
Do hurt to no man, nor mans preſence feare.
Yet were thoſe ſorrowes by their daughters ſon
Much comforted, who vanquiſht *India* won:
To whom th'*Achaians* Temples conſecrate;
Diuinely magnifi'd through either State.
Alone *Acriſius Abantiades*,
Though of one Progenie, diſſents from theſe:
Who, from th'*Argolian* Citie, made him flie;
And manag'd armes againſt a Deitie.

Nor him, nor *Perſeus* he for *Ioue's* doth hold;
(Begot on *Danaë* in a ſhowre of gold)
Yet ſtraight repents (ſo preualent is truth)
Both to haue forc't the God, & doom'd the Youth.
Now is the one inthroned in the skyes:
The other through Ayr's emptie Region flyes;
And beares along the memorable ſpoyle
Of that new Monſter, conquer'd by his toyle.
And as he o're the *Lybian* Deſerts flew,
The blood, that dropt from *Gorgon's* head, ſtreight grew
To various Serpents, quickned by the ground:
With theſe, thoſe much infeſted Climes abound.
Hither and thither, like a cloud of rayne
Borne by croſſe windes, he cuts the ayrie Mayne;
Far-diſtant earth beholding from on high;
And ouer all the ample World doth flie:
Thrice ſaw *Arcturus*, thrice to *Cancer* preſt;
Oft hurried to the Eaſt, oft to the Weſt.
And now, not truſting to approched night,
Vpon th'*Heſperian* Continent doth light:
And craues ſome reſt, till *Lucifer* diſplayes
Aurora's bluſh, and ſhee *Apollo's* rayes.
Huge-ſtatur'd *Atlas Iapetonides*
Here ſway'd the vtmoſt bounds of Earth and Seas;
Where *Titan's* panting ſteeds his Chariot ſteepe,
And bathe their fierie feet-locks in the Deepe.
A thouſand Heards, as many Flocks, he fed
In thoſe large Paſtures, where no neighbours tread.
Here to their tree the ſhining branches ſute;
To them, their leaues; to thoſe, the golden fruit.
Great King, ſaid *Perſeus*, if high birth may moue
Reſpect in thee, behold the ſonne of *Ioue*:
If admiration, then my Acts admire;
Who reſt, and hoſpitable Rites deſire.
He, mindfull of this prophecie, of old
By ſacred *Themis* of *Parnaſſus* told;
In time thy golden fruit a prey ſhall proue,
O *Iaphet's* ſonne, vnto the ſonne of *Ioue*.
This fearing, he his Orchard had inclos'd
With ſolid Cliffs, that all acceſſe oppos'd:
The Guard whereof a monſtrous Dragon held;
And from his Land all Forainers expeld.

Be

Be gone, ſaid he, for feare thy glories prooue,
But counterfeit; and thou no ſonne to *Ioue*;
Then addes vnciuill violence to threats.
With ſtrength the other ſeconds his intreats:
In ſtrength inferior; Who ſo ſtrong as he?
Since curteſie, nor any worth in me,
Vext *Perſeus* ſaid, can purchaſe my regard;
Yet from a gueſt receiue thy due reward.
With that, *Meduſa's* vgly head he drew,
His owne reuerſed. Forthwith, *Atlas* grew
Into a Mountayne equall to the man:
His haire and beard to woods and buſhes ran;
His armes and ſhoulders into ridges ſpred;
And what was his, is now the Mountaynes head:
Bones turne to ſtones; and all his parts extrude
Into a huge prodigious altitude.
(Such was the pleaſure of the euer-bleſt)
Whereon the heauens, with all their tapers, reſt.
Hippotades in hollow rocks did cloſe
The ſtrife-full Windes: Bright *Lucifer* aroſe
And rous'd-vp Labour. *Perſeus*, hauing ty'd
His wings t'his feete, his fauchion to his ſide,
Sprung into ayre: below, on either hand
Innumerable Nations left: the Land
Of *Æthiop*, and the *Cephen* fields ſuruay'd;
There, where the innocently wretched maid
Was for her mothers proud impietie,
By vniuſt *Ammon* ſentenced to die.
Whom when the Heros ſaw to hard rocks chaind;
But that warm tears from charged eye-ſprings drain'd,
And light windes gently fann'd her fluent haire,
He would haue thought her marble: Ere aware
He fire attracteth; and, aſtoniſht by
Her beautie, had almoſt forgot to fly.
Who lighting ſaid; O faireſt of thy kinde
(More worthy of thoſe bands which Louers bind,
Then theſe rude gyues) the Land by thee renownd,
Thy name, thy birth, declare; and why thus bound.
At firſt, the ſilent Virgin was afrayd
To ſpeake t'a man; and modeſtly had made
A viſard of her hands; but, they were ty'd:
And yet abortiue teares their fountaines hide.

Still vrg'd, leſt ſhee ſhould wrong her innocence,
As if aſham'd to vtter her offence,
Her Countrie ſhee diſcouers; her owne name;
Her beautious Mother's confidence, and blame.
All yet vntold, the Waues began to rore:
Th'apparant Monſter (haſt'ning to the ſhore)
Before his breſt, the broad-ſpred Sea vp-beares.
The Virgin ſhreeks. Her Parents ſee their feares.
Both mourne; both wretched (but, ſhee iuſtly ſo:)
Who bring no aid, but extaſies of woe,
With teares that ſute the time: Who take the leaue
They loathe to take; and to her body cleaue.
You for your griefe may haue, the ſtranger ſaid,
A time too long: ſhort is the houre of aid.
If freed by me, *Ioue's* ſonne, in fruitfull gold
Begot on *Danaë* through a brazen Hold;
Who conquer'd *Gorgon* with the ſnakie haire;
And boldly glide through vn-incloſed aire:
If for your ſonne you then will me prefer;
Adde to this worth, That in deliuering her;
I'le trie (ſo fauour me the Powres diuine)
That ſhee, ſau'd by my valour, may be mine.
They take a Law; intreat what he doth offer:
And, further, for a Dowre their Kingdome proffer.
Lo! as a Gally with fore-fixed prow
(Row'd by the ſweat of ſlaues) the Sea doth plow:
Euen ſo the Monſter furroweth with his breſt,
The foming flood; and to the neere Rocke preſt:
Not farther diſtant, then a man might fling
A way-inforcing bullet from a ſling.
Forth-with, the youthfull iſſue of rich ſhowrs,
Earth puſhing from him, to the blew skye towrs.
The furious Monſter eagerly doth chace
His ſhadow, gliding on the Seas ſmooth face.
And as *Ioue's* bird, when ſhee from high ſuruayes
A Dragon basking in *Apollo's* rayes;
Deſcends vnſeene, and through his necks blew ſcales
(To ſhun his deadly teeth) her talons naile's:
So ſwiftly ſtoops high-pitcht *Inachides*
Through ſinging ayre: then on his backe doth ſeaze;
And neere his right fin ſheaths his crooked ſword
Vp to the hilts; who deeply wounded, roar'd:

Now

Now capers in the ayre, now diues belowe
The troubled waues; now turn's vpon his foe:
Much like a chafed Bore, whom eger hounds
Haue at a Bay, and terrifie with ſounds.
He, with ſwift wings, his greedy iawes auoids;
Now, with his fauchion wounds his ſcaly ſides;
Now, his ſhell-rough-caſt back; now, where the taile
Ends in a Fiſh, or parts expos'd t'aſſaile.
A ſtreame mixt with his bloud the Monſter flings
From his wide throat; which wets his heauy wings:
Nor longer dares the wary Youth rely
On their ſupport. He ſees a rock hard by,
Whoſe top aboue the quiet waters ſtood;
But vnderneath the winde-incenſed flood.
There lights; and, holding by the rocks extent,
His oft-thruſt ſword into his bowels ſent.
The ſhore rings with th'applauſe that fills the sky.
Then, *Cepheus* and *Caſsiope*, with ioy,
Salute him for their ſon: whom now they call
The Sauiour of their Houſe, and of them all.
Vp came *Andromeda*, freed from her chaines;
The cauſe, and recompence of all his paines.
Meane-while, he waſheth his victorious hands
In cleanſing waues. And leſt the beachy Sands
Should hurt the ſnaky head, the ground he ſtrew
With leaues and twigs that vnder water grew:
Whereon, *Meduſa's* vgly face he layes.
The greene, yet iuicy, and attractiue ſprayes
From the toucht Monſter ſtiffning hardnes tooke;
And their owne natiue pliancy forſooke.
The Sea-Nymphs this admired wonder trie
On other Sprigs, and in the iſſue ioy:
Who ſowe againe their Seeds vpon the Deepe.
The Corall now that propertie doth keepe,
Receiuing hardnes from felt ayre alone:
Beneath the Sea a twig, aboue a ſtone.
Forth-with, three Altars he of Turf erects,
To *Hermes*, *Ioue*, and Her who warre affects:
Minerua's on the right; on the left hand
Stood *Mercurie's*: *Ioue's* in the midſt did ſtand.
To *Mercurie*, a Calfe they ſacrifice;
To *Ioue*, a Bull; a Cow, to *Pallas* dyes:

Then

Then takes *Andromeda*, the full reward
Of ſo great worth; with Dow'r, of leſſe regard.
Now, Loue and *Hymen* vrge the Nuptiall Bed:
The ſacred Fires with rich perfumes are fed;
The houſe hung round with Garlands; euery-where
Melodious Harps and Songs ſalute the eare;
Of iocond mirth the free and happy ſignes:
With Dores diſplay'd, the golden Palace ſhines.
The *Cephen* Nobles, and each ſtranger Gueſt,
Together enter to this ſumptuous Feaſt.
The Banquet done, with generous wines they cheare
Their heightned ſpirits: *Perſeus* longs to heare
Their faſhions, manners, and originall;
Who, by *Lyncides* is inform'd of all.
This told; he ſaid: Now tell, ô valiant Knight,
By what felicitie of force or ſleight,
You got this purchaſe of the ſnaky haires.
Then *Abantiades* forthwith declares,
How vnder frоſty *Atlas* cliffy ſide
There lay a Plaine, with Mountaines fortify'd:
In whoſe acceſſe the *Phorcides* did lye;
Two ſiſters; both of them had but one eye:
How cunningly his hands thereon he lay'd,
As they from one another it conuay'd.
Then through blind waſtes, & rocky forreſts came
To *Gorgon's* houſe: the way vnto the ſame,
Beſet with formes of men and beaſts, alone
By ſeeing of *Meduſa* turn'd to ſtone:
Whoſe horrid ſhape ſecurely he did eye,
In his bright target's cleere refulgency.
And how her head he from her ſhoulders tooke,
Ere heauy ſleepe her ſnakes and her forſooke.
Then told of *Pegaſus*, and of his brother,
Sprung from the blood of their new-ſlaughtred mother:
Adding the perils paſt in his long way;
What ſeas, what ſoyles, his eyes belowe ſuruay;
And to what ſtarres his lofty pitch aſcends:
Yet long afore their expectation ends.
One Lord among the reſt would gladly knowe,
Why Serpents onely on her head did growe.
Stranger, ſaid he, ſince this that you require
Deſerues the knowledge, take what you deſire:

Her

Her paſſing beautie was the onely ſcope
Of mens affections, and their enuied hope:
Yet was not any part of her more rare
(So ſay they who haue ſeene her) than her haire.
Whom *Neptune* in *Minerua's* Fane compreſt.
Ioue's daughter, with the *Ægis* on her breſt,
Hid her chaſte bluſhes: and due vengeance takes,
In turning of the *Gorgon's* haire to Snakes.
Who now, to make her enemies affray'd,
Beares in her ſhield the Serpents which ſhe made.

OVID'S

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

The fifth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe Gorgon *ſeene*, Cepheni *Statues growe*:
So Phineus, Prætus, Polydect, *the foe*
To Perſeus *prayſe. The fountayne* Hippocrene
By Horſe-hoofe rays'd. The Muſes into Nine
Rape-flying Birds: Pierides, *to Pyes.*
The Gods, by Typhon *chac't, themſelues diſguiſe.*
Sad Cyane *into a Fountayne flowes.*
Th'ill-nurtur'd Boy a ſpotted Stellion growes.
Lou'd Arethuſa *thawes into a Spring.*
Aſcalaphus *an Owle. Light feathers wing*
The ſweet-tongu'd Syrens, *who on Waters mourne.*
Stern Lyncus Ceres *to a* Lynx *doth turne.*

WHil'ſt the *Danaëan* Heros this relates,
Amidſt th'aſſembly of the *Cephen* States;
Exalted voyces through the Palace ring:
Not like to theirs who at a marriage ſing;
But ſuch as menace warre. The Nuptiall Feaſt,
Thus turn'd to tumult, to the life expreſt
A peacefull Sea, whoſe brow no frown deformes,
Streight ruffled into billowes by rude ſtormes.
Firſt *Phineus*, the raſh Author of this warre,
Shaking a Lance, began the deadly iarre.
Lo, I the man, that will vpon thy life
Reuenge, ſaid he, the rapture of my wife.
Nor ſhall thy wings, nor *Ioue* inforged gold,
Worke thy eſcape. About to throwe: O hold!
Perplexed *Cepheus* cries: What wilt thou do?
What furie, frantick brother, tempts thee to
So foule a fact? Is this the recompence
For ſuch high merit? for her life's defence?
Not *Perſeus*, but th'incens't *Nereïdes*,
But horned *Hammon*, and the wrath of Seas
(That Orke that ſought my bowels to deuoure)
Haue ſnatcht her from thee; rauiſht in the houre

Of

Of her expoſure. But thy crueltie
Perhaps was well content that ſhee ſhould die,
To eaſe thy loſſe with ours. May't not ſuffize,
That ſhee was bound in chaynes before thine eyes;
That thou, her Vncle, and her Husband, brought
Her perill no preuention, nor none ſought;
But that anothers aid thou muſt enuy,
And claime the Tropheys of his victory?
Which, if of ſuch eſteeme, thou ſhouldſt haue ſtrain'd
T'haue forc't them from thoſe Rocks, where lately chaind.
Let him, who did, enioy them: nor exact
What is his dew by merit and compact.
Nor thinke, we *Perſeus* before thee prefer;
But him, before ſo abhorr'd a ſepulcher.
He, without anſwer, rowling to and fro
His eyes on either, doubts at which to throwe:
And pauſing, his ill-aymed lance at length
At *Perſeus* hurles, with rage-redoubled ſtrength.
Fixt in the bed-ſtock; vp fierce *Perſeus* ſtarts,
And his retorted Speare at *Phineus* darts:
Who ſuddenly behinde an Altar ſtept;
An Altar vengeance from the wicked kept:
And yet in *Rhœtus* brow the weapon ſtuck.
He fell: the ſteele out of his ſcull they pluck:
Who ſpurnes the earth, and ſtaynes the board with blood.
With that, the multitude, with fury wood,
Their Lances fling: and ſome there be who crie,
That *Cepheus*, and his ſonne in law, ſhould die.
But *Cepheus* wiſely quits the clamorous Hall:
Who Faith and Iuſtice doth to record call,
With all the hoſpitable Gods, that hee
Was from this execrable vp-rore free.
The warlike *Pallas*, preſent, with her ſhield
Protects her Brother, and his courage ſteel'd.
Young *Indian Atys* by ill hap was there;
Whom *Ganges*-got *Limniace* did beare
In her cleare Waues: his beautie excellent,
Which care and coſtly ornaments augment:
Who ſcarce had fully ſixteene Summers told:
Clad in a *Tyrian* mantle, fring'd with gold.
About his neck he wore a carquenet:
His haire with Riband bound, and odors wet.

Although he cunningly a Dart could throwe:
Yet with more cunning could he vſe his Bowe.
Which now a-drawing with a tardy hand;
Quick *Perſeus* from the Altar ſnatcht a Brand,
And daſht it on his face: out-ſtart his eyes;
And through his fleſh the ſhiuered bones ariſe.
When *Syrian Lycabas* his *Atys* view'd,
Shaking his formleſſe looks, with blood imbrew'd:
To him in ſtricteſt bonds offriendſhip ty'd,
And one who could not his affection hide:
After he had his tragedie bewail'd;
Who through the bitter wound his ſoule exhal'd:
He took the Bowe, which erſt the Youth did bend;
And ſaid; With me, thou Murderer contend;
Nor longer glorie in a Boye's ſad fate,
Which ſtaines thy actions with deſerued hate.
Yet ſpeaking, from the ſtring the arrow flew:
Which tooke his plighted robe, as he with-drew.
Acriſioniades vpon him preſt;
And ſheath'd his Harpy in his groning breſt.
Now dying, he for *Atys* looks, with eyes
That ſwim in night; and on his boſome lyes:
Then chearfully expires his parting breath:
Reioycing to be ioyn'd to him in death.
Phorbas the *Syënit*, *Methion's* ſon,
With him the *Libyan Amphimedon*;
Eger of combate, ſlipping in the blood
That drencht the pauement, fell: his ſword withſtood
Their re-aſcent, which through the ſhort-ribs ſmote
Amphimedon, and cut the others throte.
Yet *Perſeus* would not venture to inuade
The Halbertere *Eritheus* with his blade;
But in both hands a Goblet high imboſt
And maſſie, tooke; which at his head he toſt:
Who vomits clotted blood; and, tumbling downe,
Knocks the hard pauement with his dying crowne.
Then *Polydæmon* (ſprung from Goddeſſe-borne
Semiramis) *Phlegyas*, the vnſhorne
Elyce, *Clytus*, *Scythian Abaris*,
And braue *Lycetus* (old *Sperchęſius* bliſſe)
Fell by his hand: whoſe feet in triumph tread
Vpon the ſlaughtred bodies of the dead.

But

But *Phineus*, fearing to confront his Foe
In cloſe aſſault, far-off a dart doth throwe:
Which led by error, did on *Ida* light;
A Neuter, who in vaine forbare to fight.
He, ſternly frowning, thus to *Phineus* ſpake:
Since you, me an vnwilling partie make,
Receiue the enemie whom you haue made;
That, by a wound, a wound may be repay'd.
About to hurle the Dart, drawne from his ſide;
With loſſe of blood he faints, and falling dy'd.
Then, great *Odytes* fell by *Clymen's* ſword;
Next to the King, the greateſt *Cephen* Lord:
Hypſæus ſlew *Protenor*; *Lyncedes*
Hypſæus. Old *Emathion* fell with theſe;
Who fear'd the Gods, and fauoured the right.
He, whom old age exempted from the fight,
Fights with his tongue; himſelfe doth interpoſe,
And deeply execrates their wicked blowes.
Cromis, as he imbrac't the Altar, lopt
His ſhaking head; which on the Altar dropt:
Whoſe halfe-dead tongue yet curſes; and expires
His righteous ſoule amidſt the ſacred Fires.
Then *Brotëas* and *Ammon*, *Phineus* ſlew;
Who from one womb at once their being drew:
Inuincible with hurle-bats, could they quell
The dints of ſwords. Neere theſe *Alphytus* fell,
The Prieſt of *Ceres*, with a Miter crown'd;
Which to his temples a white fillet bound.
And thou *Lampetides*, whoſe pleaſant wit,
Deteſting diſcord, in ſoft peace more fit
To ſing vnto thy tunefull Lire; now preſt
With Songs to celebrate the nuptiall Feaſt:
When *Pettalus*, at him who ſtood far off
With his defenſeleſſe Harp; ſtrikes with this ſcoff;
Goe ſing the reſt vnto the Ghoſts belowe:
And pearc't his Temples with a deadly blowe.
His dying fingers warble in his fall:
And then, by chance, the Song was tragicall.
This, vnreueng'd, *Lycormas* could not brooke;
But from the door's right ſide a Leauer tooke,
And him between the head and ſhoulders knocks:
Downs falls he, like a ſacrificed Ox.

Ciniphean Palates then ſought to ſeaze
Vpon the left: when fierce *Marmorides*
His hand nayl'd to the door-poſt with a Speare:
Whoſe ſide ſterne *Abas* pearc't as he ſtuck there.
Nor could he fall; but, giuing vp the ghoſt,
Hung by the hand againſt the ſmeared poſt.
Melaneus then, of *Perſeus* partie, fell;
And *Dorilas*, whoſe riches did excell:
In *Naſæmonia* none then he more great
For large Poſſeſſions, and huge hoards of Wheat.
The ſteel ſtuck in his groine, which death purſewd:
Whom *Halcyoneus* of *Bactria* view'd
(The Author of the wound) as he did roule
His turn'd-vp eyes, and ſighed-out his ſoule:
For all thy land, ſaid he, by this diuorce
Receiue thy length; and left his bloodleſſe corſe.
The Speare, reuengefull *Abanti'des* drew
From his warm wound; and at the Thrower threw:
Which in the middle doth his nares diuide;
And, paſſing through, appear'd on either ſide.
Whilſt Fortune crownd him, *Clytius* he confounds
And *Danus*, of one womb, with different wounds:
Through *Clytius* thighes a ready Dart he caſt;
An other 'twixt the iawes of *Danus* paſt.
Mindeſian Celadon and *Aſter* ſlew,
His Father doubtfull, gotten on a Iew:
Echion, late well ſeene in things to come,
Now ouer-taken by an vnknowne doome:
Thoactes, *Phineus* Squire, his fauchion try'd:
And fell *Agyrtes*, that fould parricide.
Yet more remayn'd then were already ſpent:
For, all of them, to murder one, conſent.
The bold Conſpirators on all ſides fight;
Impugning promiſe, merit, and his right.
The vainely-pious Father ſides with th'other;
With him, the frighted Bride, and penſiue Mother;
Who fill the Court with out-cryes; by the ſound
Of claſhing Armes, and dying ſcreeches drown'd.
Bellona the polluted floore imbrew's
With ſtreams of blood, and horrid warre renewes.
Falſe *Phineus*, with a thouſand, in a ring
Begirt the Heros: who their Lances fling

As

As thick as Winters haile; that blinde his ſight,
Sing in his eares, and round about him light.
His guarded back he to a pillar ſets;
And with vndaunted force confronts their threats.
Chaonian Molpeus preſt to his left ſide:
The right, *Nabathean Ethemon* ply'd.
As when a Tiger, pincht with famine, heares
Two bellowing Herds within one Vale; forbeares,
Nor knowes on which to ruſh, as being loth
To leaue the other, and would fall on both:
So *Perſeus*, which to ſtrike, vncertayne proues;
Who daunted *Molpeus* with a wound remoues;
Contented with his flight, in that the rage
Of fierce *Ethemon* did his force ingage:
Who at his neck vncircumſpectly ſtroke,
And his keene ſword againſt the pillar broke.
The blade from vnrelenting ſtone rebounds;
And in his throte th'vnhappy owner wounds.
Yet was not that enough to work his end;
Who fearfully doth now his armes extend
For pitty vnto *Perſeus*, all in vaine;
Who thruſt him through with his *Cyllenian* skeine.
But, when he ſaw his valour ouerſway'd
By multitude: I muſt, ſaid he, ſeek ayd
(Since you your ſelues compell me) from my foe;
Friends turn your backs: then *Gorgons* head doth ſhowe.
Some others ſeek, ſaid *Theſſalus*, to fright
With this thy Monſter; and with all his might
A deadly dart indeuour'd to haue throwne:
But in that poſiture became a ſtone.
Next, *Amphix*, full of ſpirit, forward preſt;
And thruſt his ſword at bold *Lyncides* breſt:
When, in the paſſe, his fingers ſtupid growe;
Nor had the power of mouing to or fro.
But *Nileus* (he who with a forged ſtile
Vanted to be the ſonne of ſeuen-fold *Nile*,
And bare ſeuen ſiluer Riuers in his ſhield,
Diſtinctly wauing through a golden field)
To *Perſeus* ſaid: Behold, from whence we ſprung!
To euer-ſilent ſhadowes beare a-long
This comfort of thy death, that thou didſt die
By ſuch a braue and high-borne enemie.

His

His vtterance faultred in the later clauſe:
The yet vnfiniſht ſound ſtuck in his iawes;
Who gaping ſtood as he would ſomething ſay:
And ſo had done, if words had found a way.
Theſe *Eryx* blames; 'Tis your faint ſoules that dead
Your powers, ſaid he, and not the *Gorgon's* head.
Ruſh on with me, and proſtrate with deep wounds
This Youth, who thus with Magick Armes confounds.
Then ruſhingon, the ground his foot-ſteps ſtay'd;
Now mutely fixt: an armed Statue made.
Theſe ſuffer'd worthily. One, who did fight
For *Perſeus*, bold *Aconteus*, at the ſight
Of *Gorgon's* ſnakes abortiue marble grew.
On whom *Aſtyages* in fury flew,
As if aliue, with his two-handed blade;
Which ſhrilly twang'd; but no inciſion made:
Who, whil'ſt he wonders, the ſame nature tooke;
And now his Statue hath a wondring looke.
It were too tedious for me to report
Their names, who periſht of the vulgar ſort.
Two hundred ſcap't the furie of the fight:
Two hundred turne to ſtone at *Gorgon's* ſight.
Now *Phineus* his vniuſt commotion rewes.
What ſhould he doe? the ſenſeleſſe ſhapes he views
Of his knowne friends, which differing figures bore;
And doth by name their ſeuerall ayd implore.
And yet not truſting to his eyes alone,
The next he toucht; and found it to be ſtone.
Then turns aſide: And now, a Penitent,
With ſuppliant hands, and armes obliquely bent;
O *Perſeus*, thine, ſaid he, thine is the day!
Remoue this Monſter. Hence, ô hence conuay
Meduſa's vgly looks, or what more ſtrange,
Which humane bodyes into marble change!
Not hate, not thirſt of rule begot this ſtrife:
I onely fought to re-obtayne my Wife.
Thine is the plea of Merit; mine, of Time:
Yet, in contending I confeſſe my crime.
For life (ô chiefe of men!) I onely ſew:
Afford me that: the reſt I yeeld to you.
Thus he; not daring to reuert his eyes
On him whom he intreats: who thus replyes.

Faint-

Faint-hearted *Phineus*, what I can afford,
(A gift of worth to ſuch a fearfull Lord)
Take courage, and perſwade thy ſelfe I will:
No wounding ſword thy blood ſhall euer ſpill.
Moreouer, that I may thy wiſh preuent,
Here will I fix thy laſting monument:
That thou by her thou lou'ſt maiſt ſtill be ſeene;
And with her Spouſe's image cheare our Queene.
Then, on that ſide *Phorcynis* head doth place,
To which the Prince had turn'd his trembling face.
And as from thence his eyes he would haue throwne,
His neck grew ſtiffe: his teares congeale to ſtone.
With fearfull ſuppliant looks, ſubmiſſiue hands,
And guiltie countenance, the Statue ſtands.
Victorious *Abantiades* now hyes
T'his natiue Citie, with the reſcu'd prize:
There, vengeance takes on *Prætus*, and reſtor'd
His Grand-father; whoſe wrongs redreſſe implor'd.
For *Prætus* had by force of Armes expeld
His brother; and vſurped *Argos* held.
But him, nor Arms, nor Bulwarks, could protect
Againſt the ſnaky Monſters grim aſpect.
Yet not the vertue of the Youth, which ſhone
Through ſo great toyle, nor ſorrowes vnder-gone;
With thee, ô *Polydectes*, King of ſmall
Sea-girt *Seriphus*, could preuaile at all.
Endleſſe thy wrath, thy hate inexorable:
Detracting; and condemning for a fable
Meduſa's death. The moued Youth replyes:
The truth your ſelfe ſhall ſee; Friends, ſhut your eyes.
Then, repreſents *Meduſa* to his view:
Who preſently a bloodleſſe Statue grew.
Thus long *Tritonia* to her brother cleaues:
Then in a hollow cloud *Seriphus* leaues
(*Scyros* and *Gyaros* on the right-hand ſide)
And o're the toyling Seas her courſe apply'd
To *Thebes*, and Virgin *Helicon*; there ſtay'd:
And thus vnto the learned Siſters ſaid.
The fame of your new Fountaine, rays'd by force
Of that ſwift-winged *Meduſæan* horſe,
Me hither drew, to ſee the wondrous Flood:
Who ſaw him iſſue from his Mothers blood.

God-

Goddeſſe, *Vrania* anſwered, what cauſe
So-euer you to this our Manſion drawes,
You are moſt wel-come. What you heard is true:
And from that *Pegaſus* this Fountaine grew.
Then *Pallas* to the ſacred Spring conuay'd,
Shee admires the waters by the horſe-hoofe made;
Suruay's their high-grown groues, coole caues, freſh bowrs,
And meadowes painted with all ſorts of flowers:
Then happie ſtiles ſhee the *Mæonides*,
Both for their Arts, and ſuch aboads as theſe.
O heauenly Virgin, one of them reply'd,
Moſt worthy our Societie to guide,
If ſo your actiue vertue did not moue
To greater deeds: deſeruedly you approue
Our ſtudies, pleaſant ſeat, and happie ſtate,
Were we ſecure from what we chiefly hate.
But nothing is vnlawfull to the lewd:
And Maids by Nature are with feare indu'd.
The dire *Pyreneus* ſtill inuades my ſight:
Nor haue I yet recouer'd that affright.
He, *Daulis* with all *Phocis*, had obtain'd
By *Thracian* Arms; and there vniuſtly raign'd:
Bound for *Parnaſſus* Temple, vs he ſpies;
And with falſe zeale adores our Deities.
Mæonides, ſaid he, (he knew vs well)
While ſad ſtars gouerne, and ſhowrs fall (then fell
By chance a mightie ſhower) vouchſafe I pray
Beneath the ſhelter of my roofe to ſtay:
The Gods haue entred humble Cottages.
Vrg'd by the weather, and ſuch words as theſe;
We to his importunitie aſſent;
And yet no farther then the Lobby went.
It now held vp: the vanquiſht South-winds flie
Before the North; which purge the duskie skie.
Preſt to depart: he ſhuts the doores; prepares
To offer force: with wings we ſcape his ſnares.
He preſently the higheſt tower aſcends;
And, as he would haue flowne, his body bends:
The way you goe, ſaid he, will I perſew;
And from the battlements himſelfe he threw:
Who falling, ſtrikes the earth with daſht-out braines;
Which with his wicked blood, he dying, ſtaines.

The

The Muſe yet ſpake: when, wings were heard to clatter;
And from high trees ſaluting voyces chatter.
Ioue's daughter wonders, and inquires from whence
Thoſe voyces came, including humane ſenſe.
Not men, but nine all-imitating Pies;
Bewayling their deſerued deſtinies.
The Goddeſſe to th'admiring Goddeſſe ſaid:
They, foyl'd by vs, by vs were thus repay'd.
Pierus, who rich *Pella* held by lot,
Theſe on *Pæonian Euippe* got.
Nine times ſhee on *Lucina* call'd alowd:
The fooliſh ſiſters, of their number prowd,
Through all *Æmonia* and *Achaia* came;
And thus vnciuilly their ſtrife proclaime.
Theſpiades, th'vnlearned multitude
No more with your vaine harmonie delude:
But cope with vs (if hope excite your will)
As many; yet vnmatcht, for voyce or skill.
Surrender you to vs, if we excell,
Hyantian Aganip, and *Gorgon's* Well:
Th'*Emathian* Woods to ſnowy *Pæone*
Shall pay our loſſe. The Nymphs our iudges be.
A ſhame it was to ſtriue: more ſhame it were
To yeeld. The Nymphs by their own riuers ſweare:
And ſit on benches made of liuing ſtone.
Then, vn-elected, rudely ſtept forth one;
Who ſung the Giants warre: their fayned acts
Shee magnifies; and from the Gods detracts.
How *Typhon*, from earth's gloomy entrailes rais'd,
Struck all their powr's with feare: who fled amaz'd,
Till *Ægypts* ſcorched ſoyle the weary hides;
And wealthy *Nile*, who in ſeuen chanels glides.
That thither Earth-born *Typhon* them perſu'd:
When as the Gods concealing ſhapes indu'd.
Ioue turn'd himſelfe, ſhee ſaid, into a Bull:
Whence *Libyan Hammon* hath a horned ſcull.
Bacchus a Gote, *Apollo* was a Crowe,
Phœbe a Cat, *Ioue's* wife a Cow of ſnowe:
Venus a Fiſh, a Stork did *Hermes* hide:
And ſtill her voyce vnto her Harp apply'd.
Then call they vs. But, ours perhaps to heare,
Nor leaſure ſerues you, nor is't worth your eare.

Doubt not, ſaid *Pallas*, orderly repeat
Your long'd-for Verſe; and takes a ſhady ſeat.
Then ſhee; On one we did the task impoſe:
Calliope, with iuy crown'd, vp-roſe;
Who with her thumb firſt tun'd the quauering ſtrings,
And then this Ditty to the muſique ſings.
The gleab, with crooked plough, firſt *Ceres* rent;
Firſt gaue vs corne, a better nouriſhment;
Firſt Lawes preſcrib'd: all from her bountie ſprung.
By me, the Goddeſſe *Ceres* ſhall be ſung.
Would We could Verſes, worthy her, reherſe:
For ſhee is more then worthy of our Verſe.
Trinacria was on wicked *Typhon* throwne;
Who vnderneath the Ilands waight doth grone;
That durſt affect the Empire of the skyes:
Oft he attempteth, but in vaine, to riſe.
Auſonian Pelórus his right hand
Down waighs; *Pachyne* on the left doth ſtand;
His legs are vnder *Lilybæus* ſpred;
And *Ætna's* baſes charge his horrid head:
Where, lying on his back, his iawes expire
Thick clowds of duſt, and vomit flakes of fire.
Oft times he ſtruggles with his load belowe:
And Townes, and Mountaynes labours to ore-throwe.
Earth quakes therewith: the King of ſhadowes dreads,
For feare the ground ſhould ſplit aboue their heads,
And let-in Day t'affright the trembling Ghoſts.
For this, he from his ſilent Empire poſts,
Drawne by black horſes; tracing all the Round
Of rich *Sicilia*; but, no breaches found.
Him *Erycina* from her Mount ſuruay'd
(Now feareleſſe) and, her ſonne imbracing, ſaid.
My Armes, my ſtrength, my glorie; for my ſake,
O *Cupid*, thy all-conquering weapons take;
And fix thy winged arrowes in his hart,
Who rules the triple world's inferior part.
The Gods, euen *Ioue* himſelfe; the God of waues;
And who illuſtrates earth haue beene thy ſlaues.
Shall Hell be free? Thine, and thy mother's Sway
Inlarge, and make th'internall Powr's obay.
Yet we (ſuch is our patience!) are deſpis'd
In our owne heauen; and all our force vnpriz'd.

Seeſt

Seeſt thou not *Pallas*, and the Queen of Night,
Far-darting *Dian*; how my worth they ſlight?
And *Ceres* daughter will a Mayd abide,
If we permit; for ſhee affects their pride.
But, if thou fauour our ioynt Monarchy,
Thy Vncle to the Virgin-Goddeſſe tie.
Thus *Venus*. He his Quiuer doth vncloſe;
And one, out of a thouſand arrowes, choſe
At her arbitriment: a ſharper head
None had; more ready, or that ſurer ſped.
Then bends his Bowe: the ſtring t'his eare arriues,
And through the heart of *Dis* the arrow driues.
Not far remou'd from *Enna's* high-built wall,
A Lake there is, which men *Pergusa* call.
Cayſter's ſlowly-gliding waters beare
Far fewer ſinging Swans then are heard there.
Woods crown the Lake, and clothe it round about
With leauy veils, which *Phœbus* beames keep-out.
The trees create freſh ayr, th'Earth various flowres:
Where heat nor cold th'eternall Spring deuoures.
Whil'ſt in this groue *Proſerpina* diſports,
Or Violets pulls, or Lillyes of all ſorts;
And while ſhe ſtroue with childiſh care and ſpeed
To fill her lap, and others to exceed;
Dis ſaw, affected, carryed her away,
Almoſt at once. Loue could not brooke delay.
The ſad-fac't Goddeſſe cryes (with feare appall'd)
To her Companions; oft her Mother call'd.
And as ſhee tore th'adornment of her haire,
Down fell the flow'rs which in her lap ſhee bare.
And ſuch was her ſweet Youth's ſimplicitie,
That their loſſe alſo made the Virgin crie.
The Rauiſher flies on ſwift wheeles; his horſes
Excites by name, and their full ſpeed inforces:
Shaking for haſte the ruſt-obſcured raignes
Vpon their cole-black necks, and ſhaggy maines.
Through Lakes, through *Palicine*, which expires
A ſulphrous breath, through earth ingendring fires,
They paſſe to where *Corinthian Bacchides*
Their Citie built betweene vnequall Seas.
The Land 'twixt *Arethuſa* and *Cyane*
With ſtretcht-out hornes begirts th'included Sea.

Here *Cyane*, who gaue the Lake a name,
Amongſt *Sicilian* Nymphs of ſpeciall fame,
Her head aduanc't: who did the Goddeſſe knowe?
And boldly ſaid, You ſhall no farther goe;
Nor can you be vnwilling *Ceres* ſon:
What you compell, perſwaſion ſhould haue won.
If humble things I may compare with great;
Anapis lou'd me: yet did he intreat;
And me, not frighted thus, eſpous'd. This ſaid,
With out-ſtretcht armes his farther paſſage ſtaid.
His wrath no longer *Pluto* could reſtraine;
But giues his terror-ſtriking ſteeds the raigne;
And with his Regall mace, through the profound
And yeelding water, cleaues the ſolid ground:
The breath t'infernall *Tartarus* extends:
At whoſe darke iawes the Chariot deſcends.
But *Cyane* the Goddeſſe Rape laments;
And her owne iniur'd Spring; whoſe diſcontents
Admit no comfort: in her heart ſhee beares
Her ſilent ſorrow: now, reſolues to teares;
And with that Fountayne doth incorporate,
Whereof th'immortall Deitie but late.
Her ſoftned members thaw into a deaw:
Her nailes leſſe hard, her bones now limber grew.
The ſlendreſt parts firſt melt away: her haire,
Fine fingers, legs, and feet; that ſoone impaire,
And drop to ſtreames: then, arms, back, ſhoulders, ſide,
And boſom, into little Currents glide.
Water, in ſtead of blood, fils her pale veines:
And nothing now, that may be graſpt, remaines.
Mean-while, through all the earth, and all the Maine,
The fearfull Mother ſought her childe in vaine.
Not deawy-hayr'd *Aurora*, when ſhee roſe,
Nor *Heſperus*, could witneſſe her repoſe.
Two pitchy Pines at flaming *Ætna* lights;
And reſtleſſe, carries them through freezing Nights:
Againe, when Day the vanquiſht Starres ſuppreſt,
Her vaniſht comfort ſeeks from Eaſt to Weſt.
Thirſty with trauell, and no Fountayne nye,
A cottage thatcht with ſtraw, inuites her eye.
At th'humble gate ſhe knocks: An old wife ſhowes
Her ſelfe thereat; and ſeeing her, beſtowes

The

The water ſo deſir'd; which ſhee before
Had boyl'd with barly. Drinking at the doore,
A rude hard-fauour'd Boy beſide her ſtood,
Who laught, and cald her greedy-gut. Her blood
Inflam'd with anger, what remayn'd ſhee threw
Full in his face; which forthwith ſpeckled grew.
His armes conuert to legs; a taile withall
Spines from his changed ſhape: of body ſmall,
Leſt he might proue too great a foe to life:
Though leſſe, yet like a Lizard. th'aged wife
(That wonders, weeps, and feares to touch it) ſhuns,
And preſently into a creuiſe runs.
Fit to his colour they a name elect;
With ſundry little ſtars all-ouer ſpeckt.
What Lands, what Seas, the Goddeſſe wandred through
Were long to tell: Earth had not roome enough.
To *Sicil* ſhee returns: where ere ſhee goes,
Inquires; and came where *Cyane* now flowes.
Shee, had ſhee not beene changed, all had told;
Now, wants a tongue her knowledge to vnfold:
Yet, to the mother, of her daughter gaue
A ſure oſtent: who bore vpon a waue
Perſephone's rich zone; that from her fell,
When, through the ſacred Spring, ſhe ſunke to hell.
This ſeen, and knowne; as but then loſt, ſhee tare,
Without ſelfe-pitty, her diſ-ſheueled haire;
And with redoubled blowes her breſt inuades:
Nor knowes what Land t'accuſe, yet all vpbraids;
Ingrate, vnworthy with her gifts t'abound:
Trinacria chiefly; where the ſteps ſhee found
Of her misfortunes. Therefore there ſhee brake
The furrowing plough; the Oxe and owner ſtrake
Both with one death; then, bade the fields beguile
The truſt impos'd, ſhrunk ſeed corrupts. That ſoile,
So celebrated for fertilitie,
Now barren grew: corne in the blade doth die.
Now, too much drouth annoys; now, lodging ſhowres:
Stars ſmitch, winds blaſt. The greedy fowle deuoures
The new-ſowne graine: Kintare, and Darnell tire
The fetter'd Wheat; and weeds that through it ſpire.
In *Elean* waues *Alpheus* Loue appear'd;
And from her dropping haire her fore-head clear'd:

O Mother of that far-ſought Maid, thou friend
To life, ſaid ſhe; here let thy labour end:
Nor be offended with thy faithfull Land;
That blameleſſe is, nor could her Rape with-ſtand.
I, here a gueſt, not for my Country plead:
My Country *Piſa* is, in *Elis* bred;
And, as an Alien, in *Sicania* dwell:
But yet no Country pleaſeth me ſo well.
I, *Arethuſa*, now theſe Springs poſſeſſe:
This is my ſeat: which, courteous Goddeſſe, bleſſe.
Why I affect this place, t'*Ortygia* came
Through ſuch vaſt Seas; I ſhall impart the ſame
To your deſire; when you, more fit to heare,
Shall quit your care, and be of better cheare.
Earth giues me way: through whoſe darke cauerns roll'd,
I here aſcend; and vnknowne ſtars behold.
While vnder ground by *Styx* my waters glide,
Your ſweet *Proſerpina* I there eſpy'd.
Full ſad ſhee was: euen then you might haue ſeen
Feare in her face: and yet ſhee is a Queen;
And yet ſhee in that gloomy Empire ſwayes;
And yet her will th'infernall King obayes.
Stone-like ſtood *Ceres* at this heauy newes;
And, ſtaring, long continued in a muſe.
When griefe had quickned her ſtupiditie,
Shee tooke her Chariot, and aſcends the skie:
There, veiled all in clouds, with ſcattered haire,
Shee kneeles to *Iupiter*, and made this pray'r.
Both for my blood and thine, ô *Ioue*, I few:
If I be nothing gracious, yet do you
A Father to your Daughter proue; nor be
Your care the leſſe, becauſe ſhee ſprung from me.
Lo, ſhe at length is found, long ſought through all
The ſpacious World; if you a Finding call
What more the loſſe aſſures: but if, to know
Her being, be to Finde, I haue found her ſo.
And yet I would the iniurie remit,
So he the ſtolne reſtore: 'Twere moſt vnfit
That holy *Hymen* ſhould thy daughter ioyne
To ſuch a Thiefe; although ſhee were not mine.
Then *Ioue*: The pledge is mutuall, and theſe cares
To either equall: Yet this deede declares

Much

Much loue, miſ-called Wrong: nor ſhould we ſhame
Of ſuch a ſonne, could you but thinke the ſame.
All wants ſuppoſe, can he be leſſe then great,
And be *Ioue's* brother? What, when all compleat?
I, but preferr'd by lot? Or if you burne
In endleſſe ſpleen; Let *Proſerpine* returne:
On this condition, That ſhee yet haue ta'ne
No ſuſtenance: ſo Deſtinies ordayne.
To fetch her daughter, *Ceres* poſtes in haſte:
But, Fates with-ſtood: the Maid had broke her faſt.
For, wandring in the Ort-yard, ſimply ſhee
Pluckt a Pomegranet from the ſtooping Tree;
Thence took ſeuen grains & eats them one by one:
Obſerued by *Aſcalaphus* alone;
Whom *Acheron* on *Orphne* erſt begot
In pitchy Caues: a Dame of ſpeciall note
Amongſt th' *Auernal* Nymphs. This vtter'd, ſtayd
The ſighing Queene of *Erebus*; who made
The Blab a Bird: with waues of *Phlegeton*
His face beſprinkles; plume appeares thereon,
Crookt beake, and broader eyes: the ſhape he had
He loſt, forthwith in yellow feathers clad.
His head o're-ſiz'd, his long nailes talons proue;
His winged armes for lazineſſe ſcarce moue:
A filthy, euer ill-preſaging Fowle,
To Mortals ominous: a ſcreeching Owle.
Yet was the puniſhment no more then due
To his offence. But how offended you
Acheloides, that wings and clawes diſgrace
Your goodly formes, yet keepe your Virgin-face?
Was it, you *Sirens*, that your deathleſſe Powers
Were with the Goddeſſe when ſhe gatherd flowrs?
Whom when through all the Earth you ſought in vaine,
You wiſht for wings to ſwim vpon the Maine;
That pathleſſe Seas might teſtifie your care:
The eaſie Gods conſented to your pray'r.
Streight, golden feathers on your backs appeare:
But, leſt that muſick, fram'd to inchant the eare,
And ſo great gifts of ſpeech ſhould be profan'd;
Your Virgin-lookes, and humane voyce remayn'd.
But *Ioue*, his ſiſter's diſcontent to cheare,
Betweene her and her Brother parts the yeare.

The

The Goddeſſe now in either Empire ſwayes:
Six months with *Ceres*, ſix with *Pluto* ſtayes.
Proſerpina then chang'd her minde, and looke
(Late ſuch as ſullen *Dis* could hardly brooke)
And clear'd her browes; as *Sol*, obſcur'd in ſhrowds
Of exhalations, breaks through vanquiſht clowds.
Pleas'd *Ceres* now bade *Arethuſa* tell
Her cauſe of flight: and why a ſacred Well.
Th'obſequious waters left their murmuring:
The Goddeſſe then aboue the Cryſtall Spring
Her head aduanc't; and, wringing her green haires,
Shee thus *Alphæus* ancient loue declares.
I, of *Achaia* once a Nymph: none more
The chace affected, or t'intoyle the Bore.
By beautie though I neuer ſought for fame;
Though maſculine; of faire I bare the name.
Nor tooke I pleaſure in my prayſed face,
Which others valew as their only grace:
But, ſimple, was aſhamed to excell;
And thought it infamy to pleaſe too-well.
As from *Stymphalian* woods I made retreat
('Twas hot, and labour had increaſt the heat)
When well-nigh tyrd; a ſilent ſtreame I found,
All eddileſſe, perſpicuous to the ground:
Through which you euery pebble might haue ſeen;
And ran, as if it had no Riuer been.
The Poplar, and the hoary Willow, fed
By bordring ſtreames, their gratefull ſhadow ſpred.
In this coole Rivulet my foot I dipt;
And by and by into the middle skipt:
Where, while I ſwim, and labour to and fro
A thouſand wayes, with armes that ſwiftly row,
I from the bottom heard an vnknowne tongue;
And frighted, to the hither margent ſprung.
Whither ſo faſt, ô *Arethuſa*! twice
Out cry'd *Alphæus*, with a hollow voice.
Vnclothed as I was, I ran away
(For, on the other ſide my garments lay)
The faſter followed he, the more did burne;
Who naked, ſeem the readier for his turne.
As trembling Doues the eger Hawkes eſchew;
As eger Hawkes the trembling Doues perſew;

I

I fled, He followed. To *Orchomenus*,
Pſophis, *Cyllene*, high-brow'd *Manalaus*,
Cold *Erymanthus*, and to *Elis*, I
My flight maintayned; nor could he come nye:
But, far vnable to hold out ſo long;
He, patient of much labour, and more ſtrong.
And yet o're Plaines, o're woody hills I fled,
And craggy Rocks, where foot did neuer tread.
The Sunne was at our backs: before my feet
I ſaw his ſhadow; or my feare did ſee't.
How-ere his ſounding ſteps, and thick drawne breath
That fann'd my haire, affrighted me to death.
Starke tyr'd, I cry'd: Ah caught! help (ô forlorne!)
Diana helpe thy Squire, who oft haue borne
Thy Bowe and Quiuer! Mou'd at my requeſt,
With muffling clowds ſhee couer'd the diſtreſt.
The Riuer ſeeks me in that pitchy ſhrowd,
And ſearches round about the hollow clowd:
Twice came to where *Diana* me did hide;
And twice he *Iô Arethuſa* cry'd.
Then what a heart had I! the Lamb ſo feares
When howling Wolues about the Fold ſhe heares:
So heartleſſe Hare, when trayling Hounds draw nye
Her ſented Forme; nor dares to moue an eye.
Nor went he on, in that he could not trace
My further ſteps; but guards the clowd and place.
Cold ſweats my then-beſieged lims poſſeſt:
In thin thick-falling drops my ſtrength decreaſt.
Where-ere I ſtep, ſtreames run; my haire now fell
In trickling deaw; and, ſooner then I tell
My deſtinie, into a Flood I grew.
The Riuer his beloued waters knew;
And, putting off th'aſſumed ſhape of man,
Reſumes his owne; and in my Current ran.
Chaſte *Delia* cleft the ground. Then, through blind caues,
To lou'd *Ortygia* ſhe conducts my waues;
Affected for her name: where firſt I take
Reuiew of day. This, *Arethuſa* ſpake.
The fertill Goddeſſe to her Chariot chaines
Her yoked Dragons, checkt with ſtubborn raignes:
Her courſe, 'twixt heauen and earth, to *Athens* bends;
And to *Triptolemus* her Chariot ſends.

Part of the ſeed ſhee gaue, ſhe bade him throw
On vntill'd earth; part on the till'd to ſow.
O're *Europe*, and the *Aſian* ſoile conuay'd,
The Youth to *Scythia* turnes; where *Lyncus* ſway'd.
His Court he enters. Askt what way he came,
His cauſe of comming, Countrie, and his Name:
Triptolemus men call me, he reply'd;
And in renowmed *Athens* I reſide.
No ſhip through toyling Seas me hither bare;
Nor ouer-land came I; but through the ayre.
I bring you *Ceres* gift: which ſowne in fields,
Corn-bearing crops (a better feeding) yeelds.
The barbarous King enuies it: and, that he
The Author of ſo great a good might be;
Giues entertaynment: but, when ſleep oppreſt
His heauy eyes, with ſteele attempts his breſt.
Whom *Ceres* turn's t'a *Lynx*: and home-wards makes
The young *Mopſopian* driue her ſacred Snakes.
Our Chiefe concluded here her learned Layes.
The Nymphs, with one conſent, giue vs the Bayes:
The vanquiſht raile. To whom the Muſe: Since you
Eſteeme it nothing to deſerue the due
To your contention, but muſt adde foule words
To your ill deeds; nor this your pride affords
Our patience roome: we'll wreak it on your heads,
And tread the path which Indignation leads.
The *Pæons* laugh, and our ſharp threats deſpiſe.
About to ſcold, and with diſgracefull noyſe
To clap their hands; they ſaw the feathers ſprout
Beneath their nailes, and clothe their armes throughout:
Hard nebs in one another's faces ſpie;
And now, new birds, into the Forreſt flie.
Theſe ſyluan Scoulds, as they their armes prepare
To beat their boſoms; mount, and hang in ayre.
Who yet retayne their ancient eloquence;
Full of harſh chat, and prating without ſenſe.

OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS.
The ſixth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

PAllas, *an old-wife. Hautie thoughts o're-throw*
Hæmus *and* Rhodope; *who Mountaines grow.*
The Pigmy, *a Crane.* Antigone *becoms*
A Storke. A ſtatue Cyneras *intombs:*
His impious daughters, ſtones. In various ſhapes
The Gods commit adulteries and rapes.
Araehne, *a Spider.* Niobe *yet drownes*
Her marble cheekes in teares. Vnciuill Clownes
Are curſt to Frogs. From teares deare Marſyas *flowes.*
His inory ſhoulder new-made Pelops *ſhowes.*
Progne, *a Swallow; ſign'd with murders ſtaines.*
Sad Philomel *to ſecret might complaines.*
Rage to a Lapwing turnes th' Odryſian *king.*
Calais *and* Zetes *natiue feathers wing.*

THritonia to the Muſe attention lends:
Who both her Verſe, & iuſt reuenge commends.
Then ſaid t'her ſelfe: To praiſe is of no worth:
Let our reuenged Powre our praiſe ſet forth.
Intends *Arachnes* ruine. She, ſhe heard,
Before her curious webs, her owne preferd.
Nor dwelling, nor her nation fame impart
Vnto the Damſell, but excelling Art.
Deriu'd from *Colophonian Idmons* ſide;
Who thirſtie Wooll in *Phocian* purple dide.
Her mother (who had payd her debt to fate)
Was alſo meane, and equall to her mate.
Yet through the *Lydian* townes her praiſe was ſpred;
Though poore her birth, in poore *Hypæpa* bred.
The Nymphs of *Tmolus* oft their Vines forſooke;
The ſleeke *Pactolian* Nymphs their ſtreames; to looke
On her rare workes: nor more delight in viewing
The don (don with ſuch grace) then when adoing.

Whether ſhe orbe-like roule the ruder wooll;
Or, finely finger'd, the ſelected cull;
Or draw it into clowd-reſembling flakes;
Or equall twine with ſwift-turn'd ſpindle makes;
Or with her liuely-painting needle wrought:
You might perceiue ſhe was by *Pallas* taught.
Yet ſuch a Miſtreſſe her proud thoughts diſclame:
Let her with me contend; if foyld, no ſhame
(Said ſhe) nor puniſhment will I refuſe.
Pallas, forth-with, an old-wiues ſhape indues:
Her haire all white; her lims, appearing weake,
A ſtaffe ſupports: who thus began to ſpeake.
Old Age hath ſomthing which we need not ſhun:
Experience by long tract of time is won.
Scorne not aduice: with dames of humane race
Contend for fame, but giue a Goddeſſe place.
Craue pardon, and ſhe will thy crime remit.
With eyes confeſſing rage, and eye-brows knit,
(Her labour-leauing hands ſcarce held from ſtrokes)
She, masked *Pallas* with theſe words prouokes.
Old foole, that dot'ſt with age; to whom long-life
Is now a curſe: thy daughter, or ſons wife,
(If thou haſt either) taught be they by this:
My wiſdom, for my ſelfe, ſufficient is.
And leaſt thy counſell ſhould an intreſt clame
In my diuerſion, I abide the ſame.
Why comes ſhe not? why tryall thus delayes?
She comes, ſaid *Pallas*, and her ſelfe diſplayes.
Nymphs, and *Mygdonian* dames the Powre adore:
Onely the maid her ſelfe vndaunted bore:
And yet ſhe bluſht; againſt her will the red
Fluſht in her cheeks, and thence as ſwiftly fled.
Euen ſo the purple Morning paints the skyes:
And ſo they whiten at the Suns vpriſe.
Who now, as deſperately obſtinate,
Praiſe ill affecting, runs on her owne fate.
No more *Ioues* daughter labors to diſſwade;
No more refuſeth; nor the ſtrife delayde.
Both ſettle to their tasks apart: both ſpread
At once their warps, conſiſting of fine thred,
Ty'd to their beames: a reed the thred diuides,
Through which the quick-returning ſhuttle glides,

Shot

Shot by ſwift hands. The combs inſerted tooth
Betweene the warp ſuppreſt the riſing woofe:
Strife leſs'ning toyle. With skirts tuckt to their waſte,
Both moue their cunning armes with nimble haſte.
Here crimſon, dyde in *Tyrian* braſſe, they weaue:
The ſcarce diſtinguiſht ſhadowes ſight deceaue.
So watry clowds, ſhot by *Apollo*, ſhowe;
The vaſt ſky painted with a mightie Bowe:
Where, though a thouſand ſeuerall colours ſhine,
No eye their cloſe tranſition can define:
What touch, the ſame ſo neerely repreſents;
And by degrees, ſcarce ſenſible, diſſents.
Through-out imbelliſhed with ductil gold:
And both reuiu'd antiquities vnfold.
Pallas, in *Athens*, *Marſe's* Rock doth frame:
And that old ſtrife about the Cittyes name.
Twice ſix Cœleſtialls ſit inthron'd on hie,
Repleat with awe-infuſing grauitie:
Ioue in the midſt. The ſuted figures tooke
Their liuely formes: *Ioue* had a regall looke.
The Sea-god ſtood, and with his Trident ſtrake
The cleauing rock, from whence a fountayn brake:
Whereon he grounds his clame. With ſpeare and ſhield
Her ſelfe ſhe armes: her head a murrion ſteild:
Her breſt her *Ægis* guards. Her lance the ground
Appeares to ſtrike; and from that pregnant wound
The hoary oliue, chargd with fruit, aſcends.
The Gods admire: with victory ſhe ends.
Yet ſhe, to ſhow the Riuall of her prayſe
What hopes to cheriſh for ſuch bold aſſayes,
Add's foure contentions in the vtmoſt bounds
Of euery angle, wrought in little Rounds.
One, *Thracian Rhodope* and *Hæmus* ſhowes,
Now mountaines, topt with neuer-melting ſnowes,
Once humane bodyes: who durſt emulate
The bleſt Cœleſtialls both in ſtile and ſtate.
The next containes the miſerable doome
Of that *Pygmæan* matron, ouer-come
By *Iuno*; made a Crane, and forc't to iar
With her owne nation in perpetuall war.
A third preſents *Antigone*, who ſtroue
For vnmatcht beautie with the wife of *Ioue*.

Not

Not *Ilium*, nor *Laomedon* her ſire,
Preuail'd with violent *Saturnia's* ire.
Turnd to a Stork; who, with white pinions rais'd,
Is euer by her creaking bill ſelfe-prais'd.
In the laſt circle *Cynaras* was plac't;
Who, on the temples ſtaires, the formes imbrac't
Of his late daughters, by their pride o're-throwne:
And ſeemes himſelfe to be a weeping ſtone.
The web a wreathe of peacefull oliue bounds:
And her owne tree her work both ends and crownes.
Arachne weaues *Europa's* rape by *Ioue*:
The Bull appeares to liue, the Sea to moue.
Back to the ſhore ſhe caſts a heauy eye;
To her diſtracted damſels ſeemes to cry:
And from the ſprinkling waues, that skip to meete
With ſuch a burden, ſhrinks her trembling feete.
Aſteria there a ſtrugling Eagle preſt:
A Swan here ſpreds his wings o're *Leda's* breſt.
Ioue, Satyr-like, *Antiope* compels;
Whoſe fruitfull womb with double iſſue ſwels:
Amphitryo for *Alcmena's* loue became:
A ſhowre for *Danaë*; for *Ægina* flame:
For beautifull *Mnemoſyne* he takes
A paſtors forme; for *Deois* a ſnakes.
Thee alſo, *Neptune*, like a luſtfull Stere,
She makes the faire *Æolian* Virgin beare:
To get th' *Aloides* in *Enipe's* ſhape:
Now turn'd t'a Ram in ſad *Biſaltis* rape.
The gold-haird mother of life-ſtrengthning Seede,
The ſnake-hair'd mother of the winged Steede,
Found thee a Stalion: thee *Melantho* findes
A Delphin. She to euery forme aſſignes
Life-equald looks; to euery place their ſites.
Here *Phœbus* in a Heards-mans ſhape delights;
A Lyon's now; now falcons wings diſplayes:
Macarean Iſſa ſhepheard-like betrayes.
Liber, a grape, *Erigone* compreſt:
And *Saturne*, horſe-like, *Chiron* gets, halfe-beaſt.
A ſlender wreathe her finiſht web confines;
Flowres intermixt with claſping iuy twines.
Not *Pallas* this, not Enuy this reproues:
Her faire ſucceſſe the vext Virago moues;

Who

Who teares the web, with crimes cœleſtiall fraught:
With ſhuttle from *Cytorian* mountaines brought,
Arachne thrice vpon the fore-head hits.
Her great heart brooks it not. A cord ſhe knits
About her neck. Remorſefull *Pallas* ſtayd
Her falling waight: Liue wretch, yet hang, ſhe ſaid.
This curſe (leaſt after times thy pride ſecure)
Still to thy iſſue, and their race, indure.
Sprinkled with *Hecat's* banefull weeds, her haire
She forthwith ſheds: her noſe and eares impaire;
Her head growes little; her whole body ſo;
Her thighs and legs to ſpiny fingers grow:
The reſt all belly. Whence a thred ſhe ſends:
And now, a Spider, her old webs extends.
All *Lydia* ſtorms; the fame through *Phrygia* rung:
And gaue an argument to euery tongue.
Her, *Niobe* had knowne; when ſhe, a maid,
In *Sipylus*, and in *Mæonia* ſtaid.
Yet ſlights that home example: ſtill rebels
Againſt the Gods; and with proud language ſwels.
Many things ſweld her. Yet *Amphion's* towne,
Their high deſcents; nor glory of a crowne,
So pleas'd her (though ſhe pleas'd her ſelfe in all)
As her faire race. We *Niobe* might call
The happieſt mother that yet euer brought
Life vnto light; had not her ſelfe ſo thought.
Tireſian Manto, in preſages skild,
The ſtreets, inſpir'd by holy fury, fild
With theſe exhorts: *Iſmenides*, prepare
To great *Latona*, and her Twins, with prayer
Mix ſweet perfumes; your brows with Laurel bind:
By me *Latona* bids. The *Thebans* wind
About their temples the commaunded Bay:
And ſacred fires, with incenſe feeding, pray.
Behold, the Queene in height of ſtate appeares:
A *Phrygian* mantle, weau'd with gold, ſhe weares:
Her face, as much as rage would ſuffer, faire.
She ſtops; and ſhaking her diſheueled haire,
The godly troope with hauty eyes ſuruayes.
What madneſſe is it Here-ſay Gods (ſhe ſayes)
Before the ſeene Cœleſtialls to prefer?
Or while I Altars want, to worſhip her?

Mee

Me *Tantalus* begot, alowd to feaſt
In heauenly bowres; my mother not the leaſt
Pleiias; greateſt *Atlas* ſire to thoſe,
On whoſe high ſhoulders all the ſtars repoſe.
Ioue is my other Grandfather; and he
My father in law: a double grace to me.
Me *Phrygia*, *Cadmus* kingdomes me obay:
My husbands harp-rais'd walls we ioyntly ſway.
Through out my Court behold in euery place
Infinite riches! adde to this, a face
Worthy a Goddeſſe. Then, to crowne my ioyes,
Seuen beauteous daughters, and as many boyes:
All theſe by marriage to be multiply'd.
Say now, haue we not reaſon for our pride?
How dare you then *Latona*, *Cœus* birth,
Before me place? to whom the ample Earth
Deny'd a little ſpot t'vnlade her wombe?
Heauen, Earth, nor Seas, afford your Goddeſſe roome:
A Vagabond, till *Delos* harbor gaue.
Thou wandreſt on the land, I on the waue,
It ſaid; and graunted an vnſtable place.
She brought forth two; the ſeauenth part of my race:
Happy! who doubts? I happy will abide:
Or who doubts that? with plentie fortifi'd.
My ſtate too great for fortune to bereaue:
Though much ſhe rauiſh, ſhe much more muſt leaue.
My bleſſings are aboue low feare. Suppoſe
Some of my hopefull ſons this people loſe,
They cannot be redu'st to ſuch a few.
Off with your bayes; theſe idle Rites eſchew.
They put them off; the ſacrifice forbore:
And yet *Latona* ſilently adore.
As far as free from barrenneſſe, ſo much
Diſdaine and griefe th'inraged Goddeſſe touch.
Who on the top of *Cynthus* thus begins
To vent her paſſion to her ſacred Twins.
Lo I, your mother, proud in you alone;
(Excepting *Iuno*, ſecond vnto none)
Am queſtion'd if a Goddeſſe: and muſt looſe,
If you aſſiſt not, all religious dews.
Nor is this all: that curſt *Tantalian* Seede
Ads foule reproches to her impious deede.

She

She dares her children before you prefer;
And calls me childleſſe: may it light on her!
Whoſe wicked words her fathers tongue declare.
About to ſecond her report with praier;
Peace, *Phœbus* ſaid, complaint too long delayes
Conceau'd reuenge: the ſame vext *Phœbe* ſayes.
Then ſwiftly through the yeilding ayre they glide
To *Cadmus* towres; whom thickned vapors hide.
A ſpacious plaine before the citty lies,
Made duſty with the daily exerciſe
Of trampling hooues; by ſtrife-full chariots trackt.
Part of *Amphions* actiue ſons here backt
High-bounding ſteeds; whoſe rich capariſon
With ſcarlet bluſht, with gold their bridles ſhone.
Iſmenus loe, her pregnant wombs firſt ſpring,
As with his ready horſe he beats a Ring,
And checks his fomy iawes; ay me! he cryes;
While through his groning breſt an arrow flyes:
His bridle ſlackning with his dying force,
He leaſurely ſinks ſide-long from his horſe.
Next, *Siphilus* from claſhing quiuer flies
With ſlackned raignes: as when a Pilot ſpies
A growing ſtorme; and, leaſt the gentle gaile
Should ſcape beſides him, claps on all his ſaile.
His haſte th'vneuitable bowe o're-took,
And through his throte the deadly arrow ſtrook.
Who, by the horſes mane and ſpeedy thighes
Drops headlong, and the earth in purple dies.
Now *Phœdimus*; and *Tantalus*, the heire
T'his Grand-ſires name; that labour done, prepare
To wraſtle. Whilſt with oyled lims they preſt
Each others power, cloſe graſping breſt to breſt;
A ſhaft, which from th'impulſiue bow-ſtring flew,
Them, in that ſad Coniunction ioyntly ſlew.
Both grone at once, at once their bodyes bend
With bitter pangs, at once to earth deſcend:
Their rowling eyes together ſet in death;
Together they expire their parting breath.
In ruſht *Alphenor* (bleeding in their harmes)
And raiſd their heatleſſe corſes in his armes:
But in that pious dutie fell. The threds
Of life, his ſiuers, wrathfull *Delius* threds.

Part of his lungs claue to th'extracted head:
And with his blood his troubled ſpirit fled.
But vnſhorne *Damaſichthon* ſlaughtred lies
Not by a ſingle wound: ſhot where the thighes
Knit with the ham-ſtrings in the knotty ioynt.
Striuing from thence to tug the fatall poynt,
An other in his neck the wings imbrew'd.
Thick-guſhing blood th'iected ſhaft perſew'd:
Which ſpinning vpward cleft the paſſiue ayre.
Laſt *Ilioneus*, with ſucceſleſſe prayer,
His hands vp-heaues: You Gods in generall
Said he (and ignorantly pray'd to all)
O pitty me! The Archer had remorce;
But now irreuocable was that force:
And yet his life a little wound diſpatcht,
His heart but onely with the arrow ſcratcht.
Ill newes, the peoples griefe, her houſholds teares
Preſent their ruine to their mothers eares:
Who wonders how the Gods their liues durſt touch;
And ſwels with anger that their powre was ſuch.
For ſad *Amphion*, wounding his owne breaſt,
Had now his ſorrow, with his ſoule, releaſt.
How different is this *Niobe* from that!
Who ſcorn'd *Latona's* ſacrifice of late,
And proudly pac't the ſtreets; enui'd by thoſe
That were her friends; now pitied by her foes!
Frantick, on their cold corſes ſhe doth fall,
And her laſt kiſſes diſtributes to all.
From whom, to heauen erecting her blew armes:
Cruell *Latona*, feaſt thee with our harmes:
Feaſt, feaſt, ſhe ſayd, thy ſaluage ſtomack cloy;
Cloy thy wilde rage, and in our ſorrow ioy:
Seauen times, vpon ſeauen Herſes borne, I dy.
Triumph, triumph, victorious foe. But why?
Thus happy, hapleſſe I haue not ſo few:
Who, after all theſe funerals, ſubdew.
This ſaid, the bow-ſtring twangs. Pale terror chils
All hearts ſaue *Niobes*; obdur'd by ills.
The ſiſters, in long ſtoles of black array'd,
About their herſes ſtood, with haire diſplay'd.
One drawes an arrow from her brothers ſide;
And ioyning her pale lips to his, ſo dide.

An

An other ſtriuing to aſſwage the woes
That rackt her mother, forth-with ſpeechleſſe growes:
And doubling with the wound, which inly bled,
Shuts her fixt teeth; the ſoule already fled.
This, flying falls: that, her dead ſiſter makes
Her bed of death: this, hides her ſelfe: that quakes.
Six ſlaine by various wounds; to ſhield the laſt,
Her mother, ouer her, her body caſt.
This one, ſhe cryes, and that the leaſt, ô ſaue!
The leaſt of many, and but one, I craue!
Whilſt thus ſhe ſues, the ſu'd for *Delia* hits.
She, by her huſband, ſons, and daughters, ſits
A childleſſe widdow; waxing ſtiffe with woes.
The winde wags not one haire; the ruddy roſe
Forſakes her cheeke: in her declining head
Her eye-balls fix: through-out appearing dead.
Her tongue, and pallat rob'd of inward heat
At once congeale: her pulſe forbeares to beat:
Her neck wants power to turne, her feet to goe,
Her armes to moue: her very bowels grow
Into a ſtone. She yet retaines her teares.
Whom ſtraight a hurle-wind to her Country beares;
And fixes on the ſummit of a hill,
Now from that mourning marble teares diſtill.
Th'exemplary reuenge ſtruck all with feare:
Who offerings to *Latona's* altars beare
With doubled zeale. When, one as oft befalls,
By preſent accidents the paſt recalls.
In fruitfull *Lycia* once, ſaid he, there dwelt
A ſort of Peſants, who her vengeance felt.
'Twas of no note, in that the men were baſe:
Yet wonderfull. I ſaw the poole, and place,
Sign'd with the prodigie. My father, ſpent
Almoſt with age, ill brooking trauell, ſent
Me thither for choice Steeres: and for my guide
A natiue gaue. Thoſe paſtures ſearcht, we ſpy'd
An antient Altar, black with cinders, plac't
Amidſt a Lake, with ſhiuering reeds imbrac't.
O fauour me! he, ſoftly murmuring, ſaid:
O fauour me! I, ſoftly murmuring, praid:
Then askt, if Nymph, or Faune therein reſide,
Or rurall God. The ſtranger thus reply'd.

O youth, no mountaine Powres this alter hold:
She calls it hers, to whom *Ioues* wife, of old,
Earth interdicted: till that floting Ile,
Waue-wandring *Delos*, finisht her exile.
Where, coucht on palmes and olives, she in spight
Of fretfull *Iuno*, brought her Twins to light.
Thence also, frighted from her painfull bed,
With her two infant Deities she fled.
Now in *Chimæra*-breeding *Lycia* (fir'd
By burning beames) and with long trauell tyr'd,
Heat-raised thirst the Goddesse sore oppresst:
By their exhausting of her milk increast.
By fortune, in a dale, with longing eyes
A Lake of shallow water she descries:
Where Clownes were then a gathering picked weeds,
With shrubby osiers, and plash-louing reeds.
Approcht; *Titania* kneeles vpon the brink:
And of the cooling liquor stoops to drink.
The Clownes withstood. Why hinder you, said she,
The vse of water, that to all is free?
The Sun, aire, water, Nature did not frame
Peculiar; a publick gift I clame.
Yet humbly I intreat it: not to drench
My weary lims, but killing thirst to quench.
My tongue wants moysture, and my iawes are drie:
Scarce is there way for speech. For drink I die.
Water to me were Nectar. If I liue,
'Tis by your fauour: life with water giue.
Pitty these babes: for pitty they aduance
Their little armes! their armes they stretcht by chance.
With whom would not such gentle words preuaile?
But they, perseuering to prohibit, raile;
The place with threats command her to forsake.
Then with their hands and feet disturbe the lake:
And leaping with malicious motion, moue
The troubled mud; which rising, flotes aboue.
Rage quencht her thirst: no more *Latona* sues
To such base slaues: but Goddesse-like doth vse
Her dreadfull tongue; which thus their fates imply'd:
May you for euer in this lake reside!
Her wish succeeds. In loued lakes they striue;
Now sprawle aboue, now vnder water diue;

Oft

Oft hop vpon the banke, as oft againe
Back to the water: nor can yet reſtraine
Their brawling tongues; but ſetting ſhame aſide,
Though hid in water, vnder water chide.
Their voyces ſtill are hoarce: the breath they fetch
Swels their wide throtes; their iawes with railing ſtretch:
Their heads their ſhoulders touch; no neck betweene,
As intercepted. All the back is greene:
Their bellies (euery part o're-ſizing) white.
Who now, new Frogs, in ſlimy pooles delight.
Thus much, I know not by what *Lycian*, ſaid:
An other mention of a Satyre made,
By *Phœbus*, with *Tritons's* reede, o're-come:
Who for preſuming felt a heauy doome.
Why doe you (oh!) me from my ſelfe diſtract?
(Oh!) I repent, he cry'd: Alas! this fact
Deſerues not ſuch a vengeance! Whilſt he cry'd;
Apollo from his body ſtript his hide.
His body was one wound, blood euery way
Streames from all parts: his ſinewes naked lay.
His bare veines pant: his heart you might behold;
And all the fiuers in his breſt haue told.
For him the Faunes, that in the forreſts keepe;
For him the Nymphs, and german Satyres weepe:
His end, *Olympus* (famous then) bewailes;
With all the ſhepheards of thoſe hills and dales.
The pregnant Earth conceiueth with their teares;
Which in her penetrated womb ſhe beares,
Till big with waters: then diſcharg'd her fraught.
This pureſt *Phrygian* Streame a way out ſought
By down-falls, till to toyling ſeas he came:
Now called *Marſyas* of the Satyres name.
The Vulgar, theſe examples told, returne
Vnto the preſent: for *Amphion* mourne,
And his poore iſſue. All the mother hate.
Pelops alone laments his ſiſters fate.
While with torne garments he preſents his woes,
The iuory peece on his left ſhoulder ſhowes.
This fleſhy was, and coloured like the right.
Slaine by his ſire, the Gods his lims vnite:
His ſcattered parts all found; ſaue that alone
Which interpos'd the neck and ſhoulder bone.

They

They then with iuory ſupply'd th'vnfound:
And thus reſtored *Pelops* was made ſound.
The neighboring princes meet: the Cities neare
Intreat their kings the deſolate to cheare.
Pelops Mycenæ, Sparta, th' *Argiue* State;
And *Calydon*, not yet in *Dian's* hate;
Fertill *Orchomenos*; *Corinthus*, fam'd
For high-priz'd braſſe; *Meſſene*, neuer tam'd;
Cleonæ; *Patræ*; *Pylos*, *Nelius* crowne;
And *Trœzen*, not then knowne for *Pittheus* towne;
With all that two-ſead *Iſthmos* Streights include:
And all without, by two-ſea'd *Iſthmos* view'd.
Athens alone (who would beleeu't?) with-held:
Thee, from that ciuill office, war compeld.
Th'inhabitants about the *Pontick* coaſt
Had then beſieg'd thee with a barbarous hoaſt:
Whom *Thracian Tereus*, with his Aids, o'rethrew;
And by that victorie renowned grew.
Potent in wealth, and people; from the loynes
Of *Mars* deriu'd: *Pandion Progne* ioynes
To him in marriage. This, nor *Iuno* bleſt;
Nor *Hymen*, nor the Graces grac't that feaſt.
Eumenides the nuptiall tapers light
At funerall fires; and made the bed that Night.
Th'ill-boading Owle vpon the roofe was ſet.
Progne and *Tereus* with theſe omens met:
Thus parents grew. The *Thracians* yet reioyce;
And thanke the Gods with harmonie of voyce.
The marriage day, and that of *Itys* birth,
They conſecrate to vniuerſall mirth.
So lyes the good vnſeene. By this the Sun,
Conducting Time, had through fiue Autumns run:
When flattering *Progne* thus allures her Lord.
If I haue any grace with thee, afford
This fauour, that I may my ſiſter ſee:
Send mee to her, or bring thou her to me.
Promiſe my father that with ſwifteſt ſpeede
She ſhall returne. If this attempt ſucceede,
The ſumme of all my wiſhes I obtaine.
He bids them lanch his ſhips into the maine:
Then makes th' *Athenian* port with ſailes and ores;
And lands vpon the wiſht *Pyræan* ſhores.

Brought

Brought to *Pandion's* preſence, they ſalute.
The King with bad preſage begins his ſute.
For loe, as he his wifes command recites,
And for her quick returne his promiſe plights,
Comes *Philomela*; clad in rich array;
More rich in beauty. So they vſe to ſay
The ſtately *Naiades*, and *Dryad's* goe
In Syluan ſhades; were they apparrel'd ſo.
This ſight in *Tereus* ſuch a burning breeds,
As when we fire a heape of hoary reeds;
Or catching flames to Sun-dry'd ſtubble thruſt.
Her face was excellent: but in-bred luſt
Inrag'd his blood; to which thoſe Climes are prone:
Stung by his countries fury, and his owne.
He ſtreight intends her women to intice,
And bribe her Nurſe to proſecute his vice;
Her ſelfe to tempt with gifts; his crowne to ſpend:
Or rauiſh, and by warre his rape defend.
What dares he not, thruſt on by wilde deſire?
Nor can his breſt containe ſo great a fire.
Rackt with delay, he *Progne's* ſute renewes:
And for himſelfe in that pretention ſues.
Loue made him eloquent. As oft as he
Exceeded, he would ſay, Thus charged ſhe.
And mouing teares (as ſhe had ſent them) ſheds.
O Gods! how dark a blindneſſe ouer-ſpreds
The ſoules of men! whilſt to his ſin he climes,
They think him good; & praiſe him for his crimes.
Euen *Philomela* wiſht it! with ſoft armes
She hugs her father, and with winning charmes
Of her liues ſafety, her deſtruction preſt:
While *Tereus* by beholding pre-poſſeſt.
Her kiſſes and imbraces heat his blood:
And all afford his fire and fury food.
And wiſht, as oft as ſhe her ſire imbrac't.
He were her ſire: nor would haue been more chaſt.
He, by their importunities is wrought.
She, ouer-ioy'd, her father thanks: and thought
Her ſelfe and ſiſter in that fortunate,
Which drew on both a lamentable fate.
The labour of the Day now neere an end,
From ſteep *Olympus Phœbus* Steeds deſcend.

The

The boards are princely ſeru'd: *Lyæus* flowes
In burniſht gold. Then take their ſoft repoſe.
And yet th'*Odryſian* King, though parted, fries:
Her face and graces euer in his eyes.
Who parts vnſeene vnto his fancy faines;
And feeds his fires: Sleep flies his troubled braines.
Day vp: *Pandion* his departing ſon
Wrings by the hand; and weeping, thus begun.
Deare Son, ſince Pietie this dew requires;
With her, receaue both your and their deſires.
By faith, aliance, by the Gods aboue,
I charge you guard her with a fathers loue:
And ſuddenly ſend back (for all delay
To me is death) my ages onely ſtay.
And Daughter ('tis enough thy ſiſter's gone)
For pitty leaue me not too long alone.
As he impos'd this charge, he kiſt with-all:
And drops of teares at euery accent fall.
The pledges then of promis'd faith demands
(Which mutually they giue) their plighted hands.
To *Progne*, and her little boy, ſaid he,
My loue remember, and ſalute from me.
Scarce could he bid farewell: ſobs ſo ingage
His troubled ſpeech; who dreads his ſoules preſage.
As ſoone as ſhipt; as ſoone as actiue ores
Had mou'd the ſurges, and remou'd the ſhores;
She's ours! with me my wiſh I beare! he cryes.
Exults; and barbarous, ſcarce defers his ioyes:
His eyes faſt fixt. As when *Ioues* eagle beares
A Hare t'her ayery, truſt in rapefull feares:
And to the trembling priſoner leaues no way
For hoped flight; but ſtill beholds her pray.
The Voyage made; on his owne land he treads:
And to a Lodge *Pandions* daughter leads;
Obſcur'd with woods: pale, trembling, full of feares;
And for her ſiſter asking now with teares.
There mues her vp; his foule intent makes knowne:
Inforc't her; a weake virgin, and but one.
Helpe father! ſiſter helpe! in her diſtreſſe
She cries; and on the Gods, with like ſucceſſe.
She trembles like a lambe, ſnatcht from the phangs
Of ſome fell wolfe; that dreads her former pangs:

Or as a doue, who on her gorget beares
Her bloods freſh ſtaines, and late-felt talents feares.
Reſtor'd vnto her mind, her rufled haire,
As at a wofull funerall ſhe tare;
Her armes with her owne fury bloody made:
Who, wringing her vp-heaued hands, thus ſaid.
O monſter! barbarous in thy horrid luſt!
Trecherous Tyrant! whom my fathers truſt,
Impos'd with holy teares; my ſiſters loue;
My virgin ſtate; nor nuptiall ties, could moue!
O what a wild confuſion haſt thou bred!
I, an adultereſſe to my ſiſters bed;
Thou, husband to vs both; to me a foe;
To all a puniſhment; and iuſtly ſo.
Why mak'ſt thou not thy villanies compleat;
By forcing life from her abhorred ſeat?
O would thou hadſt, e're I my honour loſt!
Then had I parted with a ſpotleſſe ghoſt.
Yet, if the Gods haue eyes; if their Powers be
Of any powre; nor all decay with me;
Thou ſhalt not ſcape due vengeance. Senſe of ſhame
I will abandon; and thy crime proclaime:
To men, if free; if not, my voice ſhall break
Through theſe thick walls; and teach the woods to ſpeake:
Hard rockes reſolue to ruth. Let heauen this heare;
And Heauen-thron'd Gods: if there be any there!
Theſe words the ſaluage Tyrant moues to wroth:
Nor leſſe his feare: alike prouok't by both.
Who drawes his ſword: his cruell hands he winds
In her looſe haire: her armes behind her binds.
Her throte glad *Philomela* ready made:
Conceiuing hope of death from his drawne blade.
Whilſt ſhe reuiles, inuokes her father; ſought
To vent her ſpleene; her tongue in pincers caught,
His ſword deuideth from the panting root:
Which, trembling, murmurs curſes at his foot.
And as a ſerpents taile, diſſeuer'd, skips:
Euen ſo her tongue: and dying ſought her lips.
After this fact (if we may Rumor truſt)
He oft abus'd her body with his luſt.
Yet home to *Progne*, in the end, retires:
Who for her ſiſter haſtily inquires.

He funeralls belyes, with fained griefe:
And by inſtructed teares begets beliefe.
Progne her royall ornaments reiects;
And puts on black: an emptie tombe erects;
To her imagind Ghoſt oblations burnes:
Her ſiſters fate, not as ſhe ſhould, ſhe mournes.
Now through twelue Signes the Yeare his period drew.
What ſhould diſtreſſed *Philomela* doe?
A guard reſtraind her flight; the walls were ſtrong;
Her mouth had loſt the index of her tongue.
The wit that miſerie begets is great:
Great ſorrow addes a quickneſſe to conceit.
A woofe vpon a *Thracian* loome ſhe ſpreds;
And inter-weaues the white with crimſon threds;
That character her wrong. The cloſely wrought,
As cloſely to a ſeruant gaue; beſought
To beare it to her Miſtreſſe: who preſents
The Queene therewith; not knowing the contents.
The wife to that dire Tyrant this vnfolds:
And in a wofull verſe her ſtate beholds.
She held her peace: 'twas ſtrange! griefe ſtruck her mute.
No language could with ſuch a paſſion ſute.
Nor had ſhe time to weepe. Right, wrong, were mixt
In her fell thoughts: her ſoule on vengeance fixt.
It was that time; when, in a wilde diſguiſe,
Sithonian matrons vſe to ſolemniſe
Lyæus three-yeares Feaſt. Night ſpreds her wings:
By night high *Rhodope* with timbrels rings.
By night th'impatient Queene a iauelin takes,
And now a Bacchanal, the Court forſakes.
Vines ſhade her browes: the rough hide of a Deare
Shogs at her ſide: her ſhoulder bare a ſpeare.
Hurried through woods, with her attendant frocs,
Terrible *Progne*, frantick with her woes,
Thy milder fury, *Bacchus*, counterfets.
At length vnto the deſart cottage gets:
Howles; *Euohe*, cries: breakes ope the doores, and tooke
Her ſiſter thence: with iuy hides her looke:
In habit of a Bacchanal arrayd:
And to her citie the amaz'd conuayd.
That hated roofe when *Philomela* knew;
The poore ſoule ſhooke; her viſage bloodleſſe grew.

Progne

Progne with-drawes; the ſacred weeds vnlos'd;
Her wofull ſiſters baſhfull face diſclos'd:
Falls on her neck. The other durſt not raiſe
Her downe-caſt eyes: her ſiſters wrong ſuruayes
In her diſhonour. As ſhe ſtroue t'haue ſworne
With vp-raiſd lookes; and call the Gods t'haue borne
Her pure thoughts witneſſe, how ſhe was compeld
To that loth'd fact; ſhe hands, for ſpeech, vpheld.
Sterne *Progne* broiles; her boſome hardly beares
So vaſt a rage: who chides her ſiſters teares.
No teares, ſaid ſhe, our loſt condition needs:
But ſteele; or if thou haſt what ſteele exceeds.
I, for all horrid practices, am fit:
To wrap this roofe in flame, and him in it:
His eyes, his tongue, or what did thee inforce,
T'extirp; or with a thouſand wounds, diuorce
His guiltie ſoule. The deed I intend, is great:
But what, as yet, I know not. In this heat
Came *Itys* in, and taught her what to doe.
Beheld with cruell eyes; Ah, how I view
In thee, ſaid ſhe, thy father! and began
Her tragick Scene: with ſilent anger wan.
But when her ſonne ſaluted her, and clung
Vnto her neck; mixt kiſſes, as he hung,
With childiſh blandiſhments; her high-wrought blood
Began to calme, and rage diſtracted ſtood.
Teares trickl'd from her eyes by ſtrong conſtraint.
But when ſhe found her reſolution faint
With too much pittie; her ſad ſiſter viewes,
And ſaid, while both, her eyes by turnes peruſe.
Why flatters he? why tongueleſſe weepes the other?
Why ſiſter calls not ſhe, whom he calls mother?
Degenerate! thinke whoſe daughter; to whom wed:
All pietie is ſinne to *Tereus* bed.
Then *Itys* trailes: as when by *Ganges* floods
A Tigreſſe drags a Fawne through ſilent woods.
Retiring to the moſt ſequeſtred roome:
While he, with hands vp-heau'd, fore-ſees his doome,
Clings to her boſom; mother! mother! cry'd;
She ſtabs him: nor once turn'd her face aſide.
His throte was cut by *Philomela's* knife:
Although one wound ſuffiz'd to vanquiſh life.

His yet quick lims, ere all his ſoule could paſſe,
She peece-meale teares. Some boyle in hollow braſſe,
Some hiſſe on ſpits. The pauements bluſht with blood.
Progne inuites her husband to this food:
And faines her Countries Rite; which would afford
No attendant, nor companion, but her Lord.
Now *Tereus*, mounted on his Grand-ſires throne,
With his ſons carued entrailes ſtuffes his owne:
And bids her (ſo Soule-blinded!) call his boy.
Progne could not diſguiſe her cruell ioy:
In full fruition of her horrid ire,
Thou haſt, ſaid ſhe, within thee thy deſire.
He lookes about: asks where. And while againe
He asks, and calls: all bloody with the ſlaine,
Forth, like a Fury, *Philomela* flew;
And at his face the head of *Itys* threw.
Nor euer more then now deſir'd a tongue;
T'expreſſe the ioy of her reuenged wrong.
He, with lowd out-cryes, doth the boord repell;
And cites the Furies from the depth of hell.
Now from his riſing ſtomack ſtriues to caſt
Th'abhorred food: now weeps, with griefe agaſt:
And calls himſelfe his ſons vnhappy tombe.
Then drawes his ſword; and through the guilty roome
Perſues the Siſters; who appeare with wings
To cut the ayre: and ſo they did. One ſings
In woods; the other neare the houſe remaines:
And on her breſt yet beares her murders ſtaines.
He, ſwift with griefe and fury, in that ſpace
His perſon chang'd. Long tufts of feathers grace
His ſhining crowne; his ſword a bill became;
His face all arm'd: whom we a Lapwing name.
This killing newes, ere halfe his age was ſpent,
Pandion to th'infernall Shadowes ſent.
Erichtheus his throne and ſcepter held:
Who, both in iuſtice, and bold armes exceld.
To him his wife foure ſons, all hopefull, bare:
As many daughters: two, ſurpaſſing faire.
Thee, *Cephalus*, thy *Procris* happy made:
But *Thrace* and *Tereus*, *Boreas* nuptiall ſtayd.
The God belou'd *Orithya* wanted long;
While he put off his powre, to vſe his tongue.

His

His ſute reiected; horridly inclin'd
To anger (too familiar with that Wind.)
I iuſtly ſuffer this indignity:
For why ſaid he, haue I my armes laid by?
Strength, violence, high rage, and awfull threats.
'Tis my diſhonour to haue vs'd intreats.
Force me befits. With this, thick clouds I driue;
Toſſe the blew billowes, knotty Okes vp-riue;
Congeale ſoft ſnow, and beat the earth with haile.
When I my brethren in the ayre aſſaile,
(For that's our field) we meet with ſuch a ſhock,
That thundring skyes with our incounters rock,
And clowd-ſtruck lightning flaſhes from on high.
When through the crannies of the earth I flye,
And force her in her hollow caues, I make
The Ghoſts to tremble, and the ground to quake.
Thus ſhould I haue wood; with theſe my match haue made:
Erichtheus ſhould haue been compeld, not pray'd.
Thus *Boreas* chafes; or no leſſe ſtorming, ſhooke
His horrid wings; whoſe ayery motion ſtrooke
The earth with blaſts, and made the Ocean rore.
Trayling his dusky mantle on the flore,
He hid himſelfe in clouds of duſt, and caught
Belou'd *Orithya*, with her feare diſtraught.
Flying, his agitated fires increaſt:
Nor of his ayery race the raignes ſuppreſt
Till to the walled *Cicones* he came.
Two goodly Twins th'eſpous'd *Athenian* Dame
Gaue to the Icie author of her rape:
Who had their fathers wings and mothers ſhape.
Yet not ſo borne. Before their faces bare
The manly enſignes of their yellow haire,
Calais and *Zetes* both vnplumed were.
But as the downe did on their chins appeare;
So, foule-like, from their ſides ſoft feathers bud.
When youth to action had inflam'd their blood;
In the firſt veſſell, with the flowre of *Greece*,
Through vnknowne ſeas, they ſought the Golden Fleece.

OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS.

The ſeuenth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

MEn, Dragons teeth produce. Wing'd Snakes their yeares
By odors caſt. A ſeire branch Olives beares.
Drops ſprout to Flowres. Old Æſon young became.
So Libers *Nurſes. An old Sheepe a Lambe.*
Cerambus *flies. A Snake, a ſnake-like Stone.*
An Oxe, a Stag. Sad Mera *barks vnknowne.*
Hornes front the Coän *dames. The* Telchines
All change. A Done-turn'd Maid. The hard to pleaſe,
Becomes a Swan. His mother Hyrie *weepes*
Into a Lake. High-mounting Combe *keepes*
Her ſon-ſought Life. A King and Queene eſtrang'd
To flightfull Foule. Cephiſus *Nephew changd*
Into a Seale. Eumélus *daughter flies,*
Through traceleſſe regions. Men from Muſhrumps riſe,
Phinius *and* Periphas *light wings aſſume.*
So Polyphemons *neece. From* Cerberus *ſpume*
Springs Aconite. Inſt Earth a grane denies
To Scyrons *bones; which now in rocks ariſe.*
Arne, *a Chough. Stout* Myrmidons *are borne*
Of toyling Ants. The late reiected Morne
Masks Cephalus. *The Dog, that did perſue,*
And Beaſt perſu'de; two marble Statues grew.

WIth *Pagaſæan* keele the *Minyæ* plow
The curling waues: and *Phineus* ſee; who now
In endleſſe night his needy age conſumes.
The youthfull ſons of *Boreas*, raiſd with plumes,
Thoſe greedy *Harpyes*, with the virgin face,
Far-off from his polluted table chace.
They, vnder *Iaſon*, hauing ſuffer'd much;
At length the banks of ſlimy *Phaſis* touch.
Now *Phryxus* fleece the hardy *Minyæ* aske:
And from the King receiue a dreadfull taske.
Meane-while *Æëtias* fries in ſecret fires:
Who ſtrugling long with ouer ſtrong deſires,

When

When reaſon could not ſuch a rage reſtraine;
She ſaid: *Medea*, thou reſiſts in vaine.
Some God, vnknowne, with-ſtands. What will this proue!
Or is it ſuch as others fancie, loue?
Why ſeeme the Kings commands ſo too ſeuere?
And ſo, in truth they be. Why ſhould I feare
A ſtrangers ruine, neuer ſeene before?
Whence ſpring theſe cares? Why feare I more and more?
Theſe furies from thy virgin breſt repell,
Wretch, if thou canſt. Could I, I ſhould be well.
A new-felt force my ſtriuing powres inuades:
Affection this, diſcretion that, perſwades.
I ſee the better, I approue it too:
The worſe I follow. Why ſhouldſt thou perſue
A husband of an other world; that art
Of royall birth? Our country may impart
A choice as worthy. If this forrein mate;
Or liue, or dye; 'tis in the hands of fate.
Yet, may he liue! I ſuch a ſute might moue
To equall Gods, although I did not loue.
For what hath *Iaſon* done? his hopefull Youth
Would moue all hearts, that were not hard, to ruth;
His birth, his valour. Set all theſe apart;
His perſon would: I am ſure it moues my heart.
Yet ſhould not I aſſiſt, the flaming breath
Of Bulls would blaſt him; or, aſſaults of death
Spring vp in armes from *Tellus* hoſtill womb:
Or elſe the greedie *Dragon* proues his tomb.
This ſuffer, and thou haſt a heart of ſtone;
Borne of a Tygreſſe, and more ſauage growne.
Yet why ſtand I not by? behold him ſlaine?
And with that ſpectacle my eyes profane?
Adde fury to the Bulls? to th'Earth-borne ire?
And ſleepleſſe Dragon with more ſpleene inſpire?
The Gods forbid! yet rather helpe, then pray.
My fathers kingdome ſhall I then betray?
And ſaue this fellow, whom I hardly know,
That ſau'd by me, he ſhould without me goe,
Marry an other, and leaue me behind
To puniſhment? could he proue ſo vnkind,
Or for an other my deſerts neglect;
Then ſhould he dye. Such is not his aſpect;

The clearneſſe of his mind; his euery grace;
To feare deceit, or cenſure him ſo baſe.
Beſides, before hand he ſhall plight his troth:
And bind the contract by a ſolemne oath.
What need thou doubt? goe on; delay decline:
Obliged *Iaſon* will be euer thine.
Hymen ſhall crowne, and mothers celebrate
Their ſons Protectreſſe through th'*Achaian* State.
My ſiſter, brother, father, country, Gods,
Shall I abandon for vnknowne abodes?
Auſtere my father, barbarous my land,
My brother, a child; my ſiſters wiſhes ſtand
With my deſires; the greateſt God of all
My breſt inſhrines. What I forſake, is ſmall:
Great hopes I follow. To receiue the grace
For *Argo's* ſafetie: know a better place
And Cities, which, in theſe far-diſtant parts,
Are famous; with ciuilitie, and arts:
And *Æſons* ſon, whom I more dearly prize
Then wealthy Earth and all her Monarchies.
In him moſt happy, and affected by
The bounteous gods, my crown ſhal reach the ſky.
They tell of Rocks that iuſtle in the maine:
Charybdis, that ſucks in, and caſts againe
The wrackfull waues: how rau'nous *Scylla* waits
With barking dogs in rough *Sicilian* ſtraits.
My loue poſſeſt; in *Iaſons* boſome laid;
Let ſeas ſwell high: I cannot be diſmaid
While I infold my husband in my armes.
Or ſhould I feare; I ſhould but feare his harmes.
Call'ſt thou him husband? wilt thou then thy blame
Medea, varniſh with an honeſt name?
Conſider well what thou intend'ſt to doe:
And, while thou maiſt: ſo foule a crime eſchue.
Thus ſhe. When honour, pietie, the right,
Before her ſtood; and *Cupid* put to flight.
Then goes where *Hecates* old Altar ſtood;
O're-ſhadowed by a dark and ſecret wood.
Her broken ardor ſhe had now reclaim'd:
Which *Iaſons* preſence forth-with re-inflam'd.
Her cheeks bluſh fire: her face with feruor flaſhes.
And as a dying cinder, rak't in aſhes,

Fed

Fed by reuiuing windes, augmenting, glowes;
And toſſed, to accuſtom'd fury growes:
So ſickly Loue, which late appear'd to dye;
New life aſſum'd from his inflaming eye.
Whoſe looks by chance more beauty now diſcouer
Then heretofore: you might forgiue the louer.
Her eger eyes ſhe riuets on his face;
And, frantick, thinks him of no humane race:
Nor could diuert her lookes. As he his tongue
Began t'vnlooſe, her faire hand ſoftly wrung,
Implor'd her aide, and promis'd her his bed:
She anſwer made, with teares profuſely ſhed.
I ſee to what euents m'intentions moue:
Nor ignorance deceiues me thus; but loue.
You, by the vertue of my art, ſhall liue:
In recompence, your faithfull promiſe giue.
He, by the Altar of the Triple Powre,
The groues which that great Deity imbowre,
Her fathers Sire, to whom the hid appeares,
His owne ſucceſſe, and ſo great danger, ſweares.
Beleeu'd: from her th'inchanted herbs receiues;
With them, their vſe: and his Protectreſſe leaues.
The Morrow had the ſparkling ſtars defac't:
When all in *Marſe's* field aſſemble; plac't
On circling ridges. Seated on a throne,
The iuory-ſcepter'd King in ſcarlet ſhone.
From adamant noſtrils bras-hoou'd Buls now caſt
Hot *Vulcan*, and the graſſe with vapors blaſt.
And as full forges, blowne by art, reſouud;
As puluer'd flints, infurneſt vnder ground,
By ſprinkled water fire conceiue: ſo they
Pent flames, inuolu'd in noyſefull breſts, betray;
So rumble their ſcorcht throtes. Yet *Æſons* Heire
Came brauely on: on whom they turne, and ſtare
With terrible aſpects; his ruine threat
With ſteele-tipt hornes. Inrag'd, their cleft hooues beat
The thundring ground; whence clouds of duſt ariſe;
And with their ſmoky bellowings rend the skies.
The *Minyæ* freeze with feare; but he remaines
Vntoucht: ſuch vertue Sorcery containes.
Their dew-laps boldly with his hand he ſtrokes.
Inforc't to draw the plough with heauy yokes.

The *Colchians* at ſo ſtrange a ſight admire:
The *Minyæ* ſhout, and ſet his powres on fire.
Then, in his caske, the vipers teeth aſſumes:
Thoſe in the turn'd-vp furrowes he inhumes.
Earth mollifies the poys'nous ſeeds, which ſpring;
And forth a harueſt of new People bring.
And as an Embrion, in the womb inclos'd,
Aſſumes the forme of man; within compos'd
Through all accompliſht numbers; nor coms forth
To breathe in ayre, till his maturer growth:
So when the bowels of the teeming Earth
Grew great, ſhe gaue mens perfect ſhapes their birth.
And, what's more ſtrange; with them, their armes aſcend:
Who at th'*Æmonian* Youth their lances bend.
When this th'*Achaians* ſaw, they hung the head:
And all their courages for terror fled.
Euen ſhe, who had ſecur'd him was afraid,
When ſhe beheld ſo many one inuade.
A chil cold checks her blood; death lookes leſſe pale.
And leaſt the hearbs ſhe gaue ſhould chance to faile;
Vnheard auxiliarie charmes imparts:
And calls th'aſſiſtance of her ſecret Arts.
He hurles a maſſie ſtone among his foes:
Who on themſelues conuert their deadly blowes.
The Earth-borne brothers mutuall wounds deſtroy,
And ciuill warre. The *Achiues* skip for ioy,
And throng t'imbrace the Victor. Her the ſame
Affection ſpurd, but was with-held by ſhame.
Yet that too weake if none had lookt vpon her:
Not vertue checkt her, but the wrack of honor.
Now, in conceit, ſhe hugs him in her armes:
Applauds th'inuentiue Gods; with them, her charmes.
To make the Dragon ſleepe that neuer ſlept,
Remaines; whoſe care the golden purchace kept.
Bright creſted, triple tongu'd; his cruell iawes
Arm'd with ſharpe phangs; his feet with dreadfull clawes.
When once beſprinkled with *Lethæan* iuyce,
And words repeated thrice; which ſleepe produce,
Calme the rough ſeas, and make ſwift riuers ſtand;
His eye-lids vail'd to ſleepes vnknowne command.
The Heros, of the Golden Fleece poſſeſt,
Proud of the ſpoyle, with her whoſe fauour bleſt

His

His enterprize, an other Spoyle, now bore
To ſea; and lands on ſafe *Iolcian* ſhore.
Æmonian parents, for their ſons returne,
Bring gratefull gifts, conieſted incenſe burne;
And chearfully with horne-gilt offrings pay
Religious vowes. But *Æſon* was away;
Oppreſt with tedious age, now neere his tomb.
When thus *Æſonides*: O wife, to whom
My life I owe: though all I hold in chiefe
From thy deſerts, which far ſurpaſſe beliefe;
If magick can (what cannot magick do?)
Take yeares from me; and his with mine renue.
Then wept. His pietie her paſſion ſtirs:
Who ſighs to thinke how vnlike ſhe had beene to hers.
Yet this concealing, anſwers: What a crime
Hath ſlipt thy tongue? thinkſt thou, that with thy time
I can, or will, an others life inueſt?
Hecat' fore-fend! nor is't a iuſt requeſt.
Yet *Iaſon*, we a greater gift will giue:
Thy father, by our art renew'd, ſhall liue,
With-out thy loſſe; if ſo the triple Powre
Aſſiſt me with her preſence in that howre.
Three nights yet wanted, ere the Moone could ioyne
Her growing hornes. When with repleniſht ſhine
She fac't the earth; the Court ſhe leaues; her haire
Vntreſt, her garments looſe, her ankles bare:
And wanders through the dead of drowſie Night
With vnſeene ſteps. Men, beaſts, and birds of flight,
Deepe Reſt had bound in humid gyiues; who crept
So ſilently, as if her ſelfe had ſlept.
No Aſpen wags, moyſt ayre no ſound receiues;
Stars onely ſhine: to which her armes ſhe heaues:
Thrice turnes about; beſprinkles thrice her crowne
With gatherd deaw; thrice yawnes: and kneeling downe:
O *Night* thou friend to Secrets; you cleare fires,
That, with the Moone, ſucceed when Day retires:
Great *Hecate*, that know'ſt, and aid imparts
To our deſignes: you Charmes, and magick Arts:
And thou, ô Earth, that to Magicians yeelds
Thy powrefull ſimples: aires, winds, mountaines, fields;
Soft murmuring ſprings, ſtill lakes, and riuers cleare:
You Gods of woods; you Gods of night, appeare!

By you, at will, I make ſwift ſtreames retire
To their firſt fountaynes, whilſt their banks admire;
Seas toſſe, and ſmooth; cleere clouds, with clouds deforme;
Stormes turne to calmes, and make a calme a Storme.
With ſpels and charmes I break the Vipers iaw,
Cleaue ſolid rocks, okes from their ſeaſures draw,
Whole woods remoue, the ayrie mountaines ſhake;
Earth grone, and ghoſts from beds of death awake.
And thee, *Titania*, from thy ſphere I hale:
Though ringing Cymballs thy extreames auaile.
Our charmes thy charriot pale; our poys'nous weeds,
The frighted Morne; though drawne by roſie Steeds.
Flame-breathing buls you tam'd; you made them bow
Their ſtubborne necks vnto the ſeruill plow;
The Serpents brood by you ſelfe-ſlaughtred lyes;
Your ſlumbers cloſd the wakefull Dragons eyes;
At our command: and ſent the Golden Fleece
(The guard deluded) to the towres of Greece.
Now neede I drugs, that may old age indue
With vigour, and the flowre of youth renue.
Which you ſhall giue. Nor blaze theſe ſtars in vaine:
Nor Dragons vainly through the ayrie maine
This Charriot draw. Hard by the charriot reſts.
Mounting, ſhe ſtrokes the bridled dragons creſts;
And ſhakes the raignes. Rapt vp, beneath her ſpies
Theſſalian Tempe; and her ſnakes applies
To parts retir'd. The hearbs that *Oſſa* beare,
Steepe *Pelion*, *Othrys*, *Pindus*; euer-cleare
Olympus, who the loftie *Pindus* tops;
Vp-roots, or with her brazen Cycle crops.
Much gathers on the bank of *Apidan*;
By *Amphryſus* much; and where *Enipeus* ran.
Nor *Sperchius*, nor *Peneus*, barren found:
Nor thee ſmoothe *Bœbes* with ſharpe ruſhes crown'd.
And rauiſht from *Euboian Anthedon*,
That hearb, as yet by *Glaucus* change vnkowne.
By winged Dragons drawne, nine nights, nine dayes,
About ſhe romes; and euery field ſuruayes.
Return'd: her Snakes, that did but onely ſmell
The Odors, caſt their skins, and age expell.
Her feete to enter her owne roofe refuſe
Rooft by the sky: ſhe touch of man eſchues.

Two

Two Altars builds of liuing turfe: the right
To *Hecate*, the left to *Youth*. Theſe dight
With Vervin and greene boughs; hard by, two pits
She forthwith digs: and ſacrificing, ſlits
The throtes of black-fleeſt rams. With reaking blood
The ditches fils; and powres thereon a flood
Of hony, and new milke, from turn'd-vp bowles;
Repeating powerfull words. The King of Soules,
His rauiſht Queene, inuokes; and Powers beneath,
Not to preuent her by old *Æſons* death.
With pray'rs, and long-breath'd murmurings appeas'd:
She bids them to produce the age-diſeas'd.
Her ſleepe-producing charme his ſpirits deads:
Who on the graſſe his ſenſeleſſe body ſpreads.
Charg'd *Iaſon*, and the reſt, far-off with-drew:
Vnhallowed eyes might not ſuch ſecrets view.
Furious *Medea*, with her haire vnbound,
About the flagrant Altar trots a Round.
The brands dips in the ditches, black with blood;
And on the Altars fires th'infected wood.
Thrice purges him with waters, thrice with flames,
And thrice with ſulphur; muttering horrid names.
Meanewhile, in hollow braſſe the med'cine boyles:
And ſwelling high, in fomy bubbles toyles.
There ſeethes ſhe what th'*Æmonian* vales produce;
Rootes, iuyces, flowres, and ſeeds of ſoueraigne vſe.
Addes pretious ſtones, from fartheſt Orient reft:
And pibles, by the ebbing Ocean left.
The deaw collected ere the Dawning ſprings:
A Screech-owles fleſh, with her infamous wings.
The entrailes of ambiguous Wolues; that can
Take, and forſake the figure of a man.
The liuer of a long-liu'd Hart: then takes
The ſcaly skins of ſmall *Cinyphean* ſnakes.
A Crowes black head, and poynted beake, was caſt
Among the reſt; which had nine ages paſt.
Theſe, and a thouſand more, without a name,
Were thus prepared by the barbarous Dame
For humane benefit. Th'ingredients now
She mingles with a witherd oliue bough.
Lo! from the caldron the dry ſtick receiues
Firſt virdure; and a little after, leaues;

Forth

Forth-with, with ouer-burdning Oliues deckt.
The skipping ſpume which vnder flames ciect,
Vpon the ground deſcended in a dew:
Whence vernall flowres, and ſpringing paſture grew.
This ſeene, ſhe cuts the old mans throte; out-ſcrus'd
His ſcarce-warme blood, and her receipt infus'd.
Suckt in at mouth or wound, his beard and head
Black haire forth-with adorne, the hoary ſhed.
Pale colour, morphue, meger looks remoue:
And vnder-riſing fleſh his wrinkles ſmoothe.
His limmes wax ſtrong and luſtie. *Æſon* much
Admires his change: himſelfe remembers ſuch
Twice twenty ſummers paſt. With all, indu'd
A youthfull mind: and both at once renew'd.
This wonder from on high *Lyæus* views:
By *Colchis* gift his nurſes dates renewes.
Leaſt fraud ſhould faile; ſhe, with her bed's Conſort
Diſſention faines, and flies to *Pelias* Court.
His daughters (for ſad Age the King arreſts)
Her entertaine. Who ſoone with fly proteſts
Of forged loue allures their quick beliefe.
Among her merits mentions the repriefe
Of *Æſons* yeares; inſiſting on that part.
This hope ingenders, that her able Art
Might ſo their father's vaniſht youth reſtore:
Whom they, with infinite rewards implore.
She, muſing, ſeemes to doubt: and, with pretence
Of difficulty, holds them in ſuſpence.
But when ſhe had a tardy promiſe made;
To win your ſtedfaſt confidence (ſhe ſaid)
Take from your flocks the moſt age-ſhaken Ram;
And ſuddenly he ſhall become a Lamb.
Streight thither by the wreathed hornes they drew
A ſunk-ey'd Ram; whoſe youth none liuing knew
Now, at his riueled throte, out-lanching life
(Whoſe little blood could hardly ſtaine her knife)
His carkaſſe ſhe into a caldron throwes:
With it, her drugs. Each lim more ſlender growes;
He caſts his hornes, and with his hornes his yeares:
Anon a tender bleating ſtrikes their eares.
While they admire, out skips a friſking lamb;
That ſports, and ſeekes the vdder of his dam.

Fixt

Fixt with amaze: they, ſtrongly now poſſeſt,
Her promiſe more importunately preſt.
Thrice *Phœbus* had vnyok't his panting Steeds,
Drencht in *Iberian* Seas; whiſt Night ſucceeds,
Studded with ſtars: when falſe *Medea* tooke,
With vſeleſſe herbs, meere water of the brooke.
On *Pelias*, and his drowſie Guard, ſhe hung
A death-like ſleepe with her inchanting tongue.
Whom now the ſo-inſtructed ſiſters led
Into his chamber; and beſiege his bed.
Why pauſe you thus, ſaid ſhe, ô ſlow to good!
Vnſheath your ſwords, and ſhed his aged blood;
That I his veines with ſprightly iuyce may fill:
His life and youth depend vpon your will.
If you haue any vertue, nor perſue
Vnfruitfull hopes, performe this filiall due.
With ſteele your fathers age expulſe, and purge
His dregs through wounds. Their zeale her ſpeeches vrge.
Who were moſt pious, impious firſt became:
And, by auoiding, perpetrate the ſame.
Yet hearts they had not to behold the blow:
But, with auerted lookes, blind wounds beſtow.
He, blood-imbrew'd, his hory head aduanc't:
Halfe-mangled, ſtroue to riſe. Who now intranc't
Amidſt ſo many ſwords, his armes vp-held;
And, Daughters, cry'd, what doe you! what compeld
Thoſe cruell hands t'inuade your fathers life!
Downe ſunke their hands and hearts. *Medea's* knife,
With following ſpeech his throte aſunder cuts:
And his hackt limmes in ſeething liquor puts.
And had not Dragons rapt her through the skies,
Reuenge had tortur'd her. Aloft ſhe flies
Ore ſhady *Pelion*, god-like *Chirons* Den,
Aſpiring *Othrys*, hils renoun'd by men
For old *Cerambus* ſafety: who, by aide
Of fauoring Nymphs, reliefefull wings diſplaide;
While ſwallowing waues the waightie earth ſurround:
And ſwolne *Deucalions* ſurges ſcap't vndrown'd.
Æolian Pitane on her left hand leaues;
That marble which the Serpents ſhape receiues;
Idæan groues, where *Liber* turn'd a Steere
(To cloke his ſons ſlye theft) into a deere;

The

The ſand-heape which *Corytus* Sire containes;
And where new-barking *Mera* frights the plaines:
Euryphylus towne, where hornes the Matrons ſham'd
Of *Co*, when *Hercules* the *Coans* tam'd;
Phœbeian Rhodes; *Ialyſian Telchines*,
Drencht by *Ioues* vengeance in his brothers ſeas,
For all transforming with their vitious eyes:
By *Cæa's* old *Cartheian* turrets flyes,
Where fates *Alcidamas* with wonder moue,
To think his daughter could become a Doue.
Then *Hyries* lake, *Cycneian Tempe* view'd,
Grac't by a Swan with ſudden plumes indu'd.
For *Phyllius* there, had, at a Boyes command,
Wild birds, and ſaluage Lyons, brought to hand.
Who bid to tame a Bull, his will perform'd;
Yet at ſo ſterne a loue not ſeldome ſtorm'd,
And his laſt purchaſe to the boy deny'd.
Pouting, You'l wiſh you had giuen it me, he cryd;
And iumpt from downe-right cliffs. All held him bain'd;
When ſpredding wings a ſiluer Swan ſuſtain'd
His Mother (ignorant thereof) became
A Lake with weeping: which they *Hyrie* name.
Next *Pleuron* lies; where *Ophian Combe* ſhuns,
With trembling wings, her life perſuing ſons.
Then neere *Latona*-lou'd *Calaurea* rang'd;
In which the King and Queene to birds were chang'd.
Cyllene on the right hand (where the beaſt
Menephron would his mother haue compreſt)
Cephiſus ſpies (who for his nephew mournd;
Into a Sea-calfe by *Apollo* turn'd).
Eumelus Court, whoſe daughter fads her Sire,
With mounting wings. Her Snakes at length retire.
To *Piren*, *Ephyr*: men, if Fame ſay true,
Here at the firſt from ſhower-rayſd muſhrumps grew,
But after *Colchis* had the new-wed Dame,
And *Creons* Pallace, wrapt in Magick flame;
When impions ſteele her childrens bloud had ſhed,
The ill-reueng'd from *Iaſons* fury fled.
Whom now the ſwift *Titanian* Dragons draw
To *Pallas* towres. Thoſe thee, iuſt *Phineus*, ſaw;
And thee, old *Periphas*, at once to flie:
Where *Polyphemons* Neece new wings ſupply.

Ægeus

Ægæus entertaines her (of his life
The onely ſtaine) and took her for his wife.
Here *Theſeus* maskt vnknown: who, great in Deed
Had two-ſea'd *Iſthmos* from oppreſſion freed.
Whoſe vndeſerued ruin *Phaſias* ſought
By mortall Aconite, from *Scythia* brought.
This from *Echidna's* hel-hound eſſence drawes.
There is a blind ſteepe caue with foggy iawes,
Through which the bold *Tirynthian* Heros ſtraind
Drag'd *Cerberus*, with adamant inchain'd.
Who backward hung, and ſcouling, lookt a-skew
On glorious Day; with anger rabid grew:
Thrice howles, thrice barks at once, with his three heads;
And on the graſſe his ſpumy poyſon ſheds.
This ſprung; attracting from the fruitfull ſoyle
Dire nouriſhment, and powre of deathfull ſpoyle.
The rurall Swaines, becauſe it takes delight
In liuing rocks, ſurnam'd it Aconite.
Ægæus, by her ſly perſwaſions wonne;
As to a foe, preſents it to his ſonne.
He took the cup: when by the iuory hilt
Of *Theſeus* ſword, *Ægæus* found her guilt;
And ſtruck the potion from his lips. With charmes
Ingendring clouds, ſhe ſcapes his lengthleſſe armes.
Though glad of his ſons ſafetie, a chil feare
Shooke all his powres, that danger was ſo neare.
With fire he feeds the Altars, richly feaſts
The Gods with gifts. Whole Hecatombs of beaſts
(Their hornes with ribands wreathd) imbrew the ground.
No day, they ſay, was euer ſo renoun'd
Amongſt th' *Athenians*. Noble, vulgar, all,
Together celebrate that Feſtiuall.
And ſing, when flowing bowles their ſpirits raiſe:
Great *Theſeus*, *Marathon* reſounds thy praiſe
For ſlaughter of the *Cretan* Bull. Secure
They liue, who *Cremyons* waſted fields manure,
By thy exploit and bounty. *Vulcans* Seed
By thee glad *Epidaure* beheld to bleed.
Immane *Procruſtes* death *Cephiſia* viewd:
Eluſis, *Cercyon's*. *Scinis* ill indude
With ſtrength ſo much abus'd; who Beeches bent,
And tortur'd bodyes twixt their branches rent,

Thou ſlew'ſt. The way which to *Alcathoë* led
Is now ſecure, inhumane *Scyron* dead.
The Earth his ſcatter'd bones a graue deny'd;
Nor would the Sea his hated reliques hide:
Which toſſed to and fro, in time became
A ſolid rock: the rock we *Scyron* name.
If we thy yeares ſhould number with thy acts;
Thy yeares would proue a cypher to thy facts.
Great ſoule! for thee, as for our publique wealth,
We pray; and quaffe *Lyæus* to thy health.
The Pallace with the peoples praiſes rings:
And ſacred Ioy in euery boſome ſprings.
Ægæus yet (no pleaſure is compleat:
Griefe twins with ioy.) for *Theſeus* ſafe receit
Reapes little comfort. *Minos* makes a war:
Though ſtrong in men and ſhips, yet ſtronger far
Through vengeance of a father: who, his harmes
In ſlaine *Androgeus*, ſcourgeth with iuſt armes.
Yet wiſely firſt endeuours forraine aid:
And all the Ilands of that Sea ſuruaid.
Who *Anaphe* and *Aſtipalea* gaind;
The one by gifts, the other war conſtraind:
Low *Mycone*, *Cimolus* chalkie fields,
High *Scyros*, *Siphnus*, which rich metals yeelds,
Champion *Seriphos*, *Paros* far diſplayd
With marble browes, and *Cythnos* il-betrayd
By impious *Arne* for yet-loued gold;
Turnd to a Chough, whom ſable plumes infold.
Oliaros, *Didyma*, the Sea-lou'd ſoyle
Of *Tenos*, *Peparethos* fat with oyle,
Andros, and *Gyaros*; theſe their aid deny'd.
The *Gnoſſian* fleet from thence their ſailes apply'd
Vnto *Oenopia*, for her children fam'd.
Oenopia by the ancient dwellers nam'd:
But *Æacus*, there raigning, call'd the ſame
Ægina, of his honour'd mothers name.
All throng to ſee a Prince of ſo great worth.
Straight *Telamon* and *Peleus*, iſſuing forth,
With *Phocus*, youngeſt of that royall race,
Make haſte to meet him. With a tardie pace
Came aged *Æacus*, and askt the cauſe
Of his repaire. At thoſe ſad thoughts he drawes

His

His breath in ſighs: ſome intermiſſion made,
The Ruler of the hundred Cities ſaid.
Aſſiſt our armes, borne for my murdred ſon;
And in this pious war our fortunes run:
Giue comfort to his graue. The King reply'd:
In vaine you aske what needs muſt be deny'd.
No Citie is in ſtricter league then ours
Conioynd to *Athens*: mutuall are our powres.
He, parting, ſaid: Your league ſhall coſt you deare.
And held it better far to threat, then beare
An accidentall warre; whereby he might
Conſume his force before he came to fight.
Yet might they ſee the *Cretans* vnder ſaile
From high built wals: when, with a leading gale,
The *Attick* ſhip attain'd their friendly ſhore:
Which *Cephalus*, and his embaſſage, bore.
Th'*Æacides* him knew (though many a day
Vnſeene) imbrace, and to the Court conuay.
The goodly Prince, who yet the pledges held
Of thoſe perfections, which in youth exceld,
Enters the Pallace; bearing in his hand
A branch of Oliue. At his elbowes ſtand
Clytus, and *Butes*; valorous and young:
Who from the loynes of high-borne *Pallas* ſprung.
Firſt *Cephalus* his full oration made;
Which ſhew'd his meſſage, and demanded aid:
Their leagues, and ancient loues to mind recalls;
And how all *Greece* was threatned in their falls:
With eloquence inforc't his embaſſie.
When God-like *Æacus* made this replie
(His royall ſcepter ſhining in his hand)
Athenians, craue not ſuccour, but command:
This Ilands forces yours vouchſafe to call;
For in your ayde I will aduenture all.
Souldiers I haue enough, at once t'oppoſe
My enemies, and to repell your foes.
The Gods be prais'd, and happy times, that will
Seeke no excuſes. May your Citie ſtill
Increaſe with people; *Cephalus* reply'd.
At my approch I not a little ioy'd
To meete ſo many youths of equall yeares,
So freſh and luſtie. Yet not one appeares

Of thoſe who heretofore your towne poſſeſt;
When firſt you entertayn'd me for a Gueſt.
Then *Æacus*, (in ſighs his words aſcend)
A ſad beginning had a better end.
Would I could vtter all: Day would expire
Ere all were told, and t'would your patience tire.
Their bones, and aſhes, ſilent graues incloſe:
And what a treaſure periſhed with thoſe!
By *Iuno's* wrath, a dreadfull peſtilence
Deuour'd our liues: who tooke vniuſt offence,
In that this Ile her Riuals name profeſt.
While it ſeem'd humane, and the cauſe vngeſt;
So long we death-repelling Phyſick try'd:
But thoſe diſeaſes vanquiſht Art deride.
Heauen firſt, the earth with thickned vapors ſhrouds;
And lazie heat inuolues in ſullen clouds.
Foure pallid moones their growing hornes vnite,
And had as oft with-drawne their feeble light;
Yet ſtill the death-producing *Auſter* blew.
Sunke ſprings, and ſtanding lakes infected grew:
Serpents in vntild fields by millions creepe;
And in the ſtreames their tainting poyſons ſteepe.
Firſt, dogs, ſheepe, oxen, fowle that flagging fly,
And ſaluage beaſts, the ſwift infection try.
Sad Swaines, amazed, ſee their oxen ſhrink
Beneath the yoke, and in the furrowes ſink.
The fleecie flocks with anguiſh faintly bleat;
Let fall their wooll, and pine away with heat,
The generous Horſe that from th'*Olympicks* late
Return'd with honour, now degenerate,
Vnmindfull of the glory of his prize;
Grones at his manger, and there deedleſſe dyes.
The Bore forgets his rage: ſwift feet now faile
The Hart: nor Beares the horned Herd aſſaile.
All languiſh. Woods, fields, paths (no longer bare)
Are fild with carkaſſes, that ſtench the aire.
Which neither dogs, nor greedie fowle (how much
To be admir'd!) nor hoary wolues would touch.
Falling, they rot: which deadly Odors bred,
That round about their dire contagion ſpred.
Now raues among the wretched country Swaines:
Now in our large and populous Citie raignes.

At

At firſt, their bowels broyle, with feruor ſtretcht :
The ſymptoms; redneſſe, hot wind hardly fetcht.
Their furd tongues ſwell ; their drie iawes gaſp for breath;
And with the ayre inhale a ſwifter death.
None could indure or couerture, or bed :
But on the ſtones their panting boſoms ſpred.
Cold ſtones could no way mitigate that heat :
Euen they beneath thoſe burning burdens ſweat.
None cure attempt : the ſterne Diſeaſe inuades
The heartleſſe Leech; nor Art her author aids.
The neere ally'd, whoſe care the ſick attends,
Sicken themſelues, and dye before their friends.
Of remedy they ſee no hope at all,
But onely in approching funerall.
All cheriſh their deſires : for helpe none care:
Help was there none. In ſhameleſſe throngs repaire
To ſprings and wels : there cleaue, in bitter ſtrife
T'extinguiſh thirſt; but firſt extinguiſh life.
Nor could th'or'e-charg'd ariſe; but dying, ſink:
And of thoſe tainted waters, others drink.
The wretches lothe their tedious beds; thence breake
With giddy ſteps. Or, if now growne too weake,
Roule on the floore : there quitted houſes hate,
As guilty of their miſerable fate;
And, ignorant of the cauſe, the place accuſe:
Halfe-ghoſts, they walk, while they their legs could vſe.
You might ſee others on the earth lye mourning;
Their heauy eyes with dying motion turning :
Stretching their armes to heauen, where euer death
Surpriſd them, parting with their ſigh't-out breath.
O what a heart had I ! or ought to haue!
I loth'd my life, and wiſht with them a graue.
Which way ſoeuer I conuert my eye,
The breathleſſe multitude diſperſed lye.
Like periſht apples, dropping with the ſtrokes
Of rocking windes; or acornes from broad okes.
See you yon' Temple, mounted on high ſtaires?
'Tis *Iupiters*. Who hath not offerd praiers,
And ſlighted incenſe there! husbands for wiues;
Fathers for ſons : and while they pray, their liues
Before th'inexorable altars vent;
With incenſe in their hands, halfe yet vnſpent!

How

How oft the oxe, vnto the temple brought,
While yet the Prieſt the angry Powres beſought,
And powr'd pure wine betweene his hornes; fell downe
Before the axe had toucht his curled crowne!
To *Iupiter* about to ſacrifice,
For me, my country, ſons; with horrid noyſe
Th'vnwounded Offering fell: the blood that life
Bore into exile, hardly ſtaind the knife.
The Inwards loſt their ſignes of heauens preſage;
Out-razed by the ſterne Diſeaſes rage.
The dead before the ſacred doores were laid:
Before the Altars too; the Gods t'vpbraid.
Some choke themſelues with cords: by death eſchue
The feare of death; and following Fates perſue.
Dead corps, without the Dues of funerall,
They weakly beare: the ports are now too ſmall.
Or vn-inhum'd they lye: or elſe are throwne
On wealthleſſe pyles. Reſpect is giuen to none.
For Pyles they ſtriue: on thoſe their kinsfolke burne,
That flame for others. None are left to mourne.
Ghoſts wander vndeplor'd by ſons or ſires:
Nor is there roome for tombs, or wood for fires.
Aſtoniſht with theſe tempeſts of extreames:
O *Ioue*, ſaid I, if they be more then dreames
That wrapt thee in *Ægina's* armes; nor ſhame
That I, thy ſon, ſhould thee my father name;
Render me mine, or render me a graue!
With proſperous thunder-claps a ſigne he gaue.
I take it, ſaid I; let this Omen be
A happy pledge of thy intents to me!
Hard by, a goodly Oke, by fortune, ſtood,
Sacred to *Ioue*; of *Dodonean* wood:
Graine-gathering Ants there, in long files I ſaw,
Whoſe little mouthes ſelfe-greater burthens draw;
Keeping their paths along the rugged rine.
While I admire their number: O diuine,
And euer helpfull! giue to me, ſaid I,
As many men; who may the dead ſupply.
The trembling oke his lofty top declin'd:
And murmured without a breath of wind.
I ſhooke with feare: my treſſes ſtood an end:
Yet on the earth and oke I kiſſes ſpend.

I durſt not ſeeme to hope; yet hope I did:
And in my breſt my cheriſht wiſhes hid.
Night came; and Sleep care-waſted bodies cheard:
Before my eyes the ſelfe-ſame Oke appeard;
So many branches, as before, there were;
So many buſie Ants thoſe branches beare;
So ſhooke the Oke, and with that motion threw
To vnder-earth the graine-ſupporting crue.
Greater and greater ſtraight they ſeeme to ſight:
To raiſe themſelues from earth, and ſtand vp-right.
Whom numerous feet, black colour, lanknes leaue:
And inſtantly a humane ſhape receiue.
Now Sleep with-drew. My dream I waking blame:
And on the ſmall-performing Gods exclaime.
Yet heard a mightie noyſe; and ſeemd to heare
Almoſt forgotten voyces: yet I feare
That this a dreame was alſo. Where vpon,
The doore thruſt open, in ruſht *Telamon*:
Come forth, ſaid he, O father; and behold
What hope tranſcends; nor can with faith be told!
Forth went I; and beheld the men which late
My dreame preſented: ſuch in euery ſtate
I ſaw; and knew them. They ſalute their King.
Ioue prais'd: a partie to the towne I bring;
Among the reſt I ſhare the fields: and call
Them *Myrmidons* of their originall.
You ſee their perſons: ſuch their manners are
As formerly. A people giuen to ſpare,
Patient of labour; what they get, preſerue.
They, like in yeares & minds, theſe wars ſhall ſerue,
And follow your conduct; when firſt this wind
(The wind blew Eaſterly) that was ſo kind
To bring you hither, will to your auaile
Conuert it ſelfe into a Southerne gale.
Diſcourſe thus entertain'd the day; with feaſts
They crowne the euening: Sleep the Night inueſts.
The morning Sun proiects his golden rayes:
Still *Eurus* blew; and their departure ſtayes.
Now *Pallas* ſons to *Cephalus* reſort,
And *Cephalus*, with *Pallas* ſons, to Court,
With early viſits: (ſleepe the King inchaines).
Whom *Phocus* in the Preſence entertaines.

For

For *Peleus*, with his brother *Telamon*,
To raiſe an army were already gone.
Meane-while th' *Athenians Phocus* leads into
The Priuy chamber, beautifull to view.
Talking; his eyes vpon the iauelin ſeaze,
Which grac't the fingers of *Æolides*.
I haunt, ſaid he, the woods; delight in blood
Of ſaluage beaſts; yet know not of what wood
Your dart is made of. If of Aſh it were
'Twould look more brown; if Cornel, 'twould appeare
More knotty: on what tree ſo'ere it grew,
My eyes did neuer ſuch an other view.
One of th' *Actean* brethren made reply:
You would more wonder at the quality.
It hits the aim'd at, not by fortune led;
And of it ſelfe returnes with ſlaughter red.
Phocus the cauſe deſireth much to know:
From whence it came; and who did it beſtow.
He yeelds to his requeſt; yet things well knowne,
Reſtraind by modeſty, he lets alone.
Who toucht with ſorrow for his wife, that bleeds
In his remembrance; thus with teares proceeds.
This Dart, ô Goddes-borne, prouokes theſe teares:
And euer would, if endleſſe were my yeares.
This me, in my vnhappy wife, deſtroyd:
This gift I would I neuer had inioyd!
Procris Orithya's ſiſter was; if Fame
Haue more inform'd you of *Orithya's* name.
Yet ſhe (ſhould you their minds and formes confer)
More worth the rape. *Erechtheus*, mee to her,
And loue, vnite. Then happy! happy, I
Might yet haue beene. But ô, the Gods enuy!
Two months were now conſum'd in chaſt delight:
When gray *Aurora*, hauing vanquiſht Night,
Beheld me on the euer-fragrant hill
Of ſteepe *Hymettus*: and, againſt my will,
As I my toyles extended, bare me thence.
I may the truth declare without offence:
Though roſie be her cheeks; although ſhe ſway
The deawy Confines of the Night and Day,
And Nectar drink; my *Procris* all poſſeſt:
My heart was hers; my tongue her prayſe profeſt.

I told her of our holy nuptiall ties;
Of wedlocks breach; and yet ſcarce taſted ioyes.
Fire-red, ſhe ſaid; thy harſh complaints forbeare:
Poſſeſſe thy *Procris*. Though ſo faire, ſo deare;
Thou'lt wiſh th' hadſt neuer knowne her, if I know
Inſewing fate: and angry, lets me goe.
Her words I ponder as I went along:
And 'gan to doubt ſhe might my honour wrong.
Her youth and beauty tempt me to diſtruſt:
Her vertue checks thoſe feares, as moſt vniuſt.
But I was abſent: but example fed
My ielouſie: but louers all things dread.
I ſeek my ſorrowes; and with gifts intend
To tempt the chaſte. *Aurora* proues a friend
To this ſuſpition; and my forme tranſlates.
Vnknowne, I enter the *Athenian* gates;
And then my owne. The houſe from blame was free:
In decent order, and perplext for me.
Scarce with a thouſand ſleights I gain'd a view:
Viewd with aſtoniſhment, I ſcarce perſue
My firſt intent: ſcarce could I but reueale
The truth; and pardon with due kiſſes ſeale.
She was full ſad: yet louelier none then ſhe,
Euen in that ſadneſſe: ſorrowfull for me.
How excellent, ô *Phocus*, was that face,
Which could in griefe retaine ſo ſweet a grace?
What need I tell how often I aſſaild
Her vexed chaſtitie! how often faild!
How often ſaid ſhe! One I onely ſerue:
For him, where euer, I my ioyes preſerue.
What mad man would ſuch faith haue farther preſt,
But I? induſtrious in my owne vnreſt.
With deepe proteſts, and gifts ſtill multiply'd,
At length ſhe wauers. Falſe of faith, I cry'd,
Thou art diſclos'd: I, no adulterer,
But thy wrong'd ſpouſe: nor can this tryall erre.
She made no anſwer, preſt with ſilent ſhame.
Th'inſidious houſe, and me, far more in blame,
Forſaking; man-kind for my ſake eſchues:
And *Dian*-like the mountayne chace perſues.
Abandon'd; hotter flames my blood incenſe.
I beg'd her pardon, and confeſt my offence:

And ſaid, *Aurora* might haue me ſubdude
With ſuch inticements, had but ſhe ſo woo'd.
My fault confeſt, her wrong reuenged, wee
Grow reconcil'd; and happily agree.
Beſides her ſelfe, as though that gift were ſmall,
A Dog ſhe gaue: which *Cynthia* giuing; All,
Said ſhe, ſurpaſſe in ſwiftneſſe: and this Speare
You ſo commend, which in my hand I beare.
Doe you the fortune of the firſt inquire?
Receiue a wonder: and the fact admire.
Dark propheſies, not vnderſtood of old,
The *Naiades* with ſearching wits vnfold.
When ſacred *Themis*, in that ſo obſcure,
Neglected grew. Nor could ſhe this indure.
A cruell Beaſt infeſts th' *Aonian* plaines;
To many fatall: fear'd by country Swaines,
Both for their cattle, and themſelues. We met:
And with our toyles the ample fields beſet.
He nimbly skips aboue the vpper lines:
And mounting ouer, fruſtrates our deſignes.
Their dogs they vncouple; whoſe perſuit he out-ſprings
With no leſſe ſpeed, then if ſupply'd by wings.
All bid me let my *Lælaps* ſlip (for ſo
My dog was call'd) who ſtrugling long agoe,
Halfe-throtled, ſtraind the leaſh. No ſooner gone,
Then out of ſight; his foot-ſteps left vpon
The burning ſand: who vaniſht from our eyes
As ſwiftly as a well-driuen iauelin flyes;
Or as a ſinging pellet from a ſling;
Or as an arrow from a *Cretan* ſtring.
I mount a hill which ouer-topt the place;
From thence beholding this admired chace.
The Beaſt now pincht appeares, now ſhuns by ſlight
His catching iawes. Nor (crafty) runs out-right;
Nor truſts his heeles: with nimble turnings ſhunning
His vrgent foe; caſt back by ouer-running.
Who preſt, what onely might in ſpeed compare;
Appeares to catch th'vncaught; and mouthes the aire.
My dart I take to aide: which, while I ſhooke,
And on the thong direct my haſtie looke
To fit my fingers; looking vp againe,
I ſaw two marble ſtatues on the plaine.

Had

Had you theſe ſeene, you could not chuſe but ſay
That this appeard to run, and that to bay.
That neither ſhould each other ouer-goe
The Gods decree'd: if Gods deſcend ſo low.
Thus he: here paus'd. Then *Phocus*; Pray'vnfold
Your darts offence. Which *Cephalus* thus told.
Ioy griefe fore-runs: that ioy we firſt recite.
For ô, thoſe times I mention with delight,
When youth and *Hymen* crown'd our happy life:
She, in her husband bleſt; I in my wife.
In both one care, and one affection moues.
She would not haue exchang'd my bed for *Ioues*;
Nor *Venus* could haue tempted my deſire:
Our boſoms flam'd with ſuch an equall fire.
When *Sol* had rais'd his beames aboue the floods;
My cuſtome was to trace the leauy woods.
Arm'd with this dart, I ſolitary went,
Without horſe, huntſmen, toyles, or dogs of ſent.
Much kild; I to the cooler ſhades repaire:
And where the vallie breathes a freſher aire.
Coole aire I ſeeke, while all with feruor gloes:
Coole aire expect, my trauels ſweet repoſe.
Come aire, I wont to ſing, relieue th'oppreſt;
Come, ô moſt welcome, glide into my breſt:
Now quench, as erſt, in me this ſcalding heat.
By chance I other blandiſhments repeat;
(So Fates inforce) as, ô my ſoules delight!
By thee I am fed and chear'd: thy ſweets excite
My affections to theſe woods: ô life of death!
May euer I inhale thy quickning breath!
A buſie eare theſe doubtfull ſpeeches caught;
Who oft-nam'd aire ſome much-lou'd *Dryad* thought:
And told to *Procris*, with a leuder tongue,
His falſe ſurmiſes; with the ſong I ſung.
Loue is too credulous. With griefe ſhe faints;
And ſcarce reuiuing, burſts into complaints:
My ſpotleſſe faith with furie execrates.
Woe's me, ſhe cryes, produc't to cruell fates!
Tranſported with imaginarie blame,
What is not, feares: an vnſubſtantiall name.
Yet grieues (poore ſoule!) as if in truth abus'd:
Yet often doubts; and her diſtruſt accus'd.

Now holds the information for a lye:
Nor will truſt other witneſſe then her eye.
Aurora re-inthron'd th'inſuing Day:
I hunt, and ſpeede. As on the graſſe I lay,
Come Aire, ſaid I, my tyred ſpirits cheare.
At this an vnknowne ſighe inuades my eare.
Yet I; O come, before all ioyes preferd.
Among the withered leaues a ruſtling heard,
I threw my dart; ſuppoſing it ſome beaſt:
But ô, 'twas *Procris*! wounded on the breſt,
She ſhreekt, ay me! Her voyce too well I knew:
And thither, with my griefe diſtracted, flew.
Halfe dead, all blood-imbrew'd, my wife I found:
Her gift (alas!) exhaling from her wound.
I rais'd her body, then my owne more deare:
To bind her wounds my lighter garment teare;
And ſtriue to ſtench the blood. O pitty take,
Said I, nor thus a guilty ſoule forſake!
She, weake, and now a dying, thus applies
Her tongues forc't motion: By our nuptiall ties;
By heauen-imbowred Gods; by thoſe below,
To whoſe infernall monarchy I goe:
By that, if euer I deſerued well;
By this ill-fated loue, for which I fell,
Yet now in death moſt conſtantly retaine;
O, let not *Ayre* our chaſter bed prophane.
This ſaid; I ſhow'd, and ſhe perceiued how
That error grew: but what auail'd it now?
She ſinks; her blood along her ſpirits tooke:
Who lookes on me as long as ſhe could looke.
My lips her ſoule receiue, with her laſt breath:
Who, now reſolued, ſweetly ſmiles in death.
The weeping Heros told this tragedy
To thoſe that wept as faſt. The King drew nye
And his two ſons, with well-armd Regiments,
New-rais'd; which he to *Cephalus* preſents,

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The eighth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

HArmonious walls. Lend Scylla *now deſpaires;*
With Nisus, *changd: the Lark, the Hobby dares.*
Ariadnes *Crowne a Conſtellation made.*
Th'inuentine youth a Partridge; ſtill afrayd
Of mounting. Meleagers *Siſters mourne*
His tragedie: to Foule, ſo named, turne.
Fiue water Nymphs the fiue Echinades
Defigure. Perimele, *neere to theſe,*
Becomes an Iland. Ioue *and* Hermes *take*
The formes of men. A Citie turnd t'a Lake:
A Cottage to a Temple. That good pare,
Old Baucis *and* Philemon, *changed are*
At once to ſacred Trees. In various ſhapes
Blew Proteus *ſports. Oft ſelfe-changd* Metra *ſcapes*
Scornd ſeruitude. The Streame of Calydon
Forſakes his owne, and other ſhapes puts on.

NOw *Lucifer* exalts the Day: to hell
Old *Night* deſcends. The Eaſterne winds now fell;
Moyſt clouds aroſe: when gentle Southerne gales
Befriend returning *Cephalus*. Full ſailes
Wing his ſucceſſefull courſe: who, long before
All expectation, toucht the wiſhed ſhore.
Meane-while iuſt *Minos* waſtes *Lelegia's* coaſt,
And girts *Alcathoës* Citie with his Hoaſt.
This *Niſus* held; whoſe head a Purple haire,
'Mong thoſe of honorable ſiluer, bare:
His Kingdomes ſtrength. Sixe aged Moones grew young:
Yet warres ſucceſſe in equall ballance hung.
Slow Victorie, not knowing what to doe,
With doubtfull wings 'twixt either armie flew.
A regall Tower, with vocall walls, there ſtands;
Erected by *Apollo's* ſacred hands:

Whereon

Whereon, they ſay, his golden Lyre he layd;
Which then from thence a gratefull ſound conuayd.
This, *Niſus* daughter oft aſcends alone;
And drops ſmall pebbles on the warbling ſtone;
In time of peace. When warre had peace expeld,
From thence the conflicts of ſterne *Mars* beheld.
By this delay, the Princes names ſhee knowes;
Their armes, horſe, habits, and *Cydonian* bowes:
Europa's Son, the Generall, yet knew,
More then the reſt; more then 'twas fit to doe.
For when he wore his fairely plumed cask;
She thought him louely in that warlick mask:
Or when his braſſe-refulgent ſhield he rais'd;
His gracefull geſture infinitely prais'd.
Nor could his practis'd arme let flye a dart;
But ſtraight ſh'extols his ſtrength, informd by art.
If he an arrow drew; ſh'would ſweare that ſo
Apollo ſtood, when he diſchargd his bow.
But when he d'oft his helme, and ſhewd his face;
When clad in purple, with a gallant grace,
He on his hot-high-bounding Courſer ſits:
O then ſhe ſcarce was miſtris of her wits!
Happy ſhe cals the lance his hand ſuſtaines:
Happy ſhe cals his hand-ſuſtained raignes.
Had Will the powre, ſhe would haue madly paſt
Through all the hoſtile ranks; her ſelfe haue caſt
Amid the *Cretan* tents, euen from that towre;
Or ope the braſſe-rib'd gates to *Minos* powre:
Or what he would. Who, muſing long, ſuruay'd
The *Gnoſsian* Kings white Tent; and ſoftly ſaid:
Whether I ſhould for this ſo ſad a warre
Or ioy, or grieue; within my ſelfe I iarre.
Alas, that he I loue ſhould be my foe!
I had not knowne him had it not beene ſo.
Yet me in hoſtage might he take: of peace
A pledge; his ſpouſe; and bloody broyles ſurceaſe.
No maruell though a God her beauty tooke:
If ſhee that bare thee had ſo ſweet a looke.
Thrice happy I, could I with wings preuent
This dull delay; and flye to *Minos* tent.
My ſelfe I would diſcloſe, confeſſe my flame;
And buy him, with what dowry he ſhould name;

Saue

Saue to betray theſe towers: dye, dye deſire,
E're I by treaſon to your ends aſpire.
Yet, through the Victors clemency, it ſome,
Nay many, hath auaild, t'haue beene o're-come.
Iuſt warre he wageth for his Sons ſad end:
His cauſe is ſtrong: ſtrong armes his cauſe defend.
Sure we muſt fall. If ſuch our Cities fate;
Why ſhould his powre inthrone him in this State,
And not my loue? better, without delay,
His ſouldiers blood, his owne, he conquer may.
For il-preſaging feares my reſt confound,
Leaſt ſome, not knowing him, ſhould *Minos* wound:
For no heart is ſo hard, that did but know,
And would a lance againſt his boſom throw.
It takes: with me, my country I intend
To render vp; and giue theſe warres an end.
What is't to intend? Each paſſage hath a guard;
My father keepes the keyes, and ſees them bard.
'Tis he defers my ioyes; 'tis he I dread:
Would I were not, or he were with the dead!
Tuſh, we are our owne Gods. They thriue, that dare:
And Fortune is a foe to ſlothfull praire.
Long ſince, an other, ſcorcht with ſuch a fire,
By death had forc't a way to her deſire.
Yet why ſhould any more aduenturous proue?
I dare through ſword and fire make way to Loue.
And yet here is no vſe of fire nor ſword;
But of my fathers haire. This muſt afford
What I ſo much affect, and make me bleſt:
Richer then all the treaſure of the Eaſt.
This ſaid; Night, nurſe of cares, her curtaines drew:
When in the dark ſhe more audacious grew.
In prime of reſt, when tyr'd with day-bred cares
Sleepe all inueſts; ſhe ſilently repaires
Into her fathers bed-chamber; and there
Extracts (ô horrid act!) his fatall haire.
Ceas'd of her wicked pray; with her ſhe bore
The guilty ſpoyle; vnlocks a Poſterne doore:
Then paſt the foe (bold by her merit made)
Vnto the King; nor vn-aſtoniſht, ſaid.
Inforc't by Loue, I *Scylla*, *Niſus* Seede,
Yeeld vp my Country, and my Gods: no meede,

But

But thee, I craue. This purple haire receiue,
My loues rich pledge: nor thinke a haire I giue,
But my old fathers head. With that, preſents
The gift with wicked hand, and bad oſtents.
Mines reiects it: and much terrifide
With horror of ſo foule a deede, replide:
The Gods exile thee (ô thou moſt abhord!)
Their world; to thee nor Land nor Sea afford.
How-ere *Ioues Creete*, the world wherein I raigne,
Shall ſuch a Monſter neuer entertaine.
This ſaid: the moſt iuſt Victor doth impoſe
Lawes, no leſſe iuſt, vpon his vanquiſht foes.
Then orders, that they forthwith ores conuay
Abord the braſſe-beakt ſhips, and anchors waye.
When *Scylla* ſaw the *Gnoſian* nauy ſwim;
And that her treaſon was abhor'd by him:
To violent anger ſhe conuerts her prayers.
And Furie-like, with ſtretcht armes and ſpred haires;
Cry'd; Whither fly'ſt thou? leauing me for-lore,
That conqueſt-crown'd thee? ô preferd before
My Country! Father! 'twas not thou didſt win;
But I that gaue: my merrit, and my ſin.
Not this; not ſuch affection, could perſwade:
Nor that on thee I all my hopes had layd.
For whither ſhould I goe, thus left alone?
What? to my Country? that's by me o're-throwne.
Wer't not? my treaſon doomes me to exile.
Or to my father; giuen vnto thy ſpoyle?
Me worthily the Citizens will hate:
And neighbours feare th'example in their State.
I, out of all the world my ſelfe haue throwne,
To purchaſe an acceſſe to *Crete* alone.
Which if deny'd; and left to ſuch deſpaire;
Europa ne'r one ſo vngratefull bare:
But ſwallowing *Syrt's*, *Charybdis* chaft with wind;
Or ſome fell Tygres of th' *Armenian* kind.
Ioue's not thy father; nor with forged ſhape
Of Bull beguild, thy mother culd her rape.
That ſtory of thy glorious race is faind:
For ſhee a wild and loueleſſe Bull ſuſtaind.
O father *Niſus*, thy reuenge behold!
Reioyce, ô Citie, by my treaſon ſold!

Death

Death, I confeſſe, I merit. Yet would I
Might, by their hands whom I haue iniur'd, dye.
For why ſhouldſt thou, who onely didſt ſubdue
By my offending, my offence perſue?
My Country and my father felt this ſinne:
Which vnto thee a curteſie hath beene.
Thou worthy art of ſuch a wife, as ſtood
A Bulls hot inceſt in a Cow of wood;
Whoſe ſhameleſſe womb a monſtrous burthen bare.
Ah! doe my ſorrowes to thy eares repaire?
Or are my fruitleſſe words borne by that wind
That beares thee hence, and leaues a wretch behind?
What though *Paſiphäe* a Bull preferd?
Thou far more brutiſh then the ſauage Herd.
Woe's me! make haſte I muſt: the waues with ores
Reſound; his ſhip forſakes, with vs, our ſhores.
In vaine! I'le follow thee vngratefull King:
And while I to thy crooked veſſell cling
Be drag'd through drenching ſeas. This hauing ſaid,
Attempts the waues, by *Cupids* ſtrengthning aid,
And cleaues t'his ſhip. Her father, now high-flowne
Strikes ayrie rings (a red-maild Hobbie growne)
And ſtoopes to cuff her with his golden ſeares.
She ſlips her hold, infeebled by her feares.
While yet a falling, that ſhe might eſchue
The threatning ſea, light wings t'her ſhoulders grew.
Now changed to a bird in ſight of all:
This, of her tufted crowne we *Ciris* call.
No ſooner *Minos* toucht the *Cretan* ground,
But by an hundred Buls, with garlands crown'd,
His vowes to conqueſt-giuing *Ioue* he payd:
And all his pallace with the ſpoyle arrayd.
And now his families reproch increaſt.
That vncouth prodigie, halfe man, halfe beaſt,
His mothers dire adultery deſcryd.
Minos reſolues his marriage ſhame to hide
In multitude of roomes, perplext, and blind,
The work t'excelling *Dædalus* aſſignd.
Who ſence diſtracts, and error leades a maze
Through ſubtill ambages of ſundry wayes.
As *Phrygian Mæander* ſports about
The flowrie vales; now winding in, now out;

Himſelfe incounters, ſees his following floods,
His ſtreames leades to their ſprings; and, doubling, ſcuds
To long mockt ſeas: ſo *Dædalus* compil'd
Innumerable by-wayes, which beguild
The ſenſes conduct; that himſelfe with much
Adoe returnes: the fallacies were ſuch.
When in this fabrick *Minos* had inclos'd
This double forme, of man and beaſt compos'd;
The Monſter, with *Athenian* blood twice fed,
His owne, the third Lot, in the ninth yeere, ſhed.
Then by a Clew reguided to the doore
(A virgins counſell) neuer found before;
Ægides, with rapt *Ariadne*, makes
For *Dia*: on the naked ſhore forſakes
His confident and ſleepe-oppreſſed Mate.
Now, pining in complaints, the deſolate
Bacchus, with marriage, comforts: and that ſhe
Might glorious by a Conſtellation be;
Her head vnburthens of her crowne, and threw
It vp to heauen: through thinner ayre it flew.
Flying, the iewels that the verge inchace
Conuert to fires; faſt-fixed in one place;
Th'old forme retaining. They their ſtation take,
Twixt Him that Kneeles, and Him who holds the Snake.
The Sea-impris'ned *Dædalus*, meane-while,
Weary of *Creet*, and of his long exile;
Toucht with his countries loue, and place of birth;
Thus ſaid: Though *Minos* bar both ſea and earth;
Yet heauen is free. That courſe attempt I dare:
Held he the world, he could not hold the ayre.
This ſaid; to arts vnknowne he bends his wits
In natures change. The quils in order knits,
Beginning with the leaſt: the longer ſtill
The ſhort ſucceeds; much like a riſing hill.
Their rurall pipes, the ſhepheards, long agoe,
(Fram'd of vnequall reeds) contriued ſo.
With threds the midſt, with wax he ioynes the ends:
And theſe, as naturall wings, a little bends.
Young *Icarus* ſtood by, who little thought
That with his death he playd; and ſmiling, caught
The feathers that lay hulling in the ayre:
Now chafes the yellow waxe with buſie care,

And

And interrupts his Sire. When his laſt hand
He had impos'd: with new-made wings he fand
The ayre that bare them. Then inſtructs his ſon:
Be ſure that in the middle courſe thou run.
Dank ſeas will clog the wings that lowly flye:
The Sun will burne them if thou for'ſt to high.
'Twixt either keepe. Nor on *Boôtes* gaze,
Nor *Helicé*, nor ſterne *Orions* rayes:
But follow me. At once, he doth aduiſe;
And vnknowne pinions to his ſhoulders ties.
Amid his work and words a tyde of teares
Fret his old cheeks, who trembling fingers reares.
Then kiſt him, neuer to be kiſſed more:
And rais'd on lightſome feathers flies before;
His feare behind: as birds through boundleſſe sky
From ayerie neſts produce their yong to fly;
Exhorts to follow: taught his banefull skill;
Waues his owne wings, his ſons obſeruing ſtill.
Theſe, while ſome Angler, fiſhing with a cane;
Or Shepheard, leaning on his ſtaffe; or Swaine;
With wonder viewes: he thinks them Gods that glide
Through ayrie regions. Now on the left ſide
Leaues *Inno's Samos*, *Delos*, *Paros* white,
Lebynthos, and *Calydna* on the right,
Flowing with hony. When the boy, much tooke
With pleaſure of his wings, his Guide forſooke:
And rauiſht with deſire of heauen, aloft
Aſcends. The odor-yeelding wax more ſoft
By the ſwift Suns vicinitie now grew:
Which late his feathers did together glew.
That thaw'd; he ſhakes his naked armes, that bare,
As then no ſaile, nor could containe the ayre.
When crying, Helpe, ô father! his exclaime
Blew Seas ſuppreſt; which tooke from him their name.
His father, now no father, left alone,
Cryde *Icarus*! where art thou? which way flowne?
What region, *Icarus*, doth thee containe.
Then ſpies the feathers floting on the Maine.
He curſt his arts; interres the corpſe, that gaue
The land a name, which gaue his ſonne a graue.
The Partridge from a thicket him ſuruayd;
As in a tombe his wretched ſon he lnyd;

Who clapt his fanning wings, and lowdly churd
T'expreſſe his ioy: as then an onely bird.
So made of late (vnknowne in former time)
O *Dædalus*, by thy eternall crime.
To thee thy Siſter gaue him to be taught;
Who little of his deſtinie fore-thought:
The boy then twelue yeare aged; of a mind
Apt for inſtruction, and to Arts inclind.
He Sawes inuented, by the bones that grow
In fiſhes backs; the ſteele indenting ſo.
And two-ſhankt Compaſſes with riuet bound;
Th'one to ſtand ſtill, the other turning round
In equall diſtance. *Dædalus* this ſtung:
Who from *Minerua's* ſacred turret flung
The enui'd head-long; and his falling faines.
Him *Pallas*, fautor of good wits, ſuſtaines:
Who ſtraight the figure of a foule aſſumes;
Clad in the midſt of ayre with freckled plumes.
The vigor of his late ſwift wit now came
Into his feet, and wings: he keepes his name.
They neuer mount aloft, nor truſt their birth
To tops of trees; but fleck as lowe as earth,
And lay their egs in tufts. In mind they beare
Their ancient fall, and haughtie places feare.
Tyr'd *Dædalus* now in *Sicilia* lights:
In whoſe defence hoſpitious *Cocalus* fights.
Now *Athens* by *Ægæus* glorious Seed
Was from her lamentable tribute freed.
They crowne their Temples: warlick *Pallas*, *Ioue*,
Inuoke; with all the Deities aboue.
Whom now they honour with the large expence
Of blood, free gifts, and heapes of frankincenſe.
Vaſt Fame through all th'*Argolian* cities ſpred
His praiſe: and all that rich *Achaia* fed
His aid in their extremities intreat,
His aid afflicted *Calydon* (though great
In *Meleager*) ſought. The cauſe a Bore:
Dian's reuenge, and horrid Seruatore.
For *Oeneus*, with a plenteous harueſt bleſt,
To *Ceres* his firſt fruits of corne addreſt,
To *Pallas* oyle, and to *Lyæus* wine.
Ambitious honours all the Powres diuine

Reape

Reape from the rurals; yet neglect to pay
Diana dues; her Altars empty lay.
Anger affects the Gods. This will not we
Vnpuniſht beare: nor vnreueng'd, ſaid ſhe,
Though vn-adored, ſhall they vant we be.
With that ſhe ſent into *Oeneian* fields
A vengefull Bore. Rank-graſt *Epirus* yeelds
No big-bon'd bullock of a larger breed:
But thoſe are leſſe which in *Sicilia* feed.
His eyes blaze blood and fire: his ſtiffe neck beares
Horrible briſtles, like a groue of ſpeares.
A boyling ſome vpon his ſhoulders flowes
From grinding iawes: his tuſhes equall thoſe
Of *Indian* Elephants: his fell mouth caſts
Hot lightning; and his breath the virdure blaſts.
He tramples vnder foot the growing corne;
And leaues the ſighing husband-man forlorne;
Reaping the riper eares. Their vſuall graine
The barnes and threſhing floores expect in vaine.
Broad-ſpreding vines he with their burden, ſheres:
And boughs from euer-leauy oliues teares.
Then falls on beaſts: the Herdſmen, now vnfeard;
Nor dogs, nor raging Buls, defend their Herd.
The people flye; nor are ſecure of mind
In walled townes: till *Meleager*, ioyn'd
With youths of choyceſt worth, inflamd with praiſe,
Attempts his death. The twin'd *Tyndarides*;
One for his horſemanſhip, the other fam'd
For hurle-bats; *Iaſon*, who the firſt ſhip fram'd;
Theſeus with his *Pirithous*, a paire
Of happy friends; and *Lynceus*, *Aphar's* heire;
The two *Theſtiadæ*, *Leucippus* crownd
For ſtrength; *Acaſtus*, for his dart renownd;
Swift *Idas*, *Cæneus*, not a maiden then;
Hippothous, *Dryas*; *Phœnix* (beſt of men,)
Amyntors iſſue; both th' *Actorides*,
And *Phyleus* ſent from *Elis*, came with theſe:
Pheretes hope; aduenturous *Telamon*;
And he who call'd the great *Achilles* ſon;
Hyantian Iölaus, the quick grac't
Eurytion; and *Echion*, who ſurpaſt
In running; *Lelex* the *Narycian*,

With

With *Panopæus*, *Hyleus*, *Hippaſan*,
Now youthfull *Neſtor*: ſons to that intent
Hippocoön from old *Amyclis* ſent:
Penelopes father in law, *Parraſia*-bred
Ancæus, wiſe *Ampycides* well read
In fates; *Oiclides*, not as yet betrayd
B'his wife; *Tegeæan Atalant*, a maide
Of paſſing beautie, ſprung from *Schœnus* race:
Of high *Lycæan* woods the onely grace.
A poliſht Zone her vpper garment bound;
And in one knot her artleſſe haire was wound:
Her arrowes iuory guardian clattering hung
On her left ſhoulder; and a bow well ſtrung
Her left hand held. Her lookes a wench diſplayd
In a boyes face, a boyes face in a maide.
The *Calydonian* Heros her beheld
And wiſht at once: his wiſhes fate repeld.
Who lurking flames attracts; and ſaid, O bleſt
Is he, whom thou ſhalt with thy ioyes inueſt!
But time, and ſhame, with further ſpeech diſpence:
Vrg'd by a work of greater conſequence.
A Wood o're-growne with trees, yet neuer feld,
Mounts from a Plaine, that all beneath beheld.
The glory-thirſting Gallants this aſcend.
Forth-with a part their corded toyles extend;
Some hounds vncouple; ſome the tract of feet
Together trace: and danger long to meet.
A Dale there was, through which the raine-rais'd flood
Oft tumbled downe, and in the bottom ſtood:
Repleat with plyant willowes, mariſh weeds,
Sharpe ruſhes, oſiers, and long ſlender reeds.
The Bore from thence diſlodg'd, like lightning cruſht
Through iuſtling clouds, among the hunters ruſht:
Beares downe the obuious trees; the craſhing woods
Report their fall. The youths each others bloods
With high-rais'd ſhoots inflame: who keep their ſtands:
And ſhake their broad-tipt ſpeares with threatning hands.
The dogs he ſcatters; thoſe that durſt oppoſe
His horrid furie, wounds with ganching blowes.
Echion firſt his iauelin vainly caſt,
Which ſtruck a beech. The next his ſides had paſt,
But that with too much ſtrength it ouer-flew:

The

The weapon *Pagaſæan Iaſon* threw.
O *Phœbus*, ſaid *Ampycides*, If I
Haue honourd, and doe honour thee, apply
Thy ſuccour in ſucceſſe of my intents.
The God, as much as lay in him, aſſents:
But from the dart the head *Diana* took;
Which gaue no wound, although the Boreit ſtrook.
The beaſt like lightning burns, thus chaſt with ire:
His grim eyes ſhine, his breſt breaths flames of fire.
And as a ſtone which ſome huge engine throwes
Againſt a wall, or bulwarke man'd with foes:
The deadly Bore with ſuch ſure violence
Aſſaults their forces. The right wings defence;
Eupalamon, and *Pelagonus*, caſt
On ſounding earth: drawne off with timely haſt.
Enæſimus, great *Hippocoöns* ſon,
Could not ſo well his ſlaughtring tuſhes ſhun:
Which cut the ſhrinking ſinewes in his thigh,
Euen as he trembled, and prepar'd to flye.
And *Neſtor* long had periſhed, perchance,
Before *Troyes* warre; but, vauting on a lance,
He tooke a tree, which there his branches ſpred:
And ſafely ſaw the foe from whom he had fled.
Who, full of rage, his vengefull tuſhes whets
Vpon an Oke; and dire deſtruction threats.
When, truſting to his new-edg'd armes, the Bore
The manly thigh of great *Orithyus* tore.
The brother Twins, not yet cœleſtiall Starres;
Conſpicuous both, both terrible in warres;
Both mounted on white Steeds, a loft both bare
Their glittring ſpeares, which trembled in the aire:
And both had ſped; but that the Swine with-drew
Where neither horſe nor iauelin could perſue.
In followes *Telamon*, hot of the chace;
And ſtumbling at a roote, fell on his face.
While *Peleus* liſts him vp, a winged flight
Tegæa drew, which flew as ſwift as ſight:
Below his eare the fixed arrow ſtood,
And ſtaind his briſtles with a little blood.
The Virgin leſſe reioyced in the blow
Then *Meleager*: who firſt ſaw it flow,
Firſt ſhow'd his mates the blood: O moſt renound

Said

Said he, thy vertue hath thy honour crownd.
The men, they bluſh for ſhame; each other cheare;
And high-rais'd ſoules, with clamors higher reare:
Their ſpeares in cluſters fling; which make no breach
Through idle ſtore: and throwes their throwes impeach.
Behold, *Anceus* with a polax, ſterne
To his owne fate; who ſaid, By me ô learne
You youths, how much a mans ſharpe ſteele exceeds
A womans weapons, and applaud my deeds.
Though *Dian* ſhould take armes, and in this ſtrife
Protect her beaſt, ſhe ſhould not ſaue his life.
Thus glorioufly he boaſts; in both his hands
Aduanc't his polax, and on tip-toes ſtands.
Whom, ere his armes deſcend, the furious Swine
Preuents; and ſheathes his tuſhes in his groyne.
Downe fell *Anceus*, out his bowels guſht,
All gore; with blood the earth, as guilty, bluſht.
Ixions ſon *Pirithous* forward preſt:
And with an able arme his lance addreſt.
To whom *Ægides*; O to me more deare
Then my owne life! my better halfe; forbeare.
The wiſe in valour ſhould aloofe contend:
Foole-hardy courage was *Anceus* end.
This ſaid, his heauy cornell; with a head
Of braſſe, he hurles: which ſure had ſtruck him dead
(It was deliuered with ſo true an aime)
But that a Medlar interpos'd the ſame.
Æſonides then threw his thrilling lance;
Which hit (diuerted from the mark by chance)
A dog betweene his baying iawes: the wound
Ruſht through his guts, and naild him to the ground.
Oenides varying hand diſchargd two ſpeares:
The earth the one, the beaſt the other beares.
While now he raues, grunts, turnes his body round,
Caſts blood and fome; the author of his wound
Ruſht in; prouokes his greater wrath; and where
His ſhields diſſeuer, thruſts his deadly ſpeare.
They all with chearfull ſhouts their ioyes vnfold;
Shake his victorious hands; the Beaſt behold
With wonder, whoſe huge bulk poſſeſt ſo much:
And hardly thinke it ſafe the ſlaine to touch:
Yet with his blood they die their iauelins red.

He

He ſets his foot vpon his horrid head;
My right, ſaid he, receiue rare *Nonacrine*,
And let my glory euer ſhare with thine.
Then gaue the briſtled ſpoyle, in terror charm'd;
And gaſtly head with monſtrous tuſhes arm'd.
She in the Gift and Giuer pleaſure tooke.
All murmur, with prepoſterous enuy, ſtrooke.
On whom the violent *Theſtiadæ* frowne;
And cry aloud with ſtretcht-out armes; Lay downe:
Nor, Woman, of our titles vs bereaue,
Leaſt thee thy beauties confidence deceaue;
His aid to weake whom loue hath reft of ſight:
And ſnatcht from her, her gift; from him, his right.
Oenides ſwels; his lookes with anger ſterne:
You rauiſhers of others honours, learne
(Said he) the diſtance betweene words and deeds:
With wicked ſteele ſecure *Plexippus* ſpeeds.
While *Toxeus*, whether to reuenge his blood,
Or ſhun his brothers fortune, wauering ſtood;
He cleares the doubt: the weapon, hot before
By th'others wound, new heats in his hearts gore.
Gifts to the holy Gods *Althæa* brings
For her ſons victorie; and *Paans* ſings.
When back ſhe ſaw her ſlaughtred brothers brought:
At that ſad obiect ſcreecht; and griefe-diſtraught,
The Citie fils with out-cryes: off ſhe teares
Her royall robes, and funerall garments weares.
But told by whom they fell; no longer mournes:
Rage dries her eyes; her teares to vengeance turnes.
The triple Siſters earſt a brand conuai'd
Into the fire; her belly newly laid;
Thus chanting, while they ſpun the fatall twine:
O lately borne, one period we aſſigne
To thee, and to this brand. The charme they weaue
Into his fate; and then the chamber leaue.
His mother ſnatcht it with an haſtie hand
Out of the fire; and quencht the flagrant brand.

This in an inward cloſſet cloſely layes:
And by preſeruing it, preſerues his dayes.
Which now produc't; a pyle of wood ſhe rais'd,
That by the hoſtile fire inuaded, blaz'd.
Foure times ſhe proffers to the greedy flame
The fatall brand: as oft with-drew the ſame.
A Mother, and a Siſter, now contend:
And two-diuided names, one boſom rend.
Oft feare of future crimes a paleneſſe bred:
Oft burning Furie gaue her eyes his red.
Now ſeemes to threaten with a cruell looke:
And now appeares like one that pitie tooke.
Her teares the feruor of her anger dryes:
Yet found ſhe teares againe to drowne her eyes.
Euen as a ſhip, when wind and tyde contends,
Feeles both their furies, and with either bends:
So *Theſtias*, whom vnſteddie paſſion driues;
By changes, calmes her rage, and rage reuiues.
A ſiſters loue at length ſubdues a mothers:
That blood may appeaſe the ghoſts of bleeding brothers,
Impiouſly pious. Flames, to aſhes turne
This brand, ſaid ſhe, and my loth'd bowels burne.
Then, holding in her hand the fatall wood;
As ſhe before the funerall altar ſtood:
You triple Powers, who guiltie Soules perſue;
Eumenides; theſe Rites of vengeance view.
I act the crime I puniſh. Death muſt be
By death atton'd. On murder, murder we
Accumulate; redoubling funerall.
Dire linage, by congeſted ſorrowes fall.
Shall *Oeneus* ioy in his victorious ſon?
Sad *Theſtius* rob'd of his? be both vndon.
Looke vp, ô you my brothers ghoſts; you late
Diſlodged ſoules; ſee how I right your fate.
Accept of this infernall ſacrifize,
Of high eſteeme: my wombs accurſed prize.
Ay me! ô whether am I rapt! excuſe

A mother, brothers. Trembling hands refuſe
Their fainting aide. He merits death: yet by
A mothers rage me thinkes he ſhould not dye.
Then ſhall hee ſcape? aliue, a victor, feaſt
In proud ſucceſſe; of *Calydon* poſſeſt?
You, little aſhes, and chill Shades, forlorne?
I'le not indure it. Periſh Villaine, borne
To our immortall ruine. Ruinate
With thee, thy fathers hopes, his crowne and ſtate.
Where is a mothers heart? a parents praire?
Th'vnthought-of burthen which I ten months bare?
O would, while yet an infant, the firſt flame
Had thee deuour'd; nor I oppos'd the ſame!
Thy life, my gift; by thine owne merit dye:
A iuſt reward for thy impiety.
Thy twice-giuen life reſtore; firſt by my womb,
Laſt by this rauiſht brand; or me a tomb
With my poore brothers. Faine I would perſue
Reuenge; yet would not. O, what ſhall I doe!
Before my eyes my brothers wounds now bleed:
And the ſad image of ſo foule a deed.
Now pittie, and a mothers name controule
My ſterne intention. ô diſtracted ſoule!
You haue won, my brothers; but, alas, ill won:
So that, while thus I comfort you, I run
Your fate. With eyes reuerſt, her quaking hand
To trembling flames expos'd the funerall brand.
The Brand appeares to ſighe, or ſighes expires:
Wrapt in th'imbracements of vnwilling fires.
Vnknowing *Meleager*, abſent broyles
Euen in thoſe flames: his blood, thick-panting, boyles
In vnſeene fire. Who ſuch tormenting paines
With more then manly fortitude ſuſtaines.
Yet grieues that by a ſlothfull death he falls
Without a wound: *Ancæus* happy calls.
His aged father, brothers, ſiſters, wife,
Now groning names, with his laſt words of life:
Perhaps his mother. Flames and paines increaſe:
Againe they languiſh; and together ceaſe.
To liquid aire his vaniſht ſpirits turne:
And ſable coles in ſhrouds of aſhes mourne.
Low lyes high *Calydon*: the young, the old,

Ignoble, noble, all, their griefes vnfold.
The *Calydonian* matrons cut their haire;
Deflowre their beauties: cry, woe and deſpaire!
His hoarie head with duſt his father hides;
Lyes groueling on the ground; and old age chides.
For now his mother, by her guilt perſude,
Reuenging ſteele in her owne breſt imbrude.
Though *Ioue* an hundred able tongues beſtow,
A wit that ſhould with full inuention flow,
All *Helicon* infuſe into my breſt;
His ſiſters ſorrowes could not be expreſt.
Themſelues forgetting decency, deface:
As long as he a bodie, it imbrace;
Kiſſe his pale lips: when turn'd to aſhes, they
The aſhes in their bruiſed boſoms lay:
Fall on his tomb; his name, that there appeares,
Infold; and fill the characters with teares.
But when *Diana's* wrath was ſatisfide
With *Oenius* miſery: they all (beſide
Faire *Gorge* and the louely *Deianire*)
On plumy pinions, by her powre, aſpire;
With long-extended wings, and beakes of horne:
Who through the ayre in varied ſhapes are borne.
Meanewhile to *Pallas* towres *Ægides* hyes
(His part performd in that ioynt enterpriſe)
Whoſe haſt raine-raiſed *Achelous* ſtaid.
Renoun'd *Cecropian* Prince, the Riuer ſaid,
Vouchſafe my roofe; nor to th'impetuous flood
Commit thy perſon. Oft huge logs of wood,
And broken rocks, downe-tumbling, lowdly rore.
Houſes and Herds not ſeldome heretofore
Hurried away: nor was the Oxe of force
To keepe his ſtand; nor ſwiftneſſe ſau'd the Horſe.
And when diſſolued ſnow from mountaines pour'd,
The turning eddies many haue deuour'd.
More ſafe to ſtay vntill the current run
Within his bounds. To whom *Ægeus* ſon:
'Twere folly, if not madneſſe, to refuſe
Thy houſe and counſell: both I meane to vſe.
Then enters his large caue, where Nature playd
The Artiſan; of hollow Pumice made,
And rugged Tophas; floor'd with humid moſſe:

The

The roofe pure white and purple ſhels imboſſe.
Now had *Hyperion* paſt two parts of day:
When *Theſeus*, with the partners of his way,
Pirithous, and *Lelex* the renowne
Of *Trœzen*, now appearing gray; ſat downe:
And whom the Riuer, glad of ſuch a gueſt,
Preferd vnto the honour of his feaſt.
Forth-with, bare-footed Nymphs bring in the meat:
That ta'ne away, vpon the table ſet
Crown'd cups of wine. When *Theſeus* turnd his face
To vnder ſeas; and poynting, ſaid; What place
Is yon', and of what name, that ſtands alone?
And yet me thinks it ſhould be more then one.
It is not one, the courteous Flood replyes;
But fiue; their neighbourhood deceiues your eyes.
The leſſe t'admire *Diana*, late deſpis'd,
Fiue Nymphs they were: who hauing ſacrifis'd
Ten beeues, inuited to their feſtiuall
The rurall Gods; my ſelfe forgot by all.
At this my ſurges ſwell. I, then as great
As euer, with inraged waters fret.
The woods from woods, and fields from fields I teare
With them, the Nymphs (now mindfull of me) beare
In exile to the Deep: whoſe waues, with mine,
That then-vnited maſſe of earth diſ-ioyne
Into as many peeces, as in ſeas
Are of the flood-imbrac't *Echinades*.
Yet ſee one Ile, far, ô far off remou'd!
Call'd *Perimele*; once by me belou'd.
I, from this Nymph, her virgin honour tooke.
Hippodamas his daughter could not brooke:
But caſt her from a rock into the Deepe.
Whom, while my thickned ſtreames from ſinking keepe;
I ſaid: O *Neptune*, thou that do'ſt command
The wandring waues that beat vpon the land;
To whom we Riuers run, in whom we end;
Incline a gentle eare. I did offend;
In wronging whom I beare: if pious; he
Would both haue pittied her, and pardon'd me.
Her, whom his furie hath from earth exil'd,
And in the ſtrangling waters drencht his child;
A place afford: or let her be a place

Which

Which I may euer with my ſtreames imbrace.
His head the King of Surges forward ſhooke:
And, in aſſenting, all the Ocean ſtrooke.
The Nymph yet ſwims; although with feare oppreſt.
I layd my hand vpon her panting breſt:
While thus I handled her, I might perceiue
The earth about her ſtifning body cleaue.
Now, with a maſſe infolded, as ſhe ſwims,
An Iland roſe from her transformed lims.
He held his peace. This admiration won
In all: derided by *Ixions* ſon:
By nature rough, and one who did deſpiſe
All-able Gods: who ſaid; Thou tel'ſt vs lyes,
And thinkſt the Gods too potent: as if they
Could giue new ſhapes, or take our old away.
His ſaying all amaz'd, and none approu'd:
Moſt *Lelex*, ripe in age and wiſdome, mou'd.
Heauens powre, immenſe and endleſſe, none can ſhun;
Said he; and what the Gods would doe, is done.
To check your doubt; on *Phrygian* hils there growes
An Oke by a Line-tree, which old walls incloſe.
My ſelfe this ſaw, while I in *Phrygia* ſtaid;
By *Pittheus* ſent: where erſt his father ſwaid.
Hard by, a lake, once habitable ground;
Where Coots and fiſhing Cormorants abound.
Ioue, in a humane ſhape; with *Mercurie*;
(His heeles vnwing'd) that way their ſteps apply.
Who gueſt-rites at a thouſand houſes craue;
A thouſand ſhut their doores: One only gaue.
A ſmall thatch't Cottage: where, a pious wife
Old *Baucis*, and *Philemon*, led their life.
Both equall-ag'd. In this, their youth they ſpent;
In this, grew old: rich onely in content.
Who pouertie, by bearing it, declind:
And made it eaſie with a chearfull mind.
None Maſter, nor none Seruant, could you call:
They who command, obay; for two were all.
Ioue hither came, with his *Cyllenian* mate;
And ſtooping, enters at the humble gate.
Sit downe, and take your eaſe, *Philemon* ſaid.
While buſie *Baucis* ſtraw-ſtuft cuſhions layd:
Who ſtird abroad the glowing coles, that lay

In

In ſmothering aſhes; rak't vp yeſter-day.
Dry bark, and withered leaues, theron ſhe throwes:
Whoſe feeble breath to flame the cinders blowes.
Then ſlender clefts, and broken branches gets:
And ouer all a little kettle ſets.
Her husband gathers cole-flowrs, with their leaues;
Which from his gratefull garden he receiues:
Tooke downe a flitch of bacon with a prung,
That long had in the ſmokie chimney hung:
Whereof a little quantitie he cuts:
And it into the boyling liquor puts.
This ſeething; they the time beguile with ſpeech:
Vnſenſible of ſtay. A bowle of beech,
There, by the handle hung vpon a pin:
This fils he with warme water; and therein
Waſhes their feete. A moſſe-ſtuft bed and pillow
Lay on a homely bed-ſteed made of willow:
A couerlet, onely vs'd at feaſts, they ſpred:
Though courſe, and old; yet fit for ſuch a bed.
Downe lye the Gods. The palſie-ſhaken Dame
Sets forth a table with three legs; one lame,
And ſhorter then the reſt, a pot-ſhare reares:
This, now made leuell, with green mint ſhe cleares.
Whereon they party-colour'd oliues ſet,
Autumnall Cornels, in tart pickle wet;
Coole endiffe, radiſh, new egs roſted reare,
And late-preſt cheeſe; which earthen diſhes beare.
A goblet, of the ſelfe ſame ſiluer wrought;
And bowles of beech, with waxe well varniſht, brought.
Hot victuals from the fire were forthwith ſent:
Then wine, not yet of perfect age, preſent.
This ta'ne away; the ſecond Courſe now comes:
Philberts, dry figs, with rugged dates, ripe plummes,
Sweet-ſmelling apples, diſht in oſier twines;
And purple grapes new gather'd from their vines:
I'th'midſt, a hony combe. Aboue all theſe;
A chearfull looke, and ready will to pleaſe.
Meane-while, the Maple cup it ſelfe doth fill:
And oft exhauſted, is repleniſht ſtill.
Aſtoniſht at the miracle; with feare
Philemon, and the aged *Baucis*, reare
Their trembling hands in prayre: and pardon craue,

For

For that poore entertainment which they gaue.
One Gooſe they had, their cottages chiefe guard;
Which they to hoſpitable Gods award:
Who long their ſlowe perſuit deluding, flies
To *Iupiter*; ſo ſau'd from ſacrifice.
W'are Gods, ſaid they; Reuenge ſhall all vndoe:
Alone immunitie we grant to you.
Together leaue your houſe; and to yon' hill
Follow our ſteps. They both obey their will;
The Gods conducting: feebly both aſcend;
Their ſtaues, with theirs; they, with times burden bend.
A flight-ſhot from the top, reuiew they take;
And ſee all ſwallowed by a mightie lake:
Their houſe excepted. While they this admire,
Lament their neighbours ruine, and exquire
Their holy cottage, which doth onely keepe
Its place; while for the places fate they weepe;
That little ſhed, commanded late by two,
Became a Fane. To colums crotches grew;
The roofe now ſhines with burniſht gold; the doores
Diuinely caru'd; the pauement marble floores.
Thou iuſt old man, *Saturnius* ſaid, and thou
Iuſt woman, worthy ſuch a husband; how
Stand your deſires? They talke a while alone;
Then thus to *Ioue* their common wiſh make knowne.
We craue to be your Prieſts, this Fane to guard.
And ſince in all our liues we neuer iarr'd;
Let one houre both diſſolue: nor let me be
Intomb'd by her, nor ſhe intomb'd by me.
Their ſute is ſign'd. The Temple they poſſeſt,
As long as life. With time and age oppreſt;
As now they ſtood before the ſacred gate,
And call to memorie that places fate;
Philemon ſaw old *Baucis* freſhly ſprout:
And *Baucis* ſaw *Philemon* leaues thruſt out.
Now on their heads aſpiring Crownets grew.
While they could ſpeake, they ſpake: at once, adieu
Wife, Husband, ſaid: at once the creeping rine
Their trunks inclos'd; at once their ſhapes reſigne.
They of *Tyana* to this preſent ſhow
Theſe neighbour trees, that from two bodies grow.
Old men, not like to lye, nor vaine of tongue,

This

This told. I ſaw their boughs with garlands hung:
And hanging freſher, ſaid; Who Gods before
Receiu'd, are ſuch adorers, we adore.
The tale, and teller; wonder, and beliefe,
Prouok't in all: but *Theſeus* moues in chiefe.
Who couetous to heare ſuch deeds as theſe:
The *Calydonian* Riuer, preſt to pleaſe,
In this ſort, leaning on his elbow, ſpake.
There be, who euer keep the forme they take:
Others haue powre themſelues, at will, to change;
As thou blew *Protëus*, that in ſeas do'ſt range.
Who now a Man, a Lyon now appeares;
Now, a fell Bore: a Serpents ſhape now beares.
A Bull, with threatning hornes, now ſeem'ſt to be:
Now, like a Stone; now, like a ſpredding Tree.
And ſometimes like a gentle Riuer flowes:
Sometimes like Fire, oppoſing Water, ſhowes.
Autolicus his wife, the daughter to
Leud *Eriſichthon*, things as ſtrange could doe.
He was her father, who the Gods deſpis'd:
Nor euer on their altars ſacrifis'd.
Who *Ceres* groues with ſteele profand: where ſtood
An old huge Oke; euen of it ſelfe a wood.
Wreaths, ribands, mentall tables, deckt his boughs
And ſacred ſtem; the Dues of powerfull Vowes.
Full oft the *Dryades*, with Chaplets crownd,
Danc't in his ſhade; full oft they tript a Round
About his bole. Fiue cubits three times told
His ample circuit hardly could infold.
Whoſe ſtature other trees as farre exceeds;
As other trees ſurmount the humble weeds.
Yet *Triopëius* all could not prouoke:
Who bids his ſeruants fell the ſacred Oke.
And ſnatches, while they paus'd, an axe from one:
Thus ſtorming: Not the Goddeſſe-lou'd alone;
But though this were the Goddeſſe, ſhe ſhould downe:
And ſweepe the earth with her aſpiring crowne.
As he aduanc't his armes to ſtrike; the Oke
Both ſigh'd and trembled at the threatning ſtroke.
His leaues and acornes, pale together grew:
And colour-changing branches ſweat cold deaw.
Then wounded by his impious hand, the blood

Guſht from th'inciſion in a purple flood.
Much like a mighty oxe, that falls before
The ſacred altar; ſpouting ſtreames of gore.
On all amazement ſeaz'd: when One of all
The crime deterres; nor would his axe let fall.
Contracting his ſterne browes; Receaue, ſaid he,
Thy pieties reward; and from the tree
The ſtroke conuerting, lops his head; then ſtrake
The Oke againe: from whence a voice thus ſpake;
A Nymph am I, within this tree inſhrin'd,
Belou'd of *Ceres*. O prophane of mind,
Vengeance is neere thee. With my parting breath
I propheſie: a comfort to my death.
He ſtill his guilt perſues: who ouerthrowes
With cabels, and innumerable blowes,
The ſturdy Oke: which, nodding long, downe ruſht;
And in his lofty fall his fellowes cruſht.
Their ſiſter, and their groue, the Nymphs lament;
Who, hid in ſable ſtoles, to *Ceres* went;
On *Eriſichthon* iuſt reuenge require:
Who readily conſents to their deſire.
The fair-brow'd Goddeſſe ſhakes her ſhining haires:
With that, the fields ſhooke all their golden eares.
Who to a pitteous puniſhement proceeds
(Had he had any pitty in his deeds)
By ſtaruing. But, ſince not by fatall doome,
Ceres and *Famine* might together come:
A mountaine Faery of th' *Oreades*
Diſpatcheth thither, with ſuch words as theſe.
In froſty *Scythia* lies a land, forlorne
And barren; bearing neither fruit nor corne.
Numb Cold, pale Hew, chill Ague, there abide;
And faſting *Famine*. Bid the Fury glide
Into his curſed entrailes, and deuoure
All plenty: let her rage ſubdue my powre.
But leaſt long wayes thy iourny tedious make:
My charriot and my yoked dragons take.
Taking her charriot; through the empty skies
To *Scythia* and rough *Caucaſus* ſhe flies.
There, in a ſtony field, ſad *Famine* found;
Tearing with teeth and nailes the foodleſſe ground;
With ſnarled haire, ſunk eyes, lookes pale and dead,

Lips

Lips white with ſlime, thin teeth with ruſt ore-ſpred;
Hide-bound, through which her clinged guts appeare;
Dry bones, in ſpare and crooked hips, vp-beare;
Her belly bellyleſſe: low hung her breſt;
So lank, as if her boſom had no cheſt:
The riſing knuckles falling fleſh augment;
Round knees and ankles leanely eminent.
Eſpide far off (ſhee durſt not be ſo bold
To come too neere) the Nymph her meſſage told.
After a little ſtay, although ſhe were
Farre off, although but now arriued there;
She famine felt. Who wheeles about her Snakes;
And her high paſſage to *Æmonia* takes.
Famine obayes the Goddeſſes command;
Though their endeuours ſtill oppoſed ſtand.
Who, by a tempeſt hurried through the skyes,
Enters the wretches roofe: beſides him lyes,
Then faſt a ſleepe: (for now Nights heauy charmes
All eyes had clos'd) imbra'ſt him in her armes;
Her ſelfe infus'd; breathes on his face and breſt:
And emptie veines with hungers rage poſſeſt.
This thus perform'd, forſakes the fruitfull earth:
And back returnes to her abodes of dearth.
Sound Sleepe as yet with pleaſurable wings
On *Eriſichthon* gentle ſlumber flings.
Who dreames of feaſts, extends his idle iawes;
With labouring teeth fantaſtically chawes.
Deludes his throte by ſwallowing emptie fare:
And for affected food deuoures the aire.
Awak't; hot famine raues through all his veines:
And in his guts, and greedie pallat raignes.
Forth-with; what Sea, what Earth, what Ayre affords,
Acquires: complaines of ſtaruing at full bords.
In banquets, banquets ſeekes. What might alone
Haue Townes and Nations fed; ſuffize not one.
Hunger increaſeth with increaſt repaſt.
And as all riuers to the Ocean haſt;
Who thirſty ſtill, drinks vp the ſtranger floods:
As rauenous fires refuſe no profferd foods;
Huge pyles receiue; the more they haue, the more
By much deſire; made hungry with their ſtore.
So *Eriſichthon*, of a mind prophane,

Full diſhes empties, and demands againe.
Meat breeds in him an appetite to meat;
Who euer emptie, ſtill prepares to eat.
His bellies gulfe his patrimonie waſts:
Conſuming famine yet vnleſned laſts;
And his inſatiable throtes extent.
Now all his wealth, into his bowels ſent:
A daughter left, vnworthy ſuch a Sire,
The beggar ſold to feede his hungers fire.
Her noble thoughts baſe ſeruitude diſdaine:
Who now her hands extending to the Maine;
O thou that hadſt my mayden-head, ſaid ſhe,
Thy rauiſht ſpoyle from hated bondage free!
Neptune had this: who to her praier conſents.
And, though then by her maſter ſeene, preuents
His following ſearch: transforming of his Rape
Into a man; maskt in a fiſhers ſhape.
Angler, her maſter ſaid, that with thy bait
Conceal'ſt thy hooke; ſo proſper thy deceit,
So reſt the ſea compos'd; ſo may the fiſh
Be credulous, and taken at thy wiſh;
As thou reueal'ſt her, who in garments poore,
And rufled haire, late ſtood vpon this ſhore.
For here, but very now, I ſaw her ſtand:
Nor farther trace her foot-ſteps in the ſand.
She, *Neptunes* bountie finding; well apaid
To be inquir'd for of her ſelfe; thus ſaid.
Pardon me Sir, who e're you are; my eyes
Haue beene attentiue on this exerciſe.
To win beliefe; ſo may the God of Seas
Aſſiſt my cunning in ſuch arts as theſe:
As late nor man nor maid I ſaw before
Your ſelfe, my ſelfe excepted, on this ſhore.
He credits, and beguil'd, the ſhore forſook:
When ſhe againe her former figure took.
Her father, ſeeing ſhe could change her ſhape,
Oft ſold her; who as often made a ſcape.
Now hart-like, now a cow, a bird, a mare:
And fed his hunger with ill-purchaſt fare.
But when his maladie all meanes had ſpent:
He gaue the miſchiefe a new nouriſhment.
Now to deuoure his proper fleſh proceeds:

And

And by diminiſhing, his body feeds.
What need I dwell on forrein facts? euen we
Can vary ſhapes, though limited they be.
Now ſeeme I as I am; oft like a Snake:
And many times a Buls horn'd figure take.
But while I hornes aſſum'd, one thus was broke,
As you behold. This, with a ſighe, he ſpoke.

OVID'S

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The ninth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

A *Serpent* Achelôus: *now a Bull:*
His ſeuered Horne with plenty euer full,
Lichas *a Rock.* Alcides *ſunke in flame,*
Aſcends a God. The labour-helping Dame
A Weeſel. Lotis, *flying luſt, becomes*
A Tree: the like ſad Dryope *intombs.*
Old Iôlâus *waxeth young agen.*
Callirrho'es *Infants ſodenly grow Men.*
Byblis *a weeping Fountaine.* Iphis, *now*
A Boy, to Iſis *payes his maiden Vow.*

HEe, who his high deſcent from *Neptune* drawes,
Of his ſo ſad a ſigh demands the cauſe,
And maimed brow. Whē thus the God proceeds:
His dangling curles impal'd with quiuering reeds.
A heauie taske you impoſe: his owne diſgrace
Who would reuiue? yet was it not ſo baſe
To be ſubdude, as noble to contend:
And ſuch a Victor doth my foyle defend.
Haue you not heard of faire-cheekt *Deianire*?
The enui'd hope of many: the deſire
Of all that knew her. We, with others, went
To *Oeneus* Court, to purchace his conſent.
Parthaons ſon, be I thy Son in law;
I, and *Alcides* ſaid: the reſt with-draw.
He, with his father *Ione*, his Labours fame,
And Step-dames vanquiſht tasks, inforc't his clame.
'Twere ſhame, ſaid I, that deathleſſe Gods, to men
Who dye, ſhould ſtoope. (A God he was not then).
Theſe euer-liuing waters I command,
That wind in endleſſe currents through thy land.
Thy Son no ſtranger is, if I be He:
But of thy Countrie and a friend to thee.

Yet

Yet be't no preiudice; that *Iuno's* hate,
Nor puniſhing imployments preſſe my fate.
If from *Alcmena* thou thy being drew:
Ioue's thy falſe father, or the crime is true.
Thou ſeekſt a Father in a Mothers ſhame:
Or be not *Ioue's*, or take a baſtards name.
He, all this while, with eyes that ſparkle fire,
Vpon me frownd: and weakly rules his ire.
Then onely ſaid; My hand my tongue exceeds:
Win thou with words, ſo I ſubdue with deeds.
With that, fell on. To ſpeake ſo big, and ſhrink,
I ſhame: and let my waue-greene Mantle ſink;
My armes oppoſe, my hands for ſeaſure preſt;
And euery fitted part for fight addreſt.
He throwes duſt on me with his hollow hand:
And I againe beſprinkle him with ſand.
Now catches at my neck, now at my thighes;
Or proffer makes: and euery lim applies.
But me my waight defends; in vaine he ſtriues.
Much like as when a roring billow driues
Againſt a rock: the rock repels his pride;
By his owne ponder firmely fortifi'd.
Both for a while with-drew: againe we meete,
And ſtrongly keepe our ſtands; feete ioyne to feete.
With that I ruſht vpon him with my breſt:
My fingers, his; my brow his fore-head preſt.
So haue I ſeene two Buls together cloſe;
The faireſt Cow in all the paſture choſe
To wiue the Victor: while the Herds with feare
Expect who ſhould ſo wiſht a purchace beare.
Thrice *Hercules* indeuors to conſtraine
My powres to diſ-ingagement: thrice in vaine.
The fourth aſſay my ſtrong imbrace vnbound:
And from my graſping armes his body wound.
Then turning me about (truth guides my tongue)
Vpon my back with all his burden hung.
If I haue faith (a ly can find no way
To praiſe) me thought a mountaine on me lay.
Scarce could I free my armes, all frotht with ſweat:
Scarce from his gripes my aking boſom ſet.
Stil preſſing on, he giues nor time to breathe
Nor gather ſtrength: my powres my truſt deceaue.

In

In fine, his yoking armes my neck command:
When, puld vpon my knees, I bit the ſand.
Inferior force my natiue ſlight ſupply'd:
Now from him like a lengthfull Serpent glide.
When in contracted folds I forward ſprung:
Horredly hiſſing with my forked tongue.
He laughs; and flouts my terrors in this ſort:
To ſtrangle Serpents is my cradles ſport.
Though other dragons to thy conqueſt bow:
To dire *Lernæan Hydra* what art thou?
Her wounds were fruitfull: from each ſeuer'd head;
Each of her hundred necks two fiercer bred:
More ſtrong by twinning heires. This death-borne crue,
Growing in wounds; I tam'd: and twice ſubdue.
What hope haſt thou, a forged Snake, to ſcape?
That fight'ſt with others armes; and begſt thy ſhape.
This ſaid; my neck his graſping fingers clincht;
And ſcruz'd my throte; as if with pincers wrincht:
While from his gripes I ſtroue my iawes to pull.
Twice ouer-come; now, like a furious Bull,
Once more his terrible aſſaults oppoſe.
His armes about my ſwelling cheſt he throwes,
And following, backward hales: my fore-heads birth
Fixt in the ground; and threw me on the earth.
My brow (that not ſuffiſing) diſadornes:
By breaking one of my ingaged hornes.
The *Naiades* with fruits and flowres this fill:
Good Plenty, in my Horne, aboundeth ſtill.
Here *Achelöus* ends. One louely-faire,
Girt like *Diana's* Nymph, with flowing haire,
Came in; and brought the wealthy Horne; repleat
With Autumnes ſtore, and apples after meat.
Day ſprings; and mountaines ſhine with early beames.
His Gueſts depart: nor ſtay till peacefull ſtreames
Glyde gently downe, and keepe their bounded race.
When *Achelöus*, his agreſtick face
And maymed head within the current ſhrowds.
This blemiſh much his former beautie clouds:
All elſe compleat. The rupture of his browes
He ſhades with flaggie wreathes, and ſallow boughes.
So *Deianira*, *Neſſus*, was thy wrack:
A deadly arrow piercing through thy back.

Ioues

Ioues ſon, with his new wife; to *Thebes* his courſe
Directing; came t' *Euenus* rapid ſourſe.
The big-ſwolne Streames increaſt with winters raine,
And full of turning gulfes, his Paſſe reſtraine.
For her he feares: though he ſelfe-feare abhord.
When ſtrong-lim'd *Neſſus* came, who knew the Ford;
And ſaid; I ſafely will tranſport thy Bride:
Meane-while ſwim thou vnto the other ſide.
To him *Alcides* his pale wife betakes:
Who, fearing both the flood, and *Neſſus*, quakes.
Charg'd with his quiuer, and his Lyons skin
(His club and bow before throwne ouer) in
The Heros leapes, and ſaid; How'euer vaſt,
Theſe waues, ſince vndertaken, ſhall be paſt.
And confident, nor ſeekes the ſmootheſt wayes:
Nor by declining his tranſcent delayes.
Now ouer; ſtooping for his bow, he heard
His wiues ſhrill ſhreeks; and *Neſſus* ſaw, prepard
To violate his truſt. Thou rauiſher,
What hope ſaid he, can thy vaine ſpeed confer?
Holla, thou halfe a beaſt; with-hold thy flight:
I pray thee heare; nor intercept my right.
If no reſpect of me can fix thy truſt:
Yet, let thy Fathers whele reſtraine thy luſt.
Nor ſhalt thou ſcape reuenge; how euer fleete,
Wounds ſhall ore-take thy ſpeed, though not my feete.
The laſt, his deeds confirme; for, as he fled,
An arrow ſtruck his back: the barbed head
Paſt through his breſt. Tug'd out, both vents extru'd
Hot ſpinning gore, with *Hydras* blood imbrude.
This *Neſſus* tooke; and ſoftly ſaid: yet I,
Alcides, will not vnreuenged dy.
And gaue his Rape a veſt, dipt in that gore:
This will (ſaid he) the heat of loue reſtore.
Long after (all the ample world poſſeſt
With his great acts, and *Iunos* hate increaſt)
From raz'd *Oechalia* haſtning his remoue,
To ſacrifice vnto *Cenean Ioue*:
Fames bablings *Deianira's* feares ſurpriſe
(Who falſehood ads to truth, and growes by lies)
How *Iôle*, *Amphitryoniades*
With loue inthraul'd. Stung with this ſtong diſeaſe

The troubled louer credits what ſhe feares.
At firſt ſhe nouriſheth her greife with teares:
Which weeping eyes diffuſe. Then ſayd; But why
Weepe we? the Strumpet in theſe teares will ioy.
Since come ſhe will, ſome change attempt I muſt;
Before my bed be ſtained with her luſt.
Shall I complaine? be mute? ſhift houſes? ſtay?
Returne to *Calydon*, and giue her way?
Or call to mind that I am ſiſter to
Great *Meleager*, and ſome miſcheife doe?
What iniur'd woman; what the ſpleenefull woe
Of ielouſie; or harlots death, can ſhow?
Her thoughts, long toyld with change, now fixed ſtood
To ſend the garment dipt in *Neſſus* blood;
To quicken fainting loue. The Preſent ſhe
To *Lycas* gaue (as ignorant as he)
And her owne ſorrow. Who, with kind commends,
The robe to her ſuſpectleſſe husband ſends.
Which now the ſacrifizing Heros wore:
Wrapt in the poyſon of *Echidna's* gore.
Who praying, new-borne flames with incenſe fed:
And bowles of wine on marble altars ſhed.
The ſpreading miſcheife works: with heat diſſolu'd,
The manly limmes of *Hercules* inuolu'd.
Who, whilſt he could, with vſuall fortitude
His grones ſuppreſt. All patience now ſubdew'd
With ſuch extreames; the altar downe he flings:
And ſhady *Oete* with his clamor rings.
Forth-with, to teare the torture off, he ſtriues.
The riuen robe, his skin that lines it, riues;
Or to his limmes vnſeparablie cleaues;
Or his huge bones and ſinewes naked leaues.
As fire-red ſteele in water drencht; ſo toyles
His hiſſing blood, and with hot poyſon boyles.
No meane! the greedy flames his bowels fret;
And all his body flowes with purple ſweat:
His ſcorched ſinewes crack, his marrow fries.
Then, to the ſtars his hands aduancing, cries.
Feaſt, *Iuno*, on our harmes. O, from on high
Behold this plague! thy cruell ſtomacke cloy.
If foes may pitty purchace (ſuch are we;)
This life, with torments cras'd, long ſought by thee;

And

And borne to toyle, depriue. For death would proue
To me a bleſſing: and a Step-dames loue
May ſuch a bleſſing giue. Haue I this gain'd,
For ſlaine *Buſiris*; who *Ioues* temple ſtain'd
With ſtrangers blood? That from *Antæus* tooke
His mothers aid? Whom *Geryons* triple looke,
Nor thine, ô *Cerberus*, could once diſmay?
Theſe hands, theſe made the *Cretan* Bull obey.
Your labors, *Elis*; ſmooth *Stymphalian* floods,
Confeſſe with praiſes; and *Parthenian* woods.
You got the golden belt of *Thermodon*:
And apples from the ſleeples Dragon won.
Nor cloud-borne *Centaures*, nor th' *Arcadian* Bore,
Could me reſiſt: nor *Hydra* with her ſtore
Of frightfull heads; which by their loſſe increaſt.
I, when I ſaw the *Thracian* Horſes feaſt
With humane fleſh, their mangers ouer-threw:
And with his ſteeds, their wicked Maiſter ſlew.
Theſe hands the *Nemean* Lyon chokt: theſe queld
Huge *Cacus*: and theſe ſhoulders Heauen vp-held.
Ioues cruell wife grew weary to impoſe:
I neuer to performe. But ô, theſe woes,
This new found plague, no vertue can repell;
Nor armes, nor weapons! Hungry flames of hell
Shoote through my veines; and on my liuer prey.
And yet *Euryſtheus* thriues: and ſome will ſay
That there be Gods! Here his complaints he ends;
And high-raiſd ſteps or'e lofty *Oeta* bends,
Hurried with anguiſh: like a Bull, that beares
A wounding iauelin; whom the wounder feares.
Oft ſhould you ſee him quake, oft grone, oft ſtriuing
To teare his garments; ſolid trees vp-riuing,
Inraged with the mountaines, and to reare
His ſcorched armes vnto his fathers ſphere.
Hid in a hollow rock, he *Lycas* ſpies:
When tortuer had poſſeſt his faculties
With all her furies. *Lycas* didſt thou giue
This horrid gift, ſaid he? Thinkſt thou to liue;
And I die by thy treaſon? While he quakes,
Lookes gaſtly pale, vnheard excuſes makes;
While yet he ſpake, while to his knees he clung;
Caught by the heeles, about his head thrice ſwong,

Him into deepe *Eubœan* ſurges threw;
(As engines ſtones) who hardned as he flew.
As falling ſhoures conieal'd with frezing winds
Conuert to ſnow; as ſnow together binds,
And rouling round in ſolid haile deſcends:
So while the aire his forced body rends,
Bloodleſſe with terror, all his moiſture gone;
Thoſe times his change produc't to rigid ſtone:
And ſtill within *Eubœas* gulphy deepes:
A ſhort rock lies, which mans proportion keepes:
Whereon the mariners forbeares to fall,
As ſenſitiue. And this they *Lycas* call.
But thou, *Ioues* God-like ſon (a Pyle with ſtore
Of trees aduanc't, which lofty *Oete* bore)
Thy Bow and ample Quiuer (wherein ly
Thoſe arrowes that againe muſt viſit Troy)
Bequeath'ſt to *Peans* Heire: who catching fire
Puts to the Pyle. While greedy flames aſpire;
Thou on the top thy Lyons ſpoyle didſt ſpread:
And lay thereon (thy club beneath thy head)
With ſuch a looke; as if a crowned Gueſt
Amidſt full goblets, at a mirthfull feaſt.
Now all imbracing flames a crackling made:
And their Contemnors patient limmes inuade.
The Gods much thought for Earths Defendor tooke:
When thus *Saturnius*, with a chearfull looke:
This greife, you Gods, is our delight: with all
Our ſoule we ioy, that ſuch a people call
Vs King and Father; who ſo gratefull are,
And of our progeny haue ſuch a care:
For though his noble acts deſerue as much;
You vs oblige. But leaſt vaine terrors touch
Your loyall hearts; let not theſe flames diſpleaſe:
Who conquerd all, ſhall alſo conquer theſe.
Vulcan his mother-part ſhall but ſubdue:
For that's immortall which from vs he drew;
And can nor taſte of death, nor ſtoop to fire:
Which, purg'd from earth, ſhall to our ioyes aſpire.
This all your Deities I think will pleaſe.
If any grudge ſuch grace to *Hercules*,
Nor would his God-head; let them enuy ſtil:
They ſhall our act approoue againſt their will.

The

The Gods aſſent. And *Iuno's* ſelfe accords;
At leaſt in ſhew: yet *Iupiters* laſt words
Vnſmooth her forehead with obſeru'd diſtaſte.
What flame could vanquiſh, *Mulciber* doth waſte.
Yet *Hercules*, not knowne by face, remaines;
Who nothing of his Mothers forme retaines:
Now onely Iouiall. As a ſnake his yeares
Caſts with his skin, and ſprightly young appeares
With glittering ſcales: ſo, the *Tirynthian*,
Hauing put off mortality with man,
Shines in his better part, and ſeemes more great:
With awe-infuſing maieſtie compleat.
Rapt in a chariot by almighty *Ioue*,
Through hollow clouds, vnto the ſtarres aboue.
Preſt *Atlas* feeles his waight. *Euryſtheus* ire
Ends not in death: his hatred to the Sire
Perſues his race. *Alcmena*, worne with care;
Had *Iöle* to whom ſhe might declare
Her old-wiues plaints, her Sons hard labours (knowne
Through broad-ſpred Earth) his fortunes, and her owne.
Her, *Hyllus*, by *Alcides* teſtament,
Tooke to his bed, with loues vnforc't conſent;
And fild her womb with generous ſeed: when thus
Alcmena: Be the Gods propitious,
And quick in working, when thy time drawes neare
To call *Ilithyia*, whom ſad mothers feare:
To me made difficult by *Iunos* ſpight.
For ten accompliſht ſignes did now excite
My trauell to *Alcides* birth; whoſe waight
My belly ſtretcht: which bare ſo great a fraight,
That you might ſweare it was begot by *Ioue*:
When with intollerable paines I ſtroue.
Now alſo, ſpeaking, horror chils my heart:
And greifes remembrance beares in greife a part.
Seauen nights, ſeauen dayes, thus rackt; with anguiſh tir'd,
My hands vpheld, with out-cries, I deſir'd
Lucina's aid, my burden to vnty.
She came indeede, but pre-corrupted by
Vnfriendly *Iuno*, life to ruinate.
Hearing my grones, ſhe ſate before the gate
On yonder Altar: her right knee vpholds
Her croſſe left ham; whoſe fingers knit in foulds

Delay'd

Delai'd deliuery: and with mutter'd ſpels
Of ſecret powre, the preſſing birth repels.
I ſtriue; and rauing, task vngratefull *Ioue*:
Deſire to die; and breath complaints to moue
Relentleſſe flints. The *Cadmean* Dames were there;
Who pray for me, and comfort my deſpaire.
Red-haird *Galanthis*, one of meane deſcent;
In all employments ſtoutly diligent,
Beloued for her duetie; doth miſdoubt
Malitious *Iuno*. Paſſing in and out,
She ſaw the Goddeſſe on the altar ſit;
Her armes about her knees, her fingers knit.
What ere you be, reioyce with vs, ſhe ſayd;
Ioyfull *Alcmena* hath her belly layd.
The Goddeſſe, great in child-birth, ſtarting, roſe:
And parting her linckt fingers, eaſd my Throwes.
They ſay *Galanthis* laught at this deceit:
Whom ſtraight the flouted Goddeſſe, in a fret,
Drags by the haire; nor ſuffers her to riſe:
Forth-with her armes conuert to legs and thighes;
Agility and colour ſtill abide:
Her forme transform'd. In that her mouth ſupplyd
Defectiue child-birth, at her mouth ſhe beares:
Nor now our ſtill-frequented houſes feares.
This ſaid, ſhe ſighs for her old ſeruants ſake:
To whome her daughter, likewiſe ſighing, ſpake.
You, Mother, ſorrow for no kinreds fate.
But what if I the wonderous change relate
Of my poore Siſter? Teares, and ſorrow ſeaze
My troubled ſpeech. Of all th' *Oechalides*
For forme few might with *Dryope* compare;
The onely child her dying mother bare:
I borne by a ſecond wife. Her virgin flowre
Being gatherd by that ouer-maſtring Powre,
Who in *Delos*, and in *Delphos* doth reſide;
Andræmon weds her: happy in his Bride.
A Lake there is, which ſhe luing margents bound,
Much like a ſhore; with fragrant myrtles crownd.
Hither came ſimple *Dryope* (what more
Afflicts me) to thoſe Nymphs ſhe garlands bore.
Her armes her child, a pleaſing burden, hold;
Who ſuckt her breſts: not yet a twelue-month old.

Hard

Hard by the lake a flowry Lotus grew,
Expecting berryes, of a crimſon hew.
Thence pulling flowers, ſhe gaue them to her ſon
To play with all; ſo was I like t'haue don:
For I was there. I ſaw the blood deſcend
From dropping twigs: the boughs with horror bend.
Since told, too late; how that a Nymph, who fled
From luſtfull *Priapus*; to quit her dread,
Aſſum'd this ſhape: the name of *Lotus* kept.
Vnknowne; my frighted Siſter backward ſtept;
And would depart, as ſoone as ſhe had prayd:
But rootes her feete, for all her ſtrugling, ſtayd.
Who onely moues aboue. The bark increaſt:
And creepeth from the bottom to her breſt.
This ſeene; ſhe thought t'haue torne her haire: her hand
She fils with leaues; boughs on her ſummit ſtand.
The child *Amphiſus* (for his grand-father
Eurytus, did that name on him confer)
Now finds his mothers breſts both ſtiffe and dry:
I, a ſpectator of thy tragedy,
Deare ſiſter, had in me no powre of aid.
Yet, as I could, thy growing trunk I ſtayd,
Clung to thy ſpredding boughs; and wiſht that I
Might with thee in the ſame incloſure ly.
Behold, *Andræmon* comes; with him, her Sire;
(Both wretched!) and for *Dryope* inquire:
When I for *Dryope* the Lotus ſhow'd.
They kiſſes on the heatfull wood beſtow'd:
And, groueling on the ground, her roots imbrace.
Now all of thee, deare Siſter, but thy face
Th'incroching habit of a tree receiues:
Now teares, like pearles of dew, hang on thy leaues.
Who, while ſhe might, while yet a way remain'd
For ſpeaking paſſion; in this ſort complain'd.
If Credit to the wretched may be giuen;
I ſweare by all the Powres inbowr'd in Heauen,
I neuer this deſeru'd. Without a ſin
I ſuffer: innocent my life hath been.
Or if I lie, may my greene branches fade:
And, feld with axes, on the fire be layd.
This Infant from his dying mother beare
To ſome kind Nurſe: and often let him here

Be fed with milke; oft in my ſhaddow play.
Let him ſalute my tree; and ſadly ſay.
(When he can ſpeake) This *Lotis* doth containe
My deareſt mother. Yet let him refraine
All lakes; nor euer dare to touch a flowre:
But think that euery tree inſhrines a Powre.
Deare Husband; Siſter, Father, all farewell.
Since you I know in piety excell,
Suffer no axe to wound my tender boughes;
Nor on my leaues let hungry cattaile brouſe.
And ſince I cannot vnto you decline,
Aſcend to me; and ioyne your lips to mine.
My little ſon, while I can kiſſe, aduance.
But fate cuts off my failing vtterance.
For now the ſofter rine my neck aſcends:
And round about my leauy top extends.
Remoue your hands: with out the helpe of thoſe,
The wrapping bark my dying eyes will cloſe.
So left to ſpeak, and be. Yet humane heat
In her chang'd body long retain'd a ſeat.
While *Iôle* this ſtory told; her eyes,
Glaz'd with her teares, the kind *Alcmena* dryes;
And weeps her ſelfe. Behold, a better change
With ioy defers their ſorrow: nor leſſe ſtrange.
For *Iôlaus*, twice a youth, came in:
The doubtfull downe now budding on his chin.
Faire *Hebe*, at her Husbands ſute, on thee
This gift beſtow'd. About to ſweare that ſhe
Would neuer giue the like; wiſe *Themis* ſaid,
Forbeare; Warre raues in *Thebes* by Diſcord ſwayd:
And *Capaneus* but by *Ioue* alone
Can be ſubdude. The Brothers then ſhall grone
With mutuall wounds. The ſacred Prophet, loſt
In ſwallowing earth, aliue ſhall ſee his Ghoſt.
His Sons red hands his Mothers life extract
T'apeaſe his Sire: a iuſt and wicked fact.
Rapt from his home and ſenſes, with th'affright
Of ſtaring Furies, and his mothers Sprite,
Vntill his wife the fatall gold demands:
The kinſman murder'd by *Phegides* hands.
Then *Acheloian Calirrhoë*
Shall *Ioue* importune, that her infants may

Be turn'd to men: and due reuenge require
(As he, for his) of thoſe who ſlew their ſire;
Her prayers ſhall win conſent from *Ioue*: who then
Will bid thee make *Callirrhoe's* children men.
This, *Themis* with prophetick rapture ſung.
Among the Gods a grudging murmur ſprung,
Why ſhe this gift ſhould not to others giue.
Aurora for her husbands age doth grieue;
Ceres complaines of *Iaſons* hory haire;
Vulcan would *Erichthonius* youth repaire;
And cares of time to come in *Venus* raigne,
That her *Anchiſes* might wax young againe.
All ſue for ſome: ſeditious fauor ſtroue
In hight of tumult; thus ſuppreſt by *Ioue*.
What mutter you? Or where is your reſpect?
Think you, you can the powre of Fate ſubiect?
Old *Iôlaus* was by fate renew'd:
By fate *Callirrhoe's* babes ſhall be indew'd
With youth: not by ambition, nor warre.
Euen we, that you may better brook it, are
Preſcrib'd by Fate. Which could we change; not thus
Should time ſuppreſſe our God-like *Æacus*:
Eternall youth ſhould *Rhadamanthus* crowne:
Nor ſhould our *Minos* looſe his old renowne;
Deſpiſed now through age: who heretofore,
With ſuch a braue commaund his ſcepter bore.
Theſe words of *Ioues* the yeelding Gods aſſwage;
Sith *Rhadamanth'* and *Æacus*, with age
Decline: and *Minos*, whoſe youths actiue flame
Made mighty nations tremble at his name.
But now in mind and body impotent,
Deioniden Miletus fear'd aſcent
T' his throne ſuſpects; adorn'd with youth and ſtile
Of *Phœbus* ſon: nor durſt his feares exile.
But thou, *Miletus*, of thy owne accord
Forſookſt thy natiue home: and now abord,
Through deepe *Ægaan* ſeas to *Aſia* came:
Erecting there a Citty of thy name.
He, as the Nymph *Cyanee* (excellent
For beauty) daughter to *Mæander*, went
A long his winding banks, compreſt her there:
Who *Byblis* at one birth with *Caunus* bare.

Byblis example lawleſſe loue reproues:
Byblis Apollineian Caunus loues,
Not as a ſiſter ſhould a brother doe:
Nor at the firſt her owne affections knew.
Nor thought it ſinne ſo eagerly to kiſſe:
Nor by imbracing to haue done amiſſe.
Whom ſhadow of falſe pietie beguiles;
Loue by degrees corrupts. Her dreſſe, and ſmiles,
Shee frames t'attract; to ſeeme too faire deſires:
And enuies whom ſo euer he admires.
Yet knowes not her diſeaſe: no wiſhes riſe
In ſmoking ſighes as yet; yet inlye fries.
Now calls him Lord; the due of blood diſclaim'd:
Who would be *Byblis*, and not ſiſter nam'd.
Nor waking durſt ſhe harbour in her breſt
A wanton hope: but in diſſoluing reſt
Her louer oft enioyes; her ſenſes keepe
A feſtiuall; yet bluſhes in her ſleepe.
Sleepe fled; long mute; her dreame againe renues
By repetition: which ſhee thus perſues.
Woe's me! what bode theſe fantaſies of Night!
If true, how wretched! why ſhould Such delight?
His heauenly forme by Enuy is approu'd:
Who might, if not a brother, be belou'd;
And merrits my affections (ô too well!)
If I were not his ſiſter: there's my hell!
While waking, I indeuour no ſuch ill,
May theſe bewitching dreames inchant me ſtill?
No Spie could blab that imitated ioy.
O *Venus*, and with thee, thou winged Boy!
What pleaſure, what content, had I that night!
How lay I all diſſolued in delight!
With how much ioy remembred! ſhort thoſe ioyes;
And haſtie Night our happineſſe enuies.
Would I could change this wretched name of mine!
Or he the intreſt in his blood reſigne!
How well, ô *Caunus*, might our father be
A father in law, or to thy ſelfe, or me!
O would to *Ioue* we all in common held,
Except our birth! though mine his birth exceld!
Who then (ô faireſt!) wilt thou make a mother?
How ill hath Nature linkt vs to each other!

Still

Stil muſt thou be my brother: what I hate,
I onely haue. What then prognoſticate
Theſe flattering viſions? What in theſe extreames,
Can dreames auaile? or is there waight in dreames?
The Gods forbid! The Gods their Siſters wed.
Saturne and *Ops* had both one birth and bed.
So *Tethys* with *Oceanus*; ſo *Ioue*
Combines with *Iuno* in eternall loue.
Gods haue peculiar lawes: how dare I draw
From them examples, bound t'another law?
Die, die forbiden flames; or let me die.
Then may my brother kiſſe me when I ly
On ſable herſe. Beſides, the ioynt conſent
This craues of two. Say it ſhould me content:
He may abhor it. Yet th'*Æolides*
Imbraced theirs. Whence ſpring ſuch proofes as theſe!
O whether rapt! you wicked flames, remoue:
A brother, as befits a ſiſter, loue.
Yet ſhould he firſt affect, perhaps I then
His loue might cheriſh, and affect again.
Then ſhall I, who would not his ſute reiect,
She firſt? What, canſt thou ſpeak? thy thoughts detect?
I can: Loue prompts. If ſhame my ſpeech ſuppreſſe;
Yet ſpeechleſſe letters may my flames confeſſe.
This pleas'd her; and a little ſatisfi'de
Her doubtful mind. When rais'd on her left ſide,
And leaning on her elbow; Hap what may,
We will (ſaid ſhe) our frantick loue diſplay.
O, whether ſlide I! ô what flames excite
Theſe thoughts! then fits her trembling hands to write:
One holds the wax, the ſtyle the other guides.
Begins, doubts, writes, and at the tables chides;
Notes, razes, changes oft, diſlikes, approues,
Throwes all a ſide, reſumes what ſhe remoues;
Her will ſhe knowes not; no compoſure brookes:
Soft ſhame and impudence ſtriue in her lookes.
She had writ Siſter: that, as moſt vnfit,
Defacing; tooke the tables, and thus writ.
Health to her onely Loue that Louer ſends:
Who health hath none, but what your loue extends.
To tell you who I am; alas, I ſhame.
If you would know my ſute; with out a name

O let me plead, nor be for *Byblis* knowne,
Vntil my hopes be to aſſurance growne.
Pale colour, leanneſſe, ruthfull lookes, wet eyes,
Long ſighs which from concealed paſſion riſe,
Frequent imbracements, and (if you ſo much
Obſerued) kiſſes of too hot a touch
To ſute a ſiſters coldneſſe: theſe expreſt
The deepe diſtemper of my wounded breſt.
And yet, although my ſoule the wound ſuſtain'd,
Although a firy fury in me raign'd;
Heauens witneſſe, that I might at length be well,
I try'd the vtmoſt; ſtriuing to repell
The violent darts of *Cupid*: and farre more
Then you would think a woman could, I bore.
Againſt my will, I now become your ſlaue:
And with afflicted language pitty craue.
You may preſerue; you onely can vndoe:
Chooſe which you will. Nor ſues a foe to you;
But who, too nere ally'd, would nerer ioyne:
And in a ſtrickter league of loue combine.
Let old men know what's lawful, good, or ill:
And to their froſty rules ſubiect their will.
Raſh *Venus* fits our yeares. Yet know not we
Intangling lawes: let vs think all things free,
And imitate the Gods. Paternall awe,
Reſpect of fame, nor feare can vs with-draw:
Alone all diffidencie lay aſide.
Our eaſy ſtealths a brothers name will hide.
We may in priuat talk; conuerſe, and kiſſe,
Who euer by. What wants to crowne our bliſſe?
O pitty me, who haue my loue confeſt;
Nor would, had not my vtmoſt ardor preſt:
Leaſt thy remorſeleſſe cruelty be read
Vpon my monument, when I am dead
This on the wax ſhe drew with vaine ſucceſſe:
Inuegling verſe th'extreameſt margent preſſe.
Then ſeales her ſhame: her parched tongue denyd
To wet her gemme; which weeping eyes ſupplyd.
She, bluſhing, calls a ſeruant of knowne truſt
And flattering him awhile; My freind, thou muſt
See theſe with care, and ſecrecie, conuaid
To my (there pauſ'd, and after) brother, ſaid.

In

In their deliuery the tables fell:
She, at that Omen, ſtarts; yet bids farewell.
The wary meſſenger attends his time:
And giues to *Caunus* her infolded crime.
Amaz'd *Maandrius* high in choller grew:
And on the ground the halfe-read tables threw.
About to ſtrike; Thou wicked inſtrument
Of horrid luſt, ſaid he, by flight preuent
My ſwords reuenge: but that our infamy
Thy death would publiſh; villain, thou ſhouldſt dy.
He, frighted, flies; and to his miſtreſſe beares
The wrath of *Caunus*. *Byblis* quaking heares
Her ſad repulſe: a death-reſembling cold
Beſeegd her hart, and vitall heat controld.
Yet, with her ſoule, her frantick loue returnes:
Who, with ſcarce mouing lips, thus ſoftly mournes.
And worthyly. Why, ô too raſh! haue I
Diſcloſ'd this wound? affections ſeacrecie
Who would ſo ſoone to head dy lines commit?
Firſt, with ambiguous words it had beene fit
T'haue felt his thoughts; and traind him to perſue.
I ſhould haue noted how the weather grew;
And choſen a ſafe Sea: but now my ſailes
Stretch deſperatly with vnexplored gales.
Now borne on cruſhing rocks, the floods or'e-beare
My ſinking bark; nor can I back-ward ſteere.
Could not that Omen check the cheriſht ſcope
Of my deſires; when, with our blaſted hope,
The tables fel? ſhould I not haue aſſign'd
An other day; or wholy changd my mind?
O no, the day. This, Heauen fore-ſhewd by ſad
And ſure portenſes; had I not beene mad.
My ſelfe, before my letters, ſhould haue ſu'de;
And liuely loue expreſt: he ſhould haue viewd
My mooving teares; a Louers pleading looke.
More could I haue ſpoke then writ: t'wold more haue took.
About his neck my armes I might haue wound;
And, had he caſt me off, appeare to ſwound;
Clung to his feete, and groueling, life implore.
This paſſion might haue acted, and much more:
Whereof, though each particular ſhould faile;
Yet all together ioyntly might preuaile.

Perhaps

Perhaps the blame-deſeruing meſſenger
Did in behauiour, or occaſion, erre:
Nor choſe a ſeaſon, when his thoughts were free.
This bain'd my hopes. For of no Tygreſſe he,
Nor Lyoneſſe, was borne: his gentle breſt
Rough flint, hard ſteele, nor adamant inueſt.
He muſt be won: no ſowre repulſe ſhall make
My powres retire, til life my breſt forſake.
The beſt, if what is done were to begin,
Is not t'attempt: next, what w'attempt, to win.
For neuer would he, though I ſhould ore-ſway
My ſtrong deſires, forget this leud aſſay.
Deſiſting, would condemne my loue for light;
Or that I tri'd to intrap him by this ſlight:
Or may conceaue that brutiſh luſt did moue
Theſe extaſies; and not the God of loue.
And to conclude; I muſt be wicked ſtill:
My hand hath ſignd it; tainted in my will.
No giuing back can make me innocent:
Nought can I adde to ſin, Much to content.
This ſaid; one thought an other doth controule:
So great a diſcord racks her wauering ſoule!
Diſlikes; yet acts: who neuer ſatisfi'd;
Accurſt! attempteth, to be oft deni'd.
This ſeene, he flies his country for her crime:
And builds a citty in a forrain clime.
When woefull *Byblis*, ſincking in deſpaire,
Her garments, rauing, from her boſom tare;
Striking her armes through fury, and proclames
In high diſtraction, her inceſteous flames.
Hopeleſſe, her hated manſion ſhe eſchues:
And frantickly, her brothers flight perſues.
And as *Iſmarian Bacchanals* (great ſon
Of *Semele*) ſtruck with thy Thyrſus, run
In thy Triennials: ſo *Bubaſian* Dames
Saw howling *Byblis* hurryjng o're their plaines.
From theſe ſhe wanders through the *Carian* bounds,
The warlike *Lelages*, and *Lycian* grounds:
Cragus, *Lymira's* ſtreames; the ſiluer waues
Of *Xanthus* paſt; and where *Chimæra* raues
On high rocks; with a Lyons face and mane,
A Gotes rough body, and a Serpents traine.

The

The woods were paſt: when thou, ô *Byblis*, faint
With long perſuit, and paſſions ſtrong conſtraint,
Sunk'ſt downe; thy haire on earth diffus'dly ſpread:
And hid'ſt with withered leaues thy low-layd head.
The kind *Lelegian* Nymphs oft in their armes
Attempt to raiſe her: and with powrefull charmes
Of counſell, ſtriue to cure her loue-ſicke mind.
But, to the deafe they ſing, and looſe their wind.
She, graſping the greene ruſhes, ſilent lyes:
And bathes them in the riuers of her eyes.
The *Naiades* thruſt vnder theſe a ſpring:
Their bountie could not giue a greater thing.
As pitch diſtilleth from the ſable wound,
As ſtiffe Bitumen iſſues from the ground;
As floods, which froſts in icie fetters bind,
Thaw with th'approching Sun, and Southerne wind;
Euen ſo *Phœbeian Byblis*, ſpent in teares,
Becomes a liuing fountaine, which yet beares
Her name: and vnder a black Holme that growes
In thoſe rank vallies, plentifully flowes.
The fame of this ſo wonderfull a fate
Had fil'd *Creets* hundred Cities; if of late
The change of *Iphis*, generally knowne,
Had not produc't a wonder of their owne.
For *Phæſtus*, neere to *Gnoſſus*, foſtered
One, *Lygdus*, of vn-noted parents bred:
How'euer, free. Nor did his wealth exceed
His parentage: yet both in word and deed
Sincerely iuſt, and of a blameleſſe life.
Who thus beſpake his now downe-lying wife.
Two things I wiſh: that you your belly lay
With little payne; and that it proue a boy.
A daughter is too chargeable, and we
Too poore to match her. If a girle it be,
I charge, what I abhorre (ô Pietie
Forgiue me!) that, as ſoone as borne, it die.
This hauing vtter'd; the Commanded wept
And the Commander; teares no meaſure kept.
Yet *Telethuſa* ſtill with fruitleſſe praire,
Deſires he would not in the Gods deſpaire.
But hee too conſtant. Now her time was come,
And the ripe burden vext her heauie womb:

When

When *Inachis*, with all her ſacred band;
In dead of night, or ſtood, or ſeem'd to ſtand
Beſides her bed. Her browes a crowne adornes,
With eares of ſhining corne, and *Cynthian* hornes.
Barking *Anubis*, and *Bubaſtis* bright,
Black *Apis* ſpotted variouſly with white,
He whoſe mouth-ſealing finger ſilence taught,
Tymbrells, *Oſiris* neuer enough ſought,
And forrein ſerpents, whoſe dire touch conſtraine
A deadly ſlumber, conſummate her traine.
Then (as awake, and ſeeing) the Diuine
Thus ſaid: O *Telethuſa*, One of mine;
Reiect theſe cares, thy husband diſobay:
And when *Lucina* ſhall they belly lay,
Foſter what ere it be. A Deity
Auxiliary to Diſtreſſe am I;
Ready to helpe, and eaſily implor'd:
Nor ſhall it greiue thee that thou haſt ador'd
Vngratefull *Iſis*. This admoniſhed,
She leaues the roome. When, riſing in her bed,
Her hands to Heauen glad *Telethuſa* threw:
And humbly prayes her viſion may proue true.
Increaſing throwes at length a girle diſcloſd,
Both by the father and the world ſuppoſd
To be a boy; ſo cloſely hid: and knowne
But to the Mother, and the nurſe alone.
He payes his vowes, and of his Fathers name
It *Iphis* calls; which much reioyc't the dame,
To both ſex common; nor deceaues thereby:
Who ſtill with pious fraud conceales her lie.
A boy in ſhow; whoſe lookes ſhould you aſſigne
To boy or girle, loue would in either ſhine.
At thirteene yeeres her Father her affide
To yellow-treſt *Ianthe*: ſhe the pride
Of *Phæſtian* virgins for vnequald faire:
Teleſtes daughter, and his onely heire,
Like young, like beautifull, together bred,
Informd a like, alike accompliſhed:
Like darts at once their ſimple beſoms ſtrike;
A like their wounds; their hopes, ô far vnlike!
The day they expect. *Ianthe* thought time ran
To ſlow; and takes her *Iphis* for a man.

Poore

Poore *Iphis* loues, deſpaires; deſpaire effects
Farre fiercer flames: a maid, a maid affects.
What will become of me (ſhe weeping ſaid)
Whom new, vnknowne, prodigious loues inuade!
If pittifull, the Gods ſhould haue deſtroy'd:
Or elſe haue giuen what might haue beene inioy'd.
No Cow a Cow, no Mare a Mare perſues:
But Harts their gentle Hindes, and Rammes their Ewes.
So Birds together paire. Of all that moue,
No Female ſuffers for a Female loue.
O would I had no being! Yet, that all
Abhord by Nature ſhould in *Creet* befall;
Sol's luſt-incenſed daughter lou'd a Bull:
They male and female. Mine, ô farre more full
Of vncouth furie! for ſhee pleas'd her blood;
And ſtood his errour in a Cow of wood:
She, to deceiue, had an adulterer.
Should all the world their daring wits confer:
Should *Dædalus* his waxen wings renue,
And hither flye; what could his cunning doe!
Can art conuert a virgin to a boy?
Or fit *Iânthe* for a maidens ioy?
No, fixe thy mind; compoſe thy vaſt deſires:
O quench theſe ill-aduiſd and fooliſh fires!
Or know thy ſelfe, or Selfe-deceit accuſe:
What may be, ſeeke; and loue as virgins vſe.
Hope wings Deſire; hope *Cupids* flight ſuſtaines:
In thee thy Sexe this deads. No watch reſtraines
Our deare imbrace, nor husbands ielouſies,
Nor rigorous Sires; nor ſhe her ſelfe denies:
Yet not to be inioy'd. Nor canſt thou bee
Happie in her; though men and Gods agree!
Now alſo all to my deſires accord:
What they can giue, the eaſie Gods afford;
What me, my father, hers, her ſelfe, would pleaſe,
Diſpleaſeth Nature; ſtronger then all theſe.
She, ſhe forbids. That day begins to ſhine;
Long wiſht! wherein *Iânthe* muſt be mine:
And yet not mine. Of mortalls moſt accurſt!
I ſtarue at feaſts, and in the riuer thirſt.
Iuno, ô *Hymen*, wherefore are you come?
We both are Brides: but where is the Bride'-groome?

Here ended. Nor leſſe burnes the other Maid;
Who, *Hymen*, for thy ſwift apparance prayd.
Yet *Telethuſa* feares what thou affects;
Protracting time: oft want of health obiects;
Ill-boading dreames, and augúries oft faines:
But now no colour for excuſe remaines.
Their nuptiall rites, put off with ſuch delay;
Were to be ſolemniz'd the following day.
When ſhe vnbinds, hers, and her daughters haire;
And holding by the Altar form'd this praire:
Iſis; who *Parætonium*, *Pharos* Ile,
Smooth *Mareotis*, and ſeuen-channeld *Nile*,
Chear'ſt with thy preſence: thy poore ſuppliants heare:
O helpe in theſe extreames, and cure our feare!
Thee Goddeſſe, thee of old; theſe enſignes, I
Haue ſeene, and know: thy lamps, attendancie,
And ſounding Timbrells: and haue thee obayd.
To me, impunitie; life, to this maid,
Thy ſauing counſell gaue: to both renue
Thy timely pittie. Teares her words perſue.
The Goddeſſe ſhakes her Altar; when the gate
Shooke on the hinges: hornes that imitate
The waxing Moones, through al the Temple flung
A ſacred ſplendor: noyſe-full Timbrels rung.
The Mother, glad of this ſucceſſefull ſigne,
Though not ſecure, returnes from *Iſis* ſhrine.
Whom *Iphis* followes with a larger pace
Then vſuall; nor had ſo white a face.
Her ſtrength augments; her look more bold appeares;
Her ſhortning curles ſcarce hang beneath her eares;
More courage hath, then, when a wench, ſhe had:
For thou, of late a Wench, art now a Lad.
Gifts to the temple beare, and *Iō* ſing!
Sing Ioy! Their gifts they to the Temple bring;
And adde a title; in one verſe diſplayd:
What *Iphis* vow'd a Wench, a Boy he pay'd.
The Morning Night diſmasks with welcome flame:
When *Iuno*, *Venus*, and free *Hymen* came
To grace their marriage; who, with gifts diuine,
Iphis the Boye, to his *Iánthe* ioyne.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

The tenth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

FEare turnes a man to Flint. Lethæa's *blame*
Olenus *beares: now ſtones; their ſhapes the ſame.*
Vext Cybele *to Pine her* Atys *turnes.*
Sweete Cypariſſus *in a Cypreſſe mournes.*
Enamoured Ioue *an Eagles wings diſplayes;*
And lonely Ganymed *to Heauen conuayes.*
Slaine Hyacinthus *ſighes in his new Flowre.*
The cruell Sacrificers by the powre
Of Venus *turnd to Bulls. The Proſtitute*
To Stones. Pygmalion *wines the liuing fruit*
Of his rare Art. Erigone *doth ſhine*
In Heauen; conuerted to the Virgin Signe.
Myrrha, *a weeping Tree.* Hippomenes
And Atalanta, *Lyons.* Cyprides
(Inform'd by Mentha's *change) her Paramoure*
Turnes to a faire, but quickly fading flowre.

HEnce, to the *Cicones*, through boundleſſe skies,
In ſaffron mantle, *Hymenæus* flies:
By *Orpheus* call'd. But neither vſuall words,
Nor chearfull lookes, nor happie ſignes affords.
The torch his hand ſuſtain'd, ſtill ſputtering, rais'd
A tearefull ſmoke: nor yet, though ſhaken, blaz'd.
Th'euent worſe then the Omen. As his Bride
Troopes with the *Naiades* by *Hebrus* ſide;
A Serpent bit her by the heele: which forc't
Life from her hold, and nuptiall tyes diuorc't.
Whom when the *Thracian* Poet had aboue
Enough bewail'd; that his complaints might moue
The vnder Shades, at *Tænarus* deſcends
To *Stygian* floods; and his bold ſteps extends
By ayrie Shapes, and fleeting Soules, that boaſt
Of ſepulture, through that vnpleaſant coaſt

To *Plutos* Court. When, hauing tun'd his ſtrings,
Thus to his harp the God-like Poet ſings.
You Powres that ſway the world beneath the Earth,
The laſt abode of all our humane birth:
If we the truth without offence may tell;
I come not hither to diſcouer Hell,
Nor binde that ſcouling Curre, who barking ſhakes
About his triple browes *Meduſa's* ſnakes.
My wife this iourney vrg'd: who, by the tooth
Of trod-on Viper, periſht in her youth.
I would, and ſtroue t'haue borne her loſſe: but Loue
Won in that ſtrife. A God well knowne aboue:
Nor here, perhaps, vnknowne. If truly Fame
Report old rapes, you alſo felt his flame.
By theſe obſcure abodes, ſo full of dread;
By this huge *Chaos*, and deepe Silence, ſpread
Through your vaſt Empire; by theſe prayers of mine;
Eurydices too-haſtie fate vntwine.
Wee all are yours: and after a ſhort ſtay;
Early, or late; wee all muſt runne one way.
Hither we throng; for our laſt home aſſign'd:
Th'eternall habitation of man-kind.
She, when her time by nature ſhall expire,
Againe is yours: I but the vſe deſire.
If Fate denie me this, my ſecond choice
Is here t'abide: in both our deaths reioyce.
While thus he ſung, and ſtruck the quauering ſtrings,
The bloodleſſe Shadowes wept: nor flattering Springs
Tempt *Tantalus*; *Ixions* Wheele ſtood ſtill;
Their Vrne the *Belides* no longer fill:
The Vultures feede not; *Tityus* left to grone:
And *Siſyphus* ſate liſtning on his Stone.
The Furies, vanquiſht by his verſe, were ſeene
To weepe, that neuer wept before. Hels Queene,
The King of Darkneſſe, yeeld t'his powrefull plea.
Among the late-come Soules, *Eurydice*
They call: ſhe came; yet halting of her wound.
Giuen *Orpheus*, with this law: Till thou the bound
Of pale *Auernus* paſſe, if back thou caſt
Thy carefull eyes, thou looſeſt what thou haſt.
A ſteepe aſcent, dark, thick with fogges, they clime
Through euerlaſting Silence. By this time

Ap-

Approch the confines of illuſtrious Light.
Doubting her loſſe, and longing for a ſight,
His eyes th'impatient louer backward threw:
When ſhe, back-ſliding, preſently with-drew.
He catches at her, in his wits diſtraught;
And yeelding ayre for her (vnhappy!) caught.
Nor did ſhe, dying twice, her ſpouſe reproue:
For what could ſhe complaine of, but his loue?
Who takes her laſt farewell: her parting breath
Scarce reacht his eares; and ſo reuolues to death.
Her double loſſe ſad *Orpheus* ſtupifide;
With equall terror vnto his, who ſpide
Three-headed *Cerberus*: whoſe feare, alone
Out-laſting nature, turn'd him to a ſtone.
Or like *Olenus*, who t'excuſe his wife
Accus'd himſelfe, and taxt his guiltleſſe life:
With thee *Lethæa* (happy bodies late)
Whoſe daring beautie drew a curſed fate
On both: both turn'd to marble for thy pride;
Now extant on the hills of fountfull *Ide*.
He preſſeth to returne, and faire intreats
The Ferry-man: who puts him off with threats.
Vpon the banks ſeauen dayes he ſate; forlorne
And comfortleſſe; all ſorts of food forborne:
Care, griefe of mind, and teares, his onely cheare.
Calling the Gods of *Erebus* ſeuere,
At length to ſnowie *Rhodope* he haſts;
And *Hæmus*; beaten with the northerne blaſts.
Now *Titan* thrice had finiſhed his yeares
In waterie *Piſces*. *Orpheus* ſtill forbeares
The loue of women. Or through bad ſucceſſe:
Or former vowes. Yet many ne're the leſſe
Th'affected Poet ſeeke; but none inioyes:
Who beautie firſt admir'd in hopefull boyes.
A Hill there was; a plaine vpon that hill;
Which in a flowrie mantle flouriſht ſtill:
Yet wanted ſhade. Where, when the Gods Deſcent
Sate downe, and toucht his tunefull inſtrument,
A ſhadow came. Nor trees of *Chaony*,
The Poplar, Medlar, Okes that fronts the ſky,
Soft Linden, ſmooth-rinde Beech, vnmarried Bayes,
The brittle Haſel, Aſh, whoſe ſpeares we prayſe,

Vn-

Vnknottie Firre, the ſolace-ſhading Planes,
Rough Cheſnuts, Maple fleet with different granes,
Streame-bordering Willow, Lotus louing Lakes,
Tuffe Boxe whom neuer ſappie ſpring forſakes,
Branch-ſlender Tamarisk, with trees that beare
A purple figge, nor Myrtles abſent were.
The wanton Iuie wreath'd in amorous twines,
Vines bearing grapes, and Elmes ſupporting Vines,
Straight Seruice trees, trees dropping Pitch, fruit-red
Arbutus; theſe the reſt accompaned.
With limber Palmes, of Victorie the meede:
And vp-right Pine, whoſe leaues aloft proceede;
Pris'd by the Mother of the Gods: for Shee
Her luſt-ſtain'd *Atys* turn'd into that tree.
The ſpyre-like Cypreſſe in this throng appeares.
Of late a Boy: lou'd by that God who beares
The ſiluer bow, and ſtrikes the vocall ſtrings.
Sacred to Nymphs that haunt *Carthæan* Springs
A Stag there was; whoſe hornes, on high diſplayde
With ſpreading palmes, afford his head a ſhade.
His antlers ſhone with gold; a carquenet
His neck imbrac't, with ſparkling Diamonds ſet.
A ſiluer bell vpon his forehead hung
By ſilken ſtrings, which euery motion rung.
Round pearle, of equall ſize, from either eare
Hung on his cheekes: who, void of natiue feare,
Frequented houſes: and well pleas'd, would ſtand
The gentle ſtrokings of a ſtrangers hand.
This, *Cyparissus*, was thy onely ioy,
(Of all that *Cæa* bred, the faireſt boy)
By thee full oft, to change of paſture led:
To purling ſtreames that part the ranker mead.
With various flowres now wouldſt thou trick his hornes:
Now on his backe (who no ſuch burden ſcornes)
About the pleaſant fields in pleaſure ride;
And with a purple raigne the willing guide.
'Twas Summer, and high Noone: Dayes burning eye
Made ſmoking *Cancers* crooked clawes to frye.
Vpon the ground the panting Hart was layde:
Coole ayre receiuing from the ſyluan ſhade.
Whom filly *Cyparissus* wounds by chance:
And ſeeing life perſue his tug'd-out lance,

Re-

Reſolues to dye. What did not *Phœbus* ſay,
That might a griefe, ſo ſlightly caus'd, allay?
He anſwers him in ſighes: this laſt good-turne
Implores; That he might neuer ceaſe to mourne.
His bloud now ſhed in teares, a greeniſh hiew
His body dimmes: the locks that dangling grew
Vpon his iuory fore-head, briſtling riſe;
And pointing vpward, ſeeme to threat the skies.
When *Phœbus*; ſighing: I for thee will mourne:
Mourne thou for others: Herſes ſtill adorne.
Such trees attracting; and inuiron'd round
With birds and beaſts, vpon the riſing ground
The Poet ſits: who, hauing tun'd his ſtrings,
In diſſonancie muſicall, thus ſings.
From *Ioue*, ô Mother Muſe, deriue my verſe;
All bow to *Ioue*: *Ioues* powre we oft rehearſe.
And late of Giants ſung, in loftie ſtraines,
Foil'd by his thunder on *Phlegræan* plaines.
Now, in a lower key, to louely boyes
Belou'd of Gods, turne we our ſofter layes.
And ſing of womens furies, who perſue
Forbidden luſts: perſude by Vengeance due.
Heauens King, young *Ganymed* inflames with loue:
There was what *Ioue* would rather be then *Ioue*.
Yet daines no other ſhape then hers, that beares
His awfull lightning in her golden ſeares.
Who forthwith ſtooping with deceitfull wings,
Truſt vp *Iliades* by *Ida's* ſprings.
Who now, for *Ioue* (though iealous *Iuno* ſcoules)
Delitious Nectar fils in flowing bowles.
And thee *Amyclides*, in azure skies
Had *Phœbus* fixt; if cruell Deſtinies
Had not preuented: yet in ſome ſort made
Eternall. For, as oft as Springs inuade
Sharpe winters, and to *Aries Piſces* yeelds:
So oft renu'd, thy Flowre adornes the fields.
Thee lou'd my Father, beſt of humane births.
Her Guardian quits his *Delphos*, in wide Earths
Round nauill ſeated: while the God of Beames
Haunts wall-leſſe *Sparta*, and *Eurotas* ſtreames.
Now, neither for his harp, nor quiuer, cares:
Him ſelfe debaſing, beares the corded ſnares;

Or

Or leades the dogs; or clambers mountaines; led
By Lordly *Loue*. and flames by cuſtome fed.
Now *Titan* bore his equall-diſtant Light,
Betweene fore-running and enſuing Night:
When lightned of their garments, either ſhone
With ſuppling oyle, in ſtrife to throw the ſtone.
This ſwinging through the aire firſt *Phœbus* threw:
The obuious clouds diſperſing as it flew;
On ſolid earth, though flying long, at length
Deſcends; inforc't by art-inabling ſtrength.
Th'imprudent Boy attempts with fatall haſt
To take it vp; when Earth, by boundings, caſt
The globe, ô *Hyacinthus*, at thy head.
The Boy lookt pale; and ſo the God, who bled
Euen in his bleeding. Raiſed from the ground;
He ſought t'aſſwage, and dry the bitter wound.
And would with hearbs his flying ſoule haue ſtayd:
That wound was cureleſſe; art affords no ayde.
As violets, or lillyes louing ſtreames,
Or Poppie, forced in their yellow ſtemmes,
Wither forthwith, and hang their heauy heads;
Nor raiſe themſelues, but bow to their firſt beds:
So hung his dying lookes; ſo ouer-ſwaid,
His limber neck vpon his ſhoulder laid.
Thou fall'ſt *Oebalides*, in thy youths faire prime,
Said *Phœbus*: with thy wound, I ſee my crime.
My ſorrow, and my ſinne. This hand they breath
Hath cruſht to ayre: I, author of thy death.
Yet what my fault? vnleſſe t'haue playd with thee,
Or lou'd thee (ô too well!) offences bee.
I would, ſweet Boy, that I for thee might die!
Or die with thee! but ſince the fates denie
So deare a wiſh; thou ſhalt with mee abide:
And euer in my memorie reſide.
Our Harpe, and verſe thy prayſes ſhall reſound:
And in thy Flowre my ſorrow ſhall be found.
The Great in Valour ſhall in time, to it
An other adde; and in the ſame be writ.
While thus *Apollo* truly prophecide:
Behold! the blood which late the graſſe had dide;
Was now no blood: from whence a flowre full-blowne,
Farre brighter then the *Tyrian* ſcarlet ſhone:

Which

Which ſeem'd the ſame, or did reſemble right
A Lillie; changing but the red to white.
Nor ſo contented; (for the youth receiu'd
That grace from *Phœbus*) in the leaues he weau'd
The ſad impreſſion of his ſighes: *Ai*! *Ai*!
They now in funerall Characters diſplay.
Nor ſhame to *Sparta*, *Hyacinth* procures;
Whoſe adoration to this day indures:
For now, as erſt, they yearely celebrate
The *Hyacinthian* Feaſt in ſolemne Srate.
Perhaps if *Amathus* you aske (whoſe earth
Abounds with mettals) if ſhe would the birth
Of her *Propœtides*; ſhe would ſay, I:
As well as theirs, for their impietie,
In former time, with monſtrous hornes defam'd:
Whereof they fitly were *Ceraſtæ* nam'd.
Before their doores the tragick Altar ſtood
Of *Ioue* the Hoſpitable; ſtain'd with blood
Of ſtranger gueſts. Who had this ſhambles ſeene,
Would thinke that blood the blood of calues had beene.
A Gueſt new ſacrifiz'd: faire *Cyprides*
Offended with ſuch cruell Rites as theſe,
Prepares to quit her Cities and the Groues
Of *Ophiuſa*. Yet, what guilt reproues
(Said ſhe) my Groues and Cities? what offence?
Rather with death their bloody liues compence;
Or exile: if from theſe extreames they ſcape,
What middle courſe, but to transforme their ſhape?
When muſing to what forme, ſhe caſt her looke
Vpon the horned Heard; and from them tooke
A reſolution ſo to arme their skulls:
Who turnes their mighty limmes to monſtrous Buls.
Yet durſt th'obſcene *Propœtides* deny,
O *Venus*, thy all-ruling Deity.
The firſt that euer gaue themſelues for hire
To proſtitution; vrged by thy ire.
Their lookes imboldned, modeſtie now gone,
Conuert at length to little-differing Stone.
Pygmalion ſeeing theſe to ſpend their times
So beaſt-like; frighted with the many crimes
That rule in women; choſe a ſingle life:
And long forbore the pleaſure of a wife.

Meanewhile, in iuory with happy art
A Statue carues; ſo ſhapefull in each part,
As woman neuer equall'd it: who ſtands
Affected to the fabrick of his hands.
It ſeem'd a virgin, full of liuing flame;
That would haue mou'd, if not withheld by ſhame,
So Art it ſelfe conceal'd. His art admires;
From th'Image drawes imaginarie fires:
And often feeles it with his hands, to try
If 'twere a body, or cold iuory.
Nor could reſolue. Who kiſſing, thought it kiſt:
Oft courts, imbraces, wrings it by the wriſt;
The fleſh impreſſing (his conceit was ſuch)
And feares to hurte it with too rude a touch.
Now flatters her; now ſparkling ſtones preſents,
And orient pearle (loues witching inſtruments)
Soft-ſinging birds, each ſeuerall colour'd flowre,
Firſt Lillyes, painted balls, and teares that powre
From weeping trees. Rich Robes her perſon deck;
Her fingers, rings; reflecting chaines her neck;
Pendants her eares; a glittering zone her breſt.
In all, ſhew'd well; but ſhew'd, when naked, beſt.
Now layes he her vpon a gorgeous bed:
With carpets of *Sidonian* purple ſpred.
Now calls her wife. Her head a pillow preſt
Of plumy downe, as if with ſenſe poſſeſt.
Now came the Day of *Venus* Feſtiuall:
Through wealthie *Cyprus* ſolemniz'd by all.
White heifers, dekt with golden hornes, by ſtrokes
Of axes fall: aſcending incenſe ſmokes.
He, with his gift, before the Altar ſtands:
You Gods, if all wee craue be in your hands,
Giue me the wife I wiſh: one like, he ſaid,
But durſt not ſay, giue me my iuory Maid.
The golden *Venus*, preſent at her Feaſt,
Conceiues his wiſh; and friendly ſignes expreſt:
The fire thrice blaſing, ſparkling thrice on high.
He haſtes to his admired Imag'rie:
Couches beſides her, rais'd her with his arme;
Then kiſt her tempting lips, and found them warme.
That leſſon oft repeates; her boſome oft
With amorous touches feeles, and felt it ſoft.

The

The iuorie dimpled with his fingers, lacks
Accuſtom'd hardneſſe: as *Hymettian* waxe
Relents with heat, which chafing thumbs reduce
To pliant formes, by handling fram'd for vſe.
Amaz'd with doubtfull ioy, and hope that reele s;
Againe the Louer, what he wiſhes, feeles.
The veines beneath his thumbs impreſſion beat:
A perfect Virgin full of iuyce and heat.
The *Cyprian* Prince with ioy-enhighthned words,
To pleaſure-giuing *Venus* thanks affords.
His lips to hers he ioynes, which ſeeme to melt:
The bluſhing Virgin now his kiſſes felt;
And fearfully erecting her faire eyes,
Together with the light, her Louer ſpies.
Venus was preſent at the match ſhe made.
And when nine Creſcents had at full diſplayde
Their ioyning hornes, repleat with borrowed flame;
She *Paphus* bore: who gaue that Ile a name.
He, *Cinyras* begot: who might be ſtil'd
Of men moſt happie, had he had no child.
I ſing of Horror! Daughters, farre, ô farre
From hence remoue! and You, who fathers are!
Or if my winning verſe your minds allure:
Let them no credit in this part procure.
Or if you will beleeue the ſame for true:
Beleeue with all the iudgements that inſue.
If nature could permit ſo foule a Crime:
I am glad for you *Iſmarians*; for this Clime;
This world of ours; ſo diſtant from that earth,
That gaue to ſuch a curſed Monſter birth.
In Coſtus, Cinnamon; and Amomum,
Rich let *Panchaia* be: let pretious Gum
Sweat from her trees; affected flowers bring forth;
So't *Myrrha* beare. No tree is of that worth.
Cupid denies t'haue vs'd his darts therein:
And vindicates his flames from ſuch a Sinne.
Alecto, with ſwolne ſnakes, and *Stygian* fire
That furie rais'd. 'Tis ſinne to hate thy Sire:
This Loue, a greater. Princes their abodes
Leaue in all parts; and for thee fall at oddes:
Of all, ô *Myrrha*, make thy choice of one;
So One of all be in that number none.

She knew't : and ſtriuing; to her ſelfe thus ſpake :
O whether rapt! what is't I vndertake!
Good Gods! good Pietie! diuine Reſpect
Of Parents guard me! and this ſinne eiect!
If ſo a ſinne it be. No piety
Condemnes ſuch *Venus*; Natures common tye.
Horſes their fillies back, ſires Heifers beare;
Gotes kids beget on thoſe whoſe kids they were:
Birds of that ſeede conceiue, whereof but late
Conceiu'd themſelues : nor they degenerate.
Happie in this are thoſe! But humane care
Hath fram'd malignant lawes : and we who are
By Nature free; malitious cuſtomes bind.
There is a Nation, to their blood more kind;
Where ſons their mothers, fathers daughters wiue:
And pietie with doubled loue reuiue.
O woe is me, that there I was not borne!
Curſt by this place. What thoughts are theſe! forlorne
Falſe hopes, avant. Though he all-worthy bee :
Yet, as a father, muſt be lou'd by thee.
Were I not daughter to great *Cinyras*;
All I conceiue in my deſires might paſſe.
Now, in that mine, not mine : proximitie
Diſ-ioynes vs; neerer, were wee not ſo nigh.
Hence would I flye by vn-returning wayes
To ſhun this ſinne : dire Loue my iourney ſtayes;
To feaſt my hungrie eyes with his deare ſight,
Talke, touch, and kiſſe; or more, if more I might.
O wicked virgin, canſt thou more propound!
Knowſt thou what lawes and names thy luſts confound!
Thy fathers whore! a riuall to thy mother!
Thy owne ſons ſiſter! mother to thy brother!
Nor fear'ſt the *Furies* with their hiſſing haire,
Who on the faces of the guiltie ſtare,
With dreadfull torches! From thy ſoule exile
This miſchiefe, ere it actually defile.
Nor with thy horrid luſt infringe the law
Of ſuffering Nature : but in time with-draw.
Would I? it will not : he too well inclin'd.
O that like furie would inflame his mind!
Thus ſhe. But *Cinyras*, preſt with the ſtore
Of worthie ſuters who his voice implore;

In

In his owne choice irreſolute, demands
(Their names rehearſing) how her fancie ſtands.
She, thoughtfull ſilent; gazing on his face,
Fluſht with imboſomd flames, and wept apace.
He, taking this for mayden feare; Deſiſt
From weeping, ſaid: then dride her cheeks, and kiſt.
Too much ſhee ioyes. Againe demanded, who
She beſt could like: replyde, One, like to you.
Be ſtill, ſaid he, ſo pious. At that name
She hung the head, as conſcious of her blame.
Twas now the mid of night: when Sleep beſtowes
On men; and on their cares, a ſweet repoſe.
But *Myrrha* watches, rapt with tameleſſe fires;
Retracting her implacable deſires.
Deſpaires, hopes; will not, will; now ſhames, againe
Deſires; nor knowes what courſe to take. As when
A mightie Oke (one blow behind) his fall
On each ſide threatens; and is fear'd on all:
Euen ſo her mind, impair'd with various wounds,
Waues to and fro; and changes ſtill propounds.
No meane, no cure, was left for loue but death:
Death pleas'd. Reſolu'd to choke her hated breath;
Vp-ſtarting, to a beame her girdle ties.
Deare *Cinyras* farewell (ſhe ſoftly cries)
And of my ruine vnderſtand the cauſe.
That ſaid, the nooſe about her neck ſhe drawes.
Her wakefull Nurſes faithfull eares, they ſay,
A whiſpering heard: who in the Lobby lay.
Straight roſe; vnlockt the doores; the inſtrument
Of death beholding, ſcreecht: together rent
Her haire and boſom: and, with trembling haſte,
The girdle from her pallid neck diſplac't.
Now had ſhee time to weepe; t'imbrace her Care:
And aske the cauſe of ſuch accurſt deſpaire.
She, ſilent, fixes on the earth her eyes:
And grieues at deaths preuented enterpriſe.
Baring her horie haires and emptie breſt,
The Nurſe, by her firſt food, and cradle, preſt
Her griefes diſcloſure. *Myrrha* turnes aſide,
And ſighes. The Nurſe would not be ſo denyde:
Nor onely promiſt ſecrecie; but ſaid:
Tell me, my child, and entertaine my aid.

My

My old age is not fruitleſſe: charmes haue wee,
And powerfull medcines, if it furie bee:
If witchcraft; magick ſhall thy torments eaſe:
If wrath of Gods; the Gods we will appeaſe
With ſacrifice. What can bee elſe ſurmiz'd?
Thy fortunes by incurſions vnſurpriz'd;
Thy mother, and thy father, well? That Name
Drew from her ſoule a ſigh, that ſcorcht like flame.
Nor in the Nurſe did this ſuſpition moue
Of ſuch a Crime: and yet ſhe ſaw 'twas Loue.
Importunate to know what leaſt ſhee feares,
Layd in her lap ſurrounded with her teares,
Sh'infolds her in her feeble armes, and ſaid;
I know thou lou'ſt: wherein (nor be afraid)
Thou mayſt on my ſedulitie rely:
Nor ſhall thy father euer this deſcry.
At that, in furie from her lap ſhe ſprung;
Then on the bed her proſtrate body flung;
Muffling her guiltie lookes: Begone, ſhe ſaid,
And ſpare the bluſhes of a wretched maid.
Still vrg'd: Begone, replyde; or elſe forbeare
T'inquire of that which is a ſinne to heare.
The Nurſe loſt in amaze; her hands, with yeares
And terror trembling (kneeling to her) reares:
Now ſpeakes her faire, now threatens to diſcloſe
(Vnleſſe ſhe made her priuie to her woes)
Her purpos'd violence: and vowes to proue
Both ſecret, and aſſiſtant to her loue.
At that, her head ſhe rais'd; her Nurſes breſt
With weeping bathes: oft ſtroue to haue confeſt;
As oft with-held: at length ſhe hid her head;
And ſaid, ô Mother, happy in thy bed!
There ends: then grones. The Nurſe cold horror ſhooke;
Now too much knowing: with a gaſtly looke,
Her horie haire ſtar'd on her browes: Who ſaid,
What not? that might ſo foule a luſt diſſwade.
The Virgin could not ſuch a truth denie:
But ſtands reſolu'd, or to poſſeſſe, or die.
Liue, ſaid ſhe, and poſſeſſe (there ſtopt, as loth
To ſay; thy Sire) and bound it with an oath.
Now Matrons celebrate the yeerely Feaſt
Of *Ceres*; whome long linnen ſtoles inueſt:

And

And offer garlands of their firſt-ripe corne;
Forbidden *Venus* for nine nights forborne,
And touch of man. In ſpotleſſe ornaments,
With theſe, the Queene her ſecret Rites frequents.
Lying alone, the leaudly diligent
Doth *Cinyras*, o're-charg'd with wine, preſent
With proffer of true loue, though falſely maskt:
And prais'd her beautie. Of what age being askt?
Of equall age with *Myrrha*, ſhe replyes.
When bid to bring her: home in haſte ſhee highes;
Reioyce, ſaid ſhe, I bring thee victory.
Th'vnhappie Virgin felt but little ioy;
Such ill ſucceſſe her troubled Soule diuin'd:
And yet ſhe ioy'd: ſuch diſcord rackt her mind.
Now Silence ouer all the world did raigne:
And flow *Boötes* had declin'd his Waine.
To ſinne addreſt; from heauen bright *Cynthia* flies;
Starres ſhroud their heads in clouds: Night loſt her eyes.
Erigone, *Icarius*, firſt remoue:
Shee ſtellifi'd for her paternall loue.
By ſtumbling thrice reuok't; the funerall Owle
Thrice ſadly ſhreekt; yet ſhee proceeds: the ſcoule
Of Night, and Darkneſſe, modeſtie bereft.
Her Nurſes right hand holding with her left,
And groping with the other hand, explores
Her blind acceſſe. Now came ſhe to the doores
Of that dire chamber; now the way to ſinne
She boldly opens; and now enters in.
Yet blood and courage her at once forſooke;
Her knees, vnknitting, one an other ſtrooke:
The neereneſſe to her crime remoues deſire:
Who now repents, and would vnknowne retire.
Protracting, by the hand the Nurſe her led;
And, hauing rendred her vnto his bed,
Here *Cyneras*, ſaid ſhe, receiue thy owne.
And ioynes their curſed boſoms. He, vnknowne,
His bowels to his bed aſſumes: and cheares
With comfortable words, her mayden feares.
By chance he call'd her daughter, in that old;
And ſhe him father: that their names might hold,
Now full of father, bed and chamber leaues.
With wicked ſeede her curſed womb conceiues:

Who

Who beares about the burden of her ſhame:
Next night, and next, and next, re-acts the ſame.
When *Cinyras*, who longs to ſee his Louer,
So oft imbrac't; did with a light diſcouer
His ſinne, and daughter. Sorrow not a word
Could vtter: he vnſheaths his ſhining ſword.
She ſwiftly flies: whom nights black ſhelter ſhields
From threatned death; & ſtrayes through ſpatious fields.
Palme-clad *Arabia*, and *Panchæa* paſt;
Now hauing wandred by nine Moones, at laſt
Reſt to her wearie limmes *Sabæa* gaue.
Charg'd with her womb; not knowing what to craue;
Betweene the hate of life, and feare of death,
She this conception quickens with her breath.
You Powers! If Penitencie pierce your eare;
I haue deſerued, nor refuſe to beare,
Your iuſt inflictions: yet leaſt I prophane
Or thoſe who liue, or who in death remaine,
O baniſh me from either Monarchie;
That, chang'd by you, I may nor liue, nor die!
Confeſſion ſome cœleſtiall pittie found.
Thoſe wiſhes had their Gods. Euen then the ground
Couerd her legs: a downe-ward-ſpreading roote
Burſt from her toes; whoſe euer-fixed foote
Suſtain'd the lengthfull bole. Bones turne to wood,
To pith her marrow, into ſap her blood:
Her armes great branches grow, her fingers ſpine
To little twigs; her skin conuerts to rine.
Now her big womb the riſing tree poſſeſt,
Her boſom folds, and now her neck oppreſt:
When ſhee, delay il-brooking, downeward ſhrunk
And vales her viſage in the cloſing trunk.
Though ſenſe, with ſhape, ſhe loſt; ſtil weeping, ſhe
Sheds bitter teares, which trickle from her tree:
Teares of high honour; theſe their Miſtreſſe name
As yet preſerue, and ſtill ſhall beare the ſame.
Th'inceſteous infant, now at perfect groth
Within the tree; indeuors to get forth.
The bark, amid the bole, her belly wrung,
With torment ſtretcht: nor had that griefe a tongue:

Nor

Nor could ſhe call *Lucina* to her throwes:
And yet the tree like one in labour ſhowes;
Bowes downe with paine, and grones, and weeps a flood.
Lucina by her trembling branches ſtood;
Her hand impos'd, and vtterd powerfull words.
The yawning tree the crying Babe affords
A paſſage; whom thoſe Nymphs receiue with ioy:
And in his mothers teares anoint the Boy.
His beautie Enuie would commend. Such be
The naked *Cupids* which wee painted ſee.
But, leaſt their habit ſome diſtinction make;
A quiuer giue, or his from *Cupid* take.
Time glides away with vndiſcouerd haſt;
And mocks our hopes: no wings can flye ſo faſt.
He, whom his ſiſter bore, his grandſires ſon;
Late tree-inclos'd, who lately life begun,
But now an infant louely paſt compare,
Now boy, now man, now then himſelf more faire.
And now on *Venus* for his mothers fires
Reuenge aſſumes; who dotingly admires.
For kiſt by quiuer-bearing *Loue*, his dart
By fortune raz'd her lillye hand; with ſmart
Incenſt, ſhe thruſt him from her: nor then found
The wounds deceitfull depth, yet deep the wound.
Not now *Cythera* could the Louer pleaſe;
Nor *Paphos*, graſped with reſulting Seas.
High *Gnidos*, *Amathus*, renound for braſſe,
Nor heauen frequents: her heauen *Adonis* was.
Him woo's, accompanies, beſides him lies
In gratefull ſhades; and ſtriues to pleaſe his eyes.
Now like *Diana* ſhe her ſelfe attires;
And trips o're hils and rocks, through brakes and briers:
Hollowes the hound; perſuing beaſts of chace,
Bucks, high-hornd Harts, and Hares, who fly apace:
But rapeful Wolues, rough Beares, fel Bores eſchues;
And Lyons, whom the blood of Beeues imbrues.
And thee *Adonis*, her miſdoubts diſſwade
From ſuch encounters; had they beene obayd.
Thoſe boldly chace, ſaid She, who flight propoſe:
Valour vnſafelie copes with valiant foes.

Sweet Boy! be not too hardie in my harmes;
Nor tempt thoſe cruell beaſts whom nature armes:
For feare ſuch glorie but too coſtly proue.
Thy youth and beauty, though they *Venus* moue;
The briſtled Swine, nor ſhaggie Lyon touch:
Pitie ne'r pierc't the eyes nor hearts of ſuch.
Bores, in their crooked tuſhes lightning haue:
And Lyons with impetuous furie raue.
I hate them. Asked why? We will relate
Old crimes, ſaid ſhe, and wonder-ſtriking fate.
But now vn-vſuall toyle my ſtrength inuades:
And loe, yon Poplar courts vs with her ſhades;
The graſſe affords a bed: there let vs reſt.
When, lying downe, the graſſe and him ſhe preſt.
Her head now in her Louers boſome laid:
Thus (words with kiſſes intermixing) ſaid.
Perhaps you of a Maid haue heard, who wan
The Prize in running from the ſwifteſt man.
'Tis true; She, won indeed: nor could you tell
Whether her ſpeed or beautie moſt excell.
Enquiring of a husband; this reply
Apollo gaue: The vſe of husband flye
O *Atalant*! nor ſhalt thou flye; nor thriue
In that eſtate, but looſe thy ſelfe aliue.
Frighted herewith in ſhadie woods ſhe liues:
And troopes of preſſing Sutors from her driues
With this reply: Except out-runne I bee,
I am a wife for no man; Run with mee.
My bed, and I, are both the winners meede:
The Tardie dies. Vpon this law proceede.
She, cruell: yet ſo powrefull was her looke,
That many a youth the perrill vndertooke.
Hippomenes beheld this tragick ſtrife.
Will any through ſuch danger ſeeke a wife?
(Said He) and taxt their follies that perſude.
But when her face and naked forme he viewd;
Such as is Mine; or Thine, wer't thou a Maid:
Amaz'd! with hands vp-heau'd, Forgiue (he ſaid)
O you whom late I blam'd! not then I knew
The Prizes worth. Loue ſtill by praiſing grew:

Who

Who wiſhes now that none might runne ſo faſt;
And enuie fear'd. Why make not I more haſt
(Said he) to trye my fortune? Gods doe aid
Th'aduenturous. While this in thought he ſaid;
The Virgin with a winged pace paſt by.
Though ſeeming to th'*Aonian* Youth to flye
As ſwift as *Scythian* ſhafts; her forme he more
Admires; by motion louelier then before.
The wind reuerberates her ankles wings,
And whisks her ham-bound buskins purple ſtrings,
Toſſing her haire, on iuory ſhoulders ſpred.
Her pure white bodie ſo aſſumes the red;
As when carnation curtaines are diſplayd
On pure white walls, and dye them with their ſhade.
While this the ſtranger view'd, the race was run:
And *Atalanta's* browes the garland won.
The vanquiſht ſighe, and pay their forfeiture.
Nor could ſo ſad ſucceſſe his feare procure:
Who roſe; and fixing on the Maid his eyes;
Why ſeeke you praiſe by eaſie victories?
Contend with vs: if wee obtayne the Bayes,
Our victorie will not eclipſe your praiſe.
Megareus me begot, *Oncheſtius* blood;
He *Neptunes*, Ruler of the ſacred Flood:
Nor we degenerate. My foyle, your name
Will honour; and immortalize your fame.
This while, a wel-pleas'd eye She on him threw:
Nor knowes her wiſh; to looſe, or to ſubdue.
What God, a Foe to beautie, would deſtroy
This Youth, ſaid ſhe, who ſeekes my bed t'inioy
With his lifes forfeiture? If I may be
The iudge, there is not ſo much worth in me.
Nor is't his beautie moues, though it might moue;
But that a Boy. We pittie, and not loue.
Beſides; his courage, and contempt of death!
But once remou'd from *Neptunes* ſacred birth!
And then, his Loue; content to part with life,
If harder fate denie me for his wife!
Begon, ô Stranger; ſhun my bloody bed,
While yet thou maiſt: this Match wil coſt thy head.

No Virgin is there who would not be thine:
And ſuch would ſeek, whoſe luſters darken mine.
Yet why regard I him, ſo many ſlaine?
Looke to thy ſelfe, or periſh: ſince in vaine
Admoniſht by ſuch numbers, whom this ſtrife
Hath ſent to death. Thou'rt wearie of thy life.
And muſt he dye, becauſe hee'd liue with me?
Muſt death, aduenturous Loue, thy wages be?
This murder will our victorie defame;
And purchace hate: yet am not I in blame.
O would thou wouldſt deſiſt, and danger ſhun!
Or ſince ſo mad, would thou couldſt faſter run!
How Boy and Virgin reuell in his face!
Ah poore *Hippomenes*! O would this place,
Th' hadſt neuer ſeene! thou well deſeru'ſt to liue.
Were I more happie, and hard fate would giue
Me leaue to marrie; thou art He alone,
To whom my bed and beauties ſhould be knowne.
Thus ſhe: Who raw, and pierc't with loues firſt touch,
Erres in her thoughts; and lones; nor knew ſo much.
Now King and People call vpon the Race:
When *Neptunes* Iſſue thus implor'd my grace.
O *Venus*, fauour my attempts, he ſaid:
And thoſe affections, which you gaue me, aid!
This friendly winds conuaid vnto my eare:
I pitie, and no longer helpe forbeare.
A field there is, ſo fertill none, through all
Rich *Cyprus*; which they *Damaſcenus* call.
Antiquitie this to my honour vow'd:
And therewith all my Temples had indow'd.
A Tree there flouriſht on that pregnant mold,
Whoſe glittering leaues, and branches, ſhone with gold.
Three golden apples, gathered from that tree,
By chance I brought: and, ſo as none could ſee,
Himſelfe excepted, to *Hippomenes*,
Together with their vſe, deliuer'd theſe.
The trumpets ſound. Both from the Barrier ſtart:
Whoſe nimble ſteps ſcarce touch earths vpper part.
Their feet, vnwet, the ſea might well haue borne:
Or vnſuppreſſed ſtalks of ſtanding corne.

Fauor

Fauor and Clamor, ioyning in remorſe,
The youth thus hearten: Now thy ſpeed inforce,
Make haſte *Hippomenes*; delay decline;
Collect thy powers: the victorie is thine.
'Tis doubtfull whether that which Fauor ſaid,
More ioy'd the Heros or *Schœneian* Maid.
How often lag'd ſhe, when ſhe might o're-goe!
And gazing on him, ſigh't t'out-ſtrip him ſo!
Short breath from panting boſoms ſcorching flew;
The Gole farre off: when *Neptunes* Nephew threw
One apple of the three. The Maid admires:
And greedie of the ſhining fruit, retires
To catch the rowling gold: the Youth paſt by;
And all the field reſounded ſhouts of ioy.
This hindrance ſhe repaires with winged haſt:
Againe *Hippomenes* behind her caſt.
The ſecond fruit, throwne farther then before,
Declin'd her ſteps; yet him out-ſtrips once more.
The Race now neere an end, he ſaid, ô ſaue!
Great Goddeſſe, giue ſucceſſe to what you gaue!
And threw the ſhining gold an other way
With all his vigor; to prolong her ſtay.
When I compeld her, doubtfull what to doe,
To take it vp; and added waight thereto:
With-held, both by diuerting her perſuit;
And with the burden of the ponderous fruit.
But leaſt my words the Race in length exceed;
She was out-run, and he receiu'd his Meed.
Deſeru'd not I both thanks and frankincenſe,
Thinke you *Adonis*, for his lifes defence?
He neither gaue. Prouokt with ſudden rage
At this contempt; and leaſt the future age
By ſuch examples ſhould my God-head ſlight;
Againſt them both I due reuenge excite.
The Fane, erected by *Echions* vow
Vnto the Mother of the Gods, they now
Had paſt; obſcur'd by dark and ſecret ſhades:
When their long iourney them to reſt perſwades.
Hippomenes, incenſed by my fires;
Here luſteth with vnſeaſ'nable deſires.

A gloomie grot, much like vnto a caue,
Stood neere this Fane; to which light pumice gaue
A natiue couer; by deuotion grac't
With old religion: where the Prieſt had plac't
The wooden Images of ancient Gods:
This entring; he pollutes their chaſte abodes.
The Statues wry their lookes. The Mother, crownd
With towres, had ſtruck them to the *Stygian* Sound:
But that ſhe thought that puniſhment too ſmall.
When yellow maines on their left ſhoulders fall;
Their armes, to legs; their fingers turne to nailes;
Their breſts of wondrous ſtrength: their tufted tailes
Whiske vp the duſt; their lookes are full of dread;
For ſpeech, they rore: the woods become their bed.
Theſe Lyons, feard by others, *Cybel* checks
With curbing bits; and yokes their ſtubborne necks.
Theſe, ô my Deare, and all ſuch kinds of beaſts
As will not turne their backs; but bend their breſts
T'incounter with the raſh Aſſailant, Shun:
Leaſt by thy courage We be both vndone.
This ſaid: thence flew Shee, rais'd by yoked Swans.
But Valour ſuch admoniſhments with-ſtands.
By chance the dogs, perſuing long before
His ſented footings, had diſlodg'd a Bore.
Whom, ruſhing from his couert, the bold Youth
Obliquely wounds. The Bore with crooked tooth
Writhes out the iauelin, with his blood imbrude.
Who now his ſafetie-ſeeking Foe perſude;
Sheathing his tuſhes in his groyne: and threw
To earth the dying Boy. The Swans that drew
Idalia's waightleſſe charriot through the aire,
Yet reacht not *Cyprus*: when the heauenly Faire
Thence heard his dying grones; and wheeling round,
Her ſiluer birds directs to that ſad ſound.
But when ſhe ſaw him weltring in his gore;
Downe iumping from the skies, at once ſhe tore
Her haire and boſome: then her breſt inuades
With bitter blowes; and Deſtinie vpbraides.
Not all, ſaid ſhe, is ſubiect to your waſt:
Our ſorrowes monument ſhall euer laſt.

Sweete

Sweet Boy! thy deaths ſad image, euery yeare
Shall in our ſolemniz'd Complaints appeare.
But be thy blood a Flowre. Had *Proſerpine*
The power to change a *Nymph* to Mint? is mine
Inferior? or will any enuy mee
For this exchange? This hauing vtter'd, ſhee
Powr'd Nectar on it, of a fragrant ſmell.
Sprinkled there-with; the blood began to ſwell:
Like ſhining bubbles, which from drops aſcend.
And e'r an houre was fully at an end,
From thence a Flowre, alike in colour, roſe.
Such as thoſe trees produce, whoſe fruits incloſe
Within the limber rine their purple graines.
And yet their beautie but awhile remaines:
For thoſe light-hanging leaues, infirmely plac't,
The winds, that blow on all things, quickly blaſt.

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The eleuenth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

A Serpent changd to Stone. Rough barks infold
The cruell Bacchanals. *To ſtarving Gold*
All turnes at Midas *touch: He's bodie lanes*
In cleere Pactolus, *whoſe inriched wanes*
Waſh off his gold and gilt: an Aſſes eares
His follie ſhame: the whiſpred Secret beares
Like-ſounding Reedes. Apollo, *and the Guide*
Of ſacred Seas, in humane ſhapes reſide.
Forc't Thetis *varies formes.* Dædalion
T'a Falcon turnd. A Wolfe conieald to Stone.
Morpheus *to mortals,* Phobetor *to Brutes,*
And Phantaſus *to ſhapes inanimate ſuites.*
Tranſformd Halcyone *and* Ceyx *flye.*
So Æſacus, *who vainely ſtriues to dye.*

THus while the *Thracian* Poet with his ſongs
Beaſts, trees, & ſtones, attracts in following throngs:
Behold, *Ciconian* dames (their furious breſts
Clad with the ſpotted skins of ſaluage beaſts)
The ſacred Singer from a hill eſpy'd,
As he his dittie to his harp apply'd.
Of theſe, One ſcream'd, and toſt her flairing haire;
See, ſee the Woman-hater! then her ſpeare
Threw at his vocall mouth; which iuie-bound,
Kiſt his affected lips without a wound.
An Other hurles a ſtone; this, as it flew,
His voice and harps according tunes ſubdue:
Which ſelfe-accus'd for ſuch a rude aſſay,
Before his feet, as in ſubmiſſion, lay:
Raſh violence, the meane exil'd, increaſt:
And mad *Erinnys* raign'd in euery breſt.
His ſongs had all their weapons charm'd, if noyſe
Of *Berecynthian* ſhalmes, clapt hands, loud cryes,
Drummes, howling *Bacchanals*, with frantick ſound
Had not his all-appeaſing muſique drown'd.

The

The ſtones then bluſh with ſilenſt *Orpheus* blood.
But firſt on rauiſht beaſts that liſtning ſtood,
On foule, and Serpents, they their ſpight infer;
And raze the glory of his Theater.
Then all with cruell hands about him fly:
And flock, like birds, when they by day eſpy
The bird of Night. And as a Stag at bay,
In early Spectacle giuen to the pray
Of eager hounds; aſſaile, together flung
Their leauy ſpeares, not framd for ſuch a wrong.
Some clods, ſome armes of trees, ſome ſtones aduance:
And leaſt wilde Rage ſhould weapons want, by chance
Not far off Oxen drew the furrowing plowghes;
And ſwaines, prouiding food with ſweating browes,
Their brawny armes imployd: who feare-inclind,
Before them fled, and left their tooles behind.
Their mattocks rakes and ſpades diſperſed lay
About the empty feilds: theiſe ſnatcht away,
(The oxens hornes torne from their skuls) their hate
Hurry them back vnto the Poets fate.
Thee, holding vp thy hands, who n'er before
Beſought'ſt in vaine, now to preuaile no more,
That Rout of ſacrilegious Furies ſlew!
Euen through that mouth (ô *Iupiter*!) which drew
From ſtones attention, which affection bred
In ſaluage beaſts, his forced ſpirits fled!
Sad birds, wilde Heards, hard flints, and woods which oft
Remou'd to heare thee, wept: trees weeping doft
Their pallid leaues; ſtreames with their teares increaſt:
The *Naiades* and *Dryades* inueſt
Their loynes in ſullen ſable, and diſplay
Their ſcattered haire. Thy limmes diſperſed lay.
Hebrus had head and harp: as borne along
The harp ſounds ſomething, ſadly; the dead tongue
Sighs out ſad ditties: the bancks ſympathie;
That bound the riuer in their ſad replie.
Now borne to Sea, from natiue ſtreames they driue;
And at *Methymnian Lesbos* ſhore ariue.
A Dragon on the forren ſand prepares
To ſeaze his head, and lick his dropping haires.
When gaping to deuoure the Hymniſts face,
Phœbus deſcends; and in that very ſpace

Into a Stone conuerts him by his powre,
With iawes extended readie to deuoure.
His Ghoſt retires to vnder ſhades: once more
He ſees, and knowes, what he had ſeene before.
Then through the *Elyſian* fields among the bleſt
Seekes his *Eurydice*. Now repoſſeſt
With ſtrict imbraces, guided by one mind,
They walke together: oft he comes behind,
Oft goes before: now *Orpheus* ſafely may
His following *Eurydice* ſuruay.
Yet would not *Bacchus* ſo remit their hate:
Who vexed for his Prophets cruell fate,
Fixt all th'*Edonian* Dames that then were by
With ſpreading rootes; and who more eagerly
Perſude his death, their toes he deeper drew
Within the ſollid earth, which down-ward grew.
And euen as fowle whoſe feete intangled are
With in the ſubtile foulers ſecret ſnare
Become by fearefull fluttering faſter bound:
So, each of theſe, now cleauing to the ground,
With terror ſtruggle to eſcape in vaine;
For faſter-binding rootes their flight reſtraine.
One, looking for her nailes, her toes, her feet:
Behold, her twinning legs in timber meet:
In paſſion, thinking to haue ſtruck her thighes,
She ſtrikes hard oke; hard oke her breſt ſupplies;
Her ſhoulders ſuch: her armes appeare to grow
In naturall branches; and indeede did ſo.
Nor thus content, their fields *Lyæus* leaues:
Whom *Tmolus*, with a better crue, receiues,
And ſwift *Pactolus*, who did then infold
No precious ſands, nor graines of enui'd gold.
Satyres and *Bacchanals* make their repaire,
His vſuall traine: *Silenus* then not there.
Him erſt the *Phrygian* rurals reeling found
With age and wine; and now, with iuie crownd,
To *Midas* bring: whom *Orpheus* Orgies taught,
And ſage *Eumolpus* from *Cecropia* brought.
When knowne to be his partner in thoſe Rites;
Full twice fiue dayes, with their ſucceeding nights,
He entertain'd him with a ſumptuous feaſt.
Eleuen times *Lucifer* the ſtarres ſuppreſt:

When

When, with wilde mirth, he treads the *Lydian* fields;
And to the God his Foſter-father yeelds.
He in his ſafe receipt doth much reioyce:
Whoſe bountie *Midas* fruſtrates by his choice.
For, wil'd to wiſh; Let all, ſaid he, I touch
Conuert to gold. His ignorance was ſuch.
Forth-with his hurtfull wiſh *Lyæus* giues:
And at his follie not a little grieues.
But in his curſe the *Berecynthian* ioyes:
And home-ward bound, the truth by touching tryes.
Scarce truſts himſelfe. Who from a tree bereaues
A ſlender branch; this ſhone with golden leaues.
Takes vp a ſtone; that ſtone pale gold became:
Takes vp a clod; the clod preſents the ſame:
Crops ſtalkes of corne; they yeeld a ſheafe of gold:
An apple pulls; therein you might behold
Th'*Heſperian* purchace: toucht by him alone,
The marble pillars with rich mettall ſhone.
And when he waſht his hands; that, ſhowr'd in raine,
Might ſimple *Danaë* haue deceiu'd againe.
His breſt ſcarce holds his hopes; whoſe fancie wrought
On golden wonders: when his ſeruants brought
Meate to the table. Sooner had not he
Toucht *Ceres* bountie, but that prou'd to be
A ſhining maſſe: aſſumed viands ſtraight
Betweene his greedie teeth conuert to plate.
About to drinke mixt wine; you might behold
His thirſtie iawes o're-flow with liquid gold.
Struck with ſo ſtrange a plague; both rich and poore;
He hates, and ſhuns the wealth he wiſht before.
No plentie hunger feedes; he burnes with thirſt:
In lothed gold deſeruedly accurſt.
Then, lifting vp his ſhining armes, thus praid:
Father *Lenæus*, ô, afford thy aid!
I haue offended; pitie thou: and me
From this ſo beautifull a miſchiefe free.
The gentle Powre accepts his penitence:
And for his faith, doth with his gift diſpence.
Leaſt ill-wiſht gold about him ſtill abide;
Goe, ſaid he, to thoſe Criſtall ſtreames that glide
By potent *Sardis*: keepe the bankes that lead
Along th'incountring Current to his head.

There, where the guſhing fountaine fomes, diue in:
And, with thy bodie, waſh away thy ſinne.
The King obayes: who in the fountaine leaues
That golden vertue, which the Spring receiues.
And ſtill thoſe antient ſeedes theſe waters hold:
Who gild their ſhores with glittering graines of gold.
He, hating wealth, in woods and fields beſtowes
His time with *Pan*; whom mountaine Gaues incloſe.
Yet his groſſe wit remaines: his ſhallow braine
And ſottiſh ſenſes puniſh him againe.
High *Tmolus* with a ſteepe aſcent vnfolds
His rigid browes, and vnder-ſeas beholds:
Whoſe ſtretcht-out baſes here to *Sardis* ioyne;
There to *Hypæpis*, girt in ſmall confine.
Where boaſting *Pan*, while he his verſe doth praiſe
To tender Nymph, and pipes t'his rurall layes;
Before *Apollo's* durſt his ſongs preferre.
They meete (ill-matcht) great *Tmolus* arbiter.
Th'old Iudge on his owne Mountaine ſits; and cleares
His eares from trees: alone a garland weares
Of Oke, with acornes dangling on his brow.
Who thus beſpake the God of Shepheards: Now
Your iudge attends. He blowes his wax-bound reeds:
And *Midas* fancie with rude numbers feeds.
Then ſacred *Tmolus* to diuine *Apollo*
Conuerts his lookes: his woods his motion follow.
He, his long yellow haire with laurel bound,
Clad in a *Tyrian* robe that ſwept the ground,
A Violl holds, with ſparkling gemmes inchac't
And *Indian* teeth; the bow his right hand grac't.
A perfect Artiſt ſhew'd. The ſtrings then ſtruck
With cunning hand: With his ſweet muſick tooke,
Tmolus bids *Pan* his vanquiſht reeds reſigne.
All in the holy Mountaines ſentence ioyne,
But *Midas* onely; whoſe exclaimes traduce
The Cenſure. *Phœbus* for this groſſe abuſe
Transformes his eares, his folly to declare:
Stretcht out in length, and couer'd with gray haire:
Inſtable, and now apt to moue. The reſt
The former figure of a man poſſeſt.
Puniſht in that offending part: who beares
Vpon his skull a ſlow-pac't Aſſes eares

Hee

He ſtriues to couer ſuch a foule defame:
And with a red Tiara hides his ſhame.
But this his ſeruant ſaw that cut his haire:
Who bigge with ſecrets, neither durſt declare
His Soueraignes ſeene deformity, nor yet
Could hold his peace. Who digs a ſhallow pit,
And therein ſoftly whiſpers his diſgrace:
Then turning in the earth, forſooke the place.
A tuft of whiſpering Reeds from thence there growe;
Which comming to maturitie, diſcloſe
The huſbandman: and by ſoft South-winds blowne
Reſtore his words, and his Lords eares make knowne.
Reuengd *Apollo*, leauing *Tmolus*, flies
Through liquid aire; and on the land which lies
On that ſide *Helles* ſtreightned ſurges ſtands:
Where far-obayd *Laomedon* commands.
Below *Rhœtæum*, high aboue the flood,
And on the right hand of *Sigæum*, ſtood
An Altar vowd to *Panomphæan Ioue:*
From whence He ſaw *Laomedon* improue
New *Troy's* ſcarce founded walls; with what adoe,
And with how great a charge they ſlowly grew.
Who, with the Father of the tumid Maine,
Indues a mortall ſhape: and entertaine
Themſelues for vnregarded gold to build
The *Phrygian* Tyrants walls. That worke fulfild;
The King their promiſed reward denies:
And periury by ſwearing multiplies.
Reuengfull *Neptune* his wild waues vnbound;
Which all the ſhores of greedy *Troy* ſurround,
And made the Land a Lake: the country Swaine
His labour loſt beneath that liquid Plaine.
Beſides the daughter of the King demaunds:
Who chained to a Rock expoſed ſtands
To feed a Monſter of the Sea; ſet free,
By ſtrenuous *Hercules*. Yet could not He
The horſes of *Laomedon* enioy;
His valours hire: who ſacks twice periur'd *Troy*;
And giues his fellow Souldier *Telamon*
Heſione: for *Peleus* now had won
A Deity; nor in his Grandfather
Tooke greater pride, then in his Sire by her.

For

For *Iupiter* had nephewes more then one:
But he a Goddeſſe had eſpous'd alone.
For aged *Proteus* thus foretold the truth
To waue-wet *Thetis*: Thou ſhalt beare a Youth,
Who ſhall in glorious armes tranſcend his birth
And Fathers fame. Leaſt any thing on earth
Should be more great then *Ioue*, *Ioue* ſhuns the bed
Of Sea-thron'd *Thetis*, though her beauty led
His ſtong deſires: who bids *Æacides*
Sncceed his loue, and wed the Queene of Seas.
A Bay with in *Æmonia* lies, that bends
Much like an arch, and far-ſtretcht armes extends:
Which were, if deepe, a harbor lockt by land;
Where ſhallow ſeas o're ſpred the yellow ſand.
The ſollid ſhore (where on no ſea-weed growes)
Nor clogs the waye, nor print of footing ſhowes.
Hard by, a mirtle groue affords a ſhade:
In this, a caue; though doubtfull, rather made
By art then nature: hither *Thetis* ſwimmes
On delphins backs, here coucht her naked limmes.
In this the ſleeping goddeſſe *Peleus* caught:
Who, when ſhe could not by his words be wrought,
Attempts to force, and claſpt her in his armes.
And had ſhe not aſſum'd her vſuall charmes
In varying ſhapes, he had his will obtaind.
Now, turning to a foule, her flight reſtraind:
Now ſeemes a maſſy tree adornd with leaues;
Cloſe to the bole th'inamor'd *Peleus* cleaues.
A ſpotted Tygreſſe ſhe preſents at laſt:
When he, with terror ſtruck, his armes vnclaſpt.
Who powring wine on ſeas, thoſe Gods implores;
And with perfumes and ſacrifice adores:
Til the *Carpathian* Prophet raiſd his head,
And ſaid; *Æacides*, inioy her bed.
Do thou but bind her in her next ſurpriſe,
When in her gelid caue ſhe ſleeping lies:
And though ſhe take a thouſand ſhapes, let none
Diſmay; but hold, til ſhe reſume her owne.
This *Proteus* ſaid, and diued to the Profound:
His latter word in his owne watters drownd.
Now haſty *Titan* to *Heſperian* ſeas
Deſcends; when beauteous *Thetis*, bent to eaſe

Forſooke

Forſooke the flood, and to her caue repair'd.
No ſooner ſhe by *Peleus* was inſnar'd,
But forth-with varies formes; vntill ſhee found
Her virgin limmes within his fetters bound.
Then, ſpreading forth her armes, She ſighing ſaid,
Thou haſt ſubdude by ſome immortall aid;
And *Thetis* ſhewd; nor his imbrace repeld:
Whoſe pregnant womb with great *Achilles* ſweld.
Happie was *Peleus* in his ſonne and wife:
And had not *Phocus* murder ſoild his life,
All-fortunate. With brothers blood defil'd,
Thee *Trachin* harbours, from thy home exil'd.
Where courteous *Ceyx*, free from rigor, raign'd;
The ſonne of *Lucifer*; whoſe lookes retain'd
His fathers luſter: then diſconſolate,
Nor like himſelfe, for his loſt brothers fate.
Hither, with trauell tyr'd, and clog'd with cares,
The baniſht with a ſlender traine repaires:
His Flocks and Heards, with men for their defence,
Left in a ſhadie vale not farre from thence.
Conducted to his royall preſence, Hee
With oliue brancht, downe bending to his knee,
His name and birth declares: the murder masks
With forged cauſe of flight: a dwelling asks
In field, or citie. *Ceyx* thus replyes:
Our hoſpitable bountie open lyes
To men of vulgar ranke: what owes it then
To your high ſpirit, ſo renound by men?
Of monumentall praiſe? Whoſe blood extracts
His fourſe from *Ioue*, improued by your Acts?
To ſue, is times abuſe: your worth aſſures
Your full deſires; of all, the choice is yours:
I wiſh it better. And then wept. The cauſe
Ioues Nephew asks: when, after a ſhort pauſe;
Perhaps you think this Bird which liues by rape
To all a terror, euer had that ſhape.
He was a man; as conſtant in his mind
As fierce in warre, to great attempts inclin'd.
Dædalion nam'd; ſprung from that Star which wakes
The deawie Morne; the laſt that heauen forſakes.
Affected peace I foſterd, with the rites
Of nuptiall ioyes: He ioy'd in bloody fights.

His

His valour Kingdomes with their Kings ſubdude;
By whom the *Thisbian* doues are now perſude.
His daughter *Chione*, whoſe beautie drew
A thouſand ſutors, ripe for marriage grew.
By fortune *Phœbus*, and the ſonne of *Mai*,
From *Delphos*, and *Cyllenus*, came this way:
Here meeting, looke, and like. The God of Light
Deferres his ioy-imbracing hopes till night.
Hermes ill-brookes delay: who on her laid
His drowſie rod, and forc't the ſleepie Maid.
Night ſpangs the skie with ſtarres. An old wifes ſhape
Apollo tooke, and ſeconds *Hermes* rape.
Now when the fulneſſe of her time drew nye,
Autolichus was borne to *Mercurie*.
Nor from the Sire the Sonne degenerates,
Cunning in theft, and wilie in all ſleights:
Who could with ſubtiltie deceiue the ſight;
Conuerting white to blacke, and blacke to white.
To *Phœbus* (for ſhe bare two ſonnes) belongs
Philammon, famous for his harpe and ſongs.
What is't t'haue had two ſons? two Gods t'inflame?
A valiant father? *Iupiter* the ſame?
Is glorie fatall? ſure t'was ſo to Her:
Who to *Dianas* durſt her face confer,
And blame her beautie. With a cruell looke,
She ſaid; Our deedes ſhall right vs. Forthwith tooke
Her bow, and bent it: when the bow-ſtring flung
Th'ejected arrow through her guiltie tongue.
It bleedes; of ſpeech and ſound at once bereft:
And life, with blood, her falling bodie left.
What griefe (ô Pietie!) oppreſt my heart!
What ſaid I not, t'aſſwage my brothers ſmart!
Who heares me ſo as rocks the roring waues
That beat their browes; and for his Daughter raues.
But when he ſaw her burne, foure times aſſaild
To ſack the flamie Pile: as often faild.
Then turnes his heeles to flight (much like a Bull
By hornets ſtung) whom ſcratching brambles pull:
Yet ſeem'd to run farre faſter then a man,
As if his feete had wings; and all out-ran.
Who ſwift in chace of wiſhed death, aſcends
Parnaſſus top. As he his bodie bends

To

To iump from downe-right cliffes, compaſſionate
Apollo, with light wings, preuents his fate:
With beake and tallons arm'd; with ſtrength repleat
Aboue his ſize: his courage ſtill as great.
This Falcon, friend to none, all foule perſu'th:
And greeuing, is the cauſe of common ruth.
Sad *Ceyx* thus his brothers change relates:
When *Phocæan Anetor* preſt the gates;
Who kept the Heard: and cry'd (halfe out of breath)
Peleus, I bring thee newes of loſſe and death.
Report, ſaid *Peleus*, we are bent to beare
The worſt of fortunes. While the King with feare
Hangs on his tongue. He panting, ſtill afeard:
To winding ſhores we draue the wearie Heard,
When *Phœbus* from the heighth of all the sky
The Eaſt and Weſt beheld with equall eye.
A part on yellow ſands their limmes diſplay;
And from their eaſe the wauie fields ſuruay:
While other ſlowly wander here and there:
Some ſwim in ſeas, and loftie fore-heads reare.
A Fane, vndeckt with gold or marble ſtone
Adioynes; high blockt; within a groue o're-growne.
This the *Nereides* and *Nereus* hold:
By ſea-men, who there dry'd their nets, ſo told.
Neere it, a Mariſh, thick with ſallowes, ſtood;
Made plaſhie by the interchanging flood.
A Wolfe, a monſtrous beaſt; with hideous noyſe
That frights the confines, from thoſe thickets flies.
His lightning iawes with blood and foame beſmeard:
In whoſe red eyes two darting flames appear'd.
Though fell with rage and famine; yet his rage
More greedie farre: nor hunger ſeekes t'aſſwage
With blood of beeues, and ſo ſurceaſe; but all
He meets with, wounds; inſulting in their fall.
Nor few of vs, while we his force with-ſtood,
Fell by his rankling phangs. The ſhore with blood,
With blood the ſea-brimme bluſht, and bellowing lakes.
Delay is loſſe; and Doubt it ſelfe forſakes.
Arme, arme, while ſomething yet is left to loſe:
And ioyning force, this mortall Bane oppoſe.
The Heardſman ends. Nor did this loſſe incenſe
Æacides; remembring his offence:

Borne, as the iuſtice of ſad *Pſamathe*,
To celebrate her *Phocus* Obſequie.
The King commands his men to arme: prouides
To goe in perſon. Buſie rumor guides
This to *Alcyone*: her paſſion bare
Her ſwiftly thither; running with her haire
Halfe vncompos'd: and, that diſordering, clung
About his neck: then weepes; and with a tongue
That ſcarce could ſpeake, intreats, that they alone
Might goe; nor hazard both their liues in one.
To whom *Æacides*; Faire Queene forgoe
Your vertuous feare: too much your bounties flow.
No force auaile in ſuch oſtents as theſe:
'Tis prayer that muſt the ſea-thron'd Powre appeaſe.
A loftie towre within a fortreſſe ſtood;
A friend to wandering ſhips that plough the flood.
They this aſcend; and ſighing, ſee the ſhore
With cattell ſtrew'd; the Spoyler drencht in gore.
Here *Peleus* fixt on ſeas, with knees that bend,
Blew *Pſamathe* implores at length to end
The iuſtice of her wrath. Shee from his ſpeech
Diuerts her eares: till *Thetis* did beſeech,
And got her husbands pardon: nor yet could
The ſauage Wolfe from thirſt of blood with-hold;
Till ſhe the beaſt, as hee a heifar ſlew,
Transform'd to marble; differing but in hew:
All elſe intire. The colour of the ſtone
Shew him no Wolfe: now terrible to none.
Yet Fate would not permit *Æacides*
To harbour here; nor found in exile eaſe;
Till at *Magneſia*, in a happie time
Acaſtus purg'd him from his bloody crime.
Meane-while perplext with former prodigies
Both of his neece and brother; to aduize
With ſacred Oracles, the ioyes of men,
Ceyx prepares for *Claros*. *Phorbas* then,
With his *Phlegyan* hoaſt, alike prophane,
The paſſage ſtopt to *Delphian Phœbus* Fane.
Yet firſt to thee his ſecret purpoſe told,
Faith-crown'd *Alcyone*. An inward cold
Shot through her bones: her changing face appeares
As pale as boxe, ſurrounded with her teares.

Thrice

Thrice ſtroue to ſpeak, thrice weepes through deare con-
Sobs interrupting her diuine complaint. (ſtraint:
What fault of mine, my Life, hath chang'd thy mind?
Where is that loue that late ſo clearely ſhin'd?
Canſt thou thy ſelfe enioy, from me remou'd?
Doe long wayes pleaſe? is now my abſence lou'd?
Yet didſt thou goe by land, I ſhould alone
Grieue without feare: now both combine in one.
Seas fright mee with their tragicall aſpect.
Of late I ſaw them on the ſhore eiect
Their ſcattered wracks: and often haue I read
Sad names on ſepulchers that want their dead.
Nor let falſe hopes thy confidencie pleaſe;
In that my father, great *Hippotades*,
The ſtrugling winds in rockie cauernes keepes.
And at his pleaſure calmes the raging Deepes.
They once broke looſe ſubmit to no command;
But raue o'r all the ſea, and all the land;
High clouds perplexe, with ſterne concurſions rore,
Emitting flames: I feare, by knowledge, more.
Theſe knew I, and oft ſaw their rude comport;
While yet a Girle, within my fathers Court.
But if my prayers can no receſſe procure;
And that, alas, thy going be too ſure;
Take mee along: let both one fortune beare;
Then ſhall I onely what I ſuffer feare.
Together ſaile we on the toyling Maine:
And equally what'euer hap ſuſtaine.
Thus ſpake *Alcyone*: whoſe ſorrowes melt
Her ſtar-like ſpouſe; nor he leſſe paſſion felt.
Yet neither would his firſt intent forſake
Nor her a Partner in his danger make.
Much ſaid he to aſſwage her troubled breſt:
As much, in vaine. This addes vnto the reſt,
Which only could her penſiue cares reclaime:
All ſtay is irkeſome; by my fathers Flame,
I ſweare, if Fate permit, returne I will
E're twice the Moone her ſhining Creſcents fill.
Reuiu'd with promiſe of ſo ſhort a ſtay;
He bids them lanch the ſhip without delay,
And fit her tacklings. This renues her feares;
Preſaging ill ſucceſſe: abortiue teares

Flow from their ſprings; then kiſt: a ſad farewell,
Long firſt, at length ſhe takes; and ſwowning, fell.
The Sea-men call aboard: in double ranks
Reduce their oares, vp-riſing from their Banks
With equall ſtrokes. She reares her humid eyes,
And firſt her huſband on the Poope eſpies
Shaking his hand: that, anſwers. Now from ſhore
The veſſell driues, and thence her Obiect bore.
Her following eyes the flying ſhip perſue:
That loſt, the ſailes her eager gazes drew.
When all had left her, to her chamber goes;
And on the empty bed her body throwes:
The bed and place, with teares, to mind recall
That abſent part, which gaue eſteeme to all.
Now farre from Port; the winds began to blow
On quiuering Shrowds; their oares the Sailers ſtow:
Then hoiſe their Yards a trip, and all their ſailes
At once let fall to catch th'approching gales.
The ſhip ſcarce halfe her Courſe, or ſure no more,
By this had runne; farre off from either ſhore:
When, deepe in night, fierce *Eurus* ſtifly blew;
And high-wrought Seas with chafing foamie grew.
Strike, ſtrike the Top-ſaile, let the Maine-ſheat fly,
And furle your ſailes, the Maſter cry'd; his cry
The bluſtring winds and roring ſeas ſuppreſſe.
Yet of their owne accord in this diſtreſſe
They plie their tasks: ſome ſeeling yards beſtry'd
And take-in ſailes; ſome ſtop on either ſide
The yawning leakes; ſome ſeas on ſeas reiect.
While thus Diſorder toyles to ſmall effect,
The bitter Storme augments; the wilde Winds wage
Warre from all parts, and ioyne with *Neptunes* rage.
The Maſter, loſt in terror, neither knew
The ſtate of things, what to command, or doe;
Confeſſing ignorance; ſo huge a maſſe
Of ills oppreſſe! which ſlighted Art ſurpaſſe.
Lowd cryes of men reſound; with ratling ſhrowds,
Floods iuſtling floods, and thunder-craſhing clouds.
Now toſſing Seas appeare to front the ſky,
And wrap their curles in clouds, frotht with their ſpry:
The ſand now from the bottome laue, and take
Their ſwarter dye; now black, as *Stygian* lake;

Some-

Sometimes depreſt, with hiſſing foame all white.
The *Trachin* ſhip ſuch horrid changes fright.
Which now, as from a mountain rockt with flawes,
Viewes vnder vales, and *Acherons* darke iawes:
Now head-long with the tumbling billowes fell;
And heauen ſuruayes from that infernall Hell.
Her waue-beat ſides a hideous noyſe report:
As when a battering Ram affronts a Fort.
As chafed Lyons, ſenſeleſſe of remorſe,
Ruſh on extended ſteele with horrid force:
So Seas inuade with Storme-imbatled powre
The ſhips defence; and o're her hatches towre.
Her yeelding planks now ſpring: ſterne *Neptune* raues;
Charging her breaches with his deadly waues.
The prodigall clouds in ſhowres their ſubſtance ſpend:
Ambitious ſeas to gloomie heauen aſcend;
All heauen deſcending to the loftie Maine:
At leaſt ſo ſeeme. Sailes ſuck the falling raine;
Showres ioyne with floods. No friendly ſtar now ſhone:
Blind Night in darkneſſe, tempeſts, and her owne
Dread terrors loſt: theſe horrid lightning turnes
To light more fear'd; the Sea with lightning burnes.
Now vaulting floods her vpper deck oppreſt.
And as a Souldier, brauer then the reſt,
Tempting to ſcale the walls with loſt aſſaies,
At length inioyes his hopes; and ſpurd with praiſe,
Among a thouſand onely ſtands the ſhock:
So while aſſailing waues the veſſell rock,
The tenth bold Billow ruſheth in, nor ſhrinks
Vntill the ſhip beneath his furie ſinks.
Thoſe ſeas, without, the labouring Bark aſſaile:
Theſe ſack her Hold. All tremble, and looke pale;
As at a ſiege, when foes inforce a wall;
While ſome within to execution fall.
Art failes, hearts quaile: on euery riſing waue
Death ſits in triumph, and preſents a graue.
He weepes; He ſtands amaz'd; He calls them bleſt
Whom funerals grace: He vowes to heauen addreſt,
Looking on what he ſees not, and beſought
The Gods in vaine: He on his parents thought,
His children, houſe, and what he left behinde.
Alcyone alone had *Ceyx* minde;

Her

Her onely names: now in her abſence ioy'd
Whoſe preſence was his heauen: and had imploy'd
His eyes laſt dutie to deſcrie the way
To her abode; but knew not where it lay.
The giddie ſeas ſo whirle, ſuch pitchie clouds
Obſcure the skie: Night two-fold darkneſſe ſhrouds.
Loud howling whirle-windes ouer-boor'd now bore
The ſhiuered maſt; and now the rudder tore.
A Billow with theſe ſpoyles incourag'd, raues;
Who Victor-like contemnes the vnder waues:
Nor lighter falls, then if ſome God had torne
Pindus and *Athos* from their roots, vp-borne
As high as heauen, and tombled on the Maine.
Nor could the ſhip ſuch force and waight ſuſtaine;
But to the bottome ſinks. Moſt of her men
The ſeas ingage; who neuer ſeene againe
Accompliſhed their fates: while other ſwim
On ſcattered planks; a plank vpholding Him
Who late a ſcepter held. His father in law,
And father, now inuokes: but could not draw
(Alaſſe!) from either ſuccour. Still his wife
Runnes in his thoughts in that ſhort ſpan of life.
He wiſht the waues would caſt him on the ſands
Of *Trachin*, to be buried by her hands.
Who ſwimming, ſighes *Alcyone*; her name
His laſt-of ſpeech: in Seas conceiues the ſame.
Behold; an arch of waters, black as hell,
Brake o'r the flood: the breaking ſurges quell
Their ſinking Burthen. *Lucifer* that night
Became obſcure; nor could you ſee his light.
And ſince he might not render vp his place,
With pitchie clouds immur'd his darkned face.
Meane-while *Alcyone*, not knowing ought
Computes the tedious nights; the dayes out-wrought
Vpon a robe for him; another makes
To weare her ſelfe: whoſe flattering hope miſtakes
In his returne. Who holy fumes preſents
To all the Gods; but moſt of all frequents
The Fane of *Iuno*: at her altars prayd
For him that was not. Grant ſucceſſe! (ſhe ſaid)
A quick returne! Giue he our right to none!
Of all her prayers the laſt ſucceeds alone.

The

The melting Goddeſſe could no longer brook
Her death-croſt prayers; but from her altar ſhook
Her tainted hand; and thus to *Iris* ſpake:
Haſte faithfull Meſſenger, thy iourney take
To drowſie *Sleepes* dimme pallace: bid him ſend
A dreame that may preſent the wofull end
Of *Ceyx* to *Alcyone*. This ſaid;
She, in a thouſand-coloured robe arraid,
Her ample Bow from heauen to earth extends:
And in a cloud to his abode deſcends.
Neere the *Cimmerians* ſculks a Caue, in ſteepe
And hollow hils; the Manſion of dull *Sleepe*:
Not ſeene by *Phœbus* when he mounts the skies,
At height, nor ſtooping: gloomie miſts ariſe
From humid earth, which ſtill a twi-light make.
No creſted fowles ſhrill crowings here awake
The chearefull Morne: no barking Sentinell
Here watch; nor geeſe, who wakefull dogs excell.
Beaſts tame, nor ſaluage; no wind-ſhaken boughes,
Nor ſtrife of iarring tongues, with noyſes rouſe
Secured Eaſe. Yet from the rock a ſpring,
With ſtreames of *Lethe* ſoftly murmuring,
Purles on the pibbles, and inuites Repoſe.
Before the Entry pregnant Poppie growes,
With numerous Simples; from whoſe iucie birth
Night gathers ſleepe, and ſheds it on the Earth.
No doores here on their creeking hinges iarr'd:
Through-out this court there was nor doore, nor guard.
Amid the Hebon caue a downie bed
High mounted ſtands, with ſable couerings ſpred.
Here lay the lazie God, diſſolu'd in reſt.
Fantaſticke Dreames, who various formes expreſt,
About him couch: then Autumn's eares far more;
Or leaues of trees, or ſands on *Neptunes* ſhore.
The Virgin entring, parts the obuious Dreames:
And fils the ſacred Concaue with the beames
Of her bright robe. The God with ſtrife diſioynes
His ſeeled lids; againe his head declines,
And knocks his chin againſt his breſt. Anon
Himſelfe Himſelfe eiects; and, leaning on
His elbow, asketh (for he knew her) why
She thither came? when *Iris* made reply:

Thou

Thou Reſt of things, moſt meeke of all the Gods;
O *Sleepe*, the Peace of minds, from whoſe abodes
Care euer flies; reſtoring the decay
Of toyle-tyr'd limmes to labour-burdning Day:
Send thou a Dreame, reſembling truth, in poſt
T'*Herculean Trachin*; that, like *Ceyx* ghoſt,
May to *Alcyone* his wrack vnfold.
Saturnia this commands. Her meſſage told,
Iris with-drew; who could the power of Sleepe
Reſiſt no longer. When ſhee found it creepe
Vpon her yeelding ſenſes, thence ſhee flies:
And by her painted Bow remounts the skies.
The Sire, among a thouſand ſons, excites
Shape-faining *Morpheus*: of thoſe brother Sprites
None (bid t'aſſume) with ſubtler cunning can
Vſurp the geſture, viſage, voice of man,
His habit, and knowne phraſe. He onely takes
A humane forme: an Other ſhewes a ſnakes,
A birds, a beaſts. This *Icelos* they call,
Whom heauen imbowre; though *Phobetor* by all
Of mortall birth. Next, *Phantaſus*; but he,
Of different facultie, indues a tree,
Earth, water, ſtone, the ſeuerall ſhapes of things
That life enioy not. Theſe appeare to Kings
And Princes in deepe night: the reſt among
The vulgar ſtray. Of all the germane throng
Their aged father onely *Morpheus* choſe
To act *Thaumantia's* charge. His eyes then cloſe
Their drowſie lidds, and hanging downe his head,
Reſolu'd to ſlumber, ſhrinks into his bed.
His noyſeleſſe wings through night ſly *Morpheus* ſtraines;
And with the ſwiftneſſe of a thought attaines
Th'*Æmonian* towres: then laid them by, and tooke
The forme of *Ceyx*. With a pallid looke
He naked ſtood, like one depriu'd of life,
Before the Couch of his vnhappie wife:
His beard all wet, the haire vpon his head
With water dropt; who, leaning on her bed,
Thus ſpake; while teares from ſeeming paſſion flow.
Doſt thou, ô wretched Wife, thy *Ceyx* know?
Or am I chang'd in death? looke on the Loſt:
And for thy huſband thou ſhalt ſee his Ghoſt.

No

No fauour could thy pious prayers obtaine:
For I am drown'd; no longer hope in vaine.
Cloud-cruſhing South-winds in *Ægæum* caught
Our rauiſht ſhip, and wrackt her with her fraught.
My voice the floods oppreſt, while on thy name
I vainly call'd. This, neither wandring Fame,
Nor doubtfull author tells: this I relate;
I, that there periſht by vntimely fate.
Ariſe, weepe, put on black: nor vndeplor'd
For pitie ſend me to the *Stygian* Ford.
To this he addes a voice, ſuch as ſhe knew
Expreſt her Lords; with teares appearing true,
And geſture of his hand. She ſigh't and wept;
Stretcht out her armes t'imbrace him as ſhe ſlept,
But claſpt the emptie aire. Then cry'd; O ſtay!
Ah, whither wilt thou! goe we both one way.
Wak't with her voice, and husbands ſhade; with feare
Shee lookes about for that which was not there.
For now the maids, rais'd with her ſhreekes, had brought
A taper in. Not finding what ſhee ſought,
She ſtrikes her cheekes, her nightly linnen tare,
Inuades her breſts; nor ſtayes t'vnbind her haire,
But tugs it off. Her Nurſe the cauſe demands
Of ſuch a violence. Shee wrings her hands,
And in the paſſion of her griefe replyde:
There's no *Alcyone*; none, none! ſhee dyde
Together with her *Ceyx*. Silent be
All ſounds of comfort. Theſe, theſe eyes did ſee
My ſhip-wrackt Lord. I knew him; and my hands
Thruſt forth t'haue held him: but no mortall bands
Could force his ſtay. A Ghoſt: yet manifeſt:
My husbands ghoſt: which ô but ill expreſt
His forme and beautie, late diuinely rare!
Now pale, and naked, with yet dropping haire.
Here ſtood the miſerable; in this place:
Here, here (and ſought his ayerie ſteps to trace.)
O this my ſad miſ-giuing ſoule diuin'd;
When thou forſook'ſt me to perſue the wind.
But ſince imbarqu'd for death, would I with thee
Had put to ſea: a happie fate for me!
Then both together all the time aſſign'd
For life had liu'd; nor in our death diſ-ioyn'd.

Now here, I periſht there: on that profound
Poore I was wrackt; yet thou with-out me drownd.
O I, then floods more cruell; ſhould I ſtriue
To lengthen life, and ſuch a griefe ſuruiue!
Nor will I, nor forſake thee, nor defer.
Though one Vrne hold not both, one ſepulcher
Shall ioyne our titles: though thy bones from mine
The ſeas diſſeuer, yet our names ſhall ioyne.
Griefe chok't the reſt. Sobs euery accent part:
And ſighes aſcend from her aſtoniſht heart.
Day ſprings: She to the ſhore addreſt her haſte,
Euen to that place from whence ſhe ſaw him laſt.
And while ſhee ſadly vtters, Here he ſtaid;
Here parting, kiſt me; from thence anchor waid;
While ſhe ſuch ſights recalls; her ſteadie eyes
Fixt on the Sea, far off ſhe ſomething ſpies;
But knowes not what: yet like a cor's. Firſt ſhee
Doth doubt: driuen neerer (though not neere) might ſee
A bodie plainely. Though vnknowne, yet much
The Omen mou'd her, ſince his fate was ſuch.
Poore wretch, who'ere thou art: and ſuch (ſhe ſaid)
Thy wife, if wed, by thee a widdow made!
By floods driuen neerer; the more neere, the more
Her ſpirits faint: now nigh th'adioyning ſhore.
Now ſees ſhe what ſhe knowes; her husbands cor's.
Woe's me! 'tis He, ſhee cries! at once doth force
Her face, haire, habit: trembling hands extends
To ſoule-leſſe *Ceyx*; and then ſaid: Here ends
My laſt of hopes: thus, ô then life more deare;
O Husband, thus return'ſt thou! Art a Peere
Had ſtretcht into the ſurges; which with-ſtood,
And brake the firſt incurſion of the flood.
Thither forth-with (ô wonderfull!) ſhe ſprings;
Beating the paſſiue aire with new-growne wings.
Who, now a bird, the waters ſummit rakes:
About ſhee flies, and full of ſorrow, makes
A mournefull noyſe; lamenting her diuorce:
Anon ſhe roucht his dumb and bloodleſſe cor's;
With ſtretched wings imbrac't her periſht bliſſe;
And gaue his colder lips a heatleſſe kiſſe.
Whether hee felt it, or the floods his looke
Aduanc't, the vulgar doubt: yet ſure hee tooke

Senſe

Senſe from her touch. The Gods commiſerate:
And change them both, obnoxious to like fate.
As erſt, they loue: their nuptiall faiths they ſhew
In little birds; ingender, parents grow.
Seauen winter dayes with peacefull calmes poſſeſt,
Alcyon ſits vpon her floting neſt.
Then ſafely ſaile: then *Æolus* in caues
For his, the winds; and ſmoothes the ſtooping waues.
Some Old man ſeeing theſe their pinions moue
O'r broad-ſpred Seas, extols their endleſſe loue.
By theirs, a Neighbour, or Himſelfe, reuiues
An others fate. Yon' ſable fowle that diues;
(And therewith ſhewes the wide-mouth'd Cormorant)
Of royall parentage may alſo vant.
Whoſe anceſtors from *Tros* their branches ſpred:
Ilus, *Aſſaracus*, *Ioues Ganymed*,
Laomedon, and *Priamus* the laſt
That raign'd in *Troy*: to *Hector* (who ſurpaſt
In fortitude) a brother. If by powre
Of Fate vnchanged in his youths firſt flowre,
He might perhaps as great a name haue wonne:
Though *Hector* were great *Dymas* daughters ſonne.
For *Alixothoë*, a country Maid,
Bare *Æſacus* by ſtealth in *Idas* ſhade.
He, hating Cities, and the diſcontents
Of glittering Courts; the lonely woods frequents,
And vnambitious fields; but made repaire
To *Ilium* rarely: yet, he debonaire,
Nor vnexpugnable to loue. Who ſpyde
Eperia, oft deſir'd, by *Cebren's* ſide
(Her fathers riuer) drying in the Sun
Her fluent haire. Away the Nymph did run,
Swift as a frighted Hinde the Wolfe at hand;
Or like a fearefull fowle thruſt ouer-land
Beneath a falcon. He perſues the chace:
Feare wings her feet, and loue inforc't his pace.
Behold; a lurking Viper in this ſtrife,
Ceaz'd on her heele; repreſſing flight with life.
Frantick, his trembling armes the dead include:
Who cry'd, Alaſſe that euer I perſude!
I fear'd not this; nor was the victory
Worth ſuch a loſſe. Ay me! two, one deſtroy.

Thy wound the Serpent, I the occaſion gaue:
I, ô more wicked! yet thy death ſhall haue
My life for ſatisfaction. There-with flung
His bodie from a cliffe which ouer-hung
The vndermining Seas. His falling limmes
Vpheld by *Tethys* pittie; as he ſwimmes
Sh'his perſon plumes, nor power of dying giues.
To be compeld to liue the Louer grieues:
Diſdaining that his ſoule, ſo well appaid
To leaue her wretched ſeat, ſhould thus be ſtaid.
And mounting on new wings, againe on Seas
His bodie throwes: the fall his feathers eaſe.
With that, inrag'd, into the deepe he diues:
And ſtill to drowne himſelfe as vainly ſtriues.
Loue makes him leane. A long neck doth ſuſtaine
His ſable head; long-ioynted legs remaine.
Nor euer the affected Seas forſakes:
And now a ſuted name from diuing takes.

OVID'S

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The twelfth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

A Snake; a ſnake-like Stone. Cycnus, *a Swan.*
Cænis *the maid, now* Cæneus *and a man,*
Becomes a Fowle. Neleius *varies ſhapes:*
At laſt an Eagle; nor Alcides *ſcapes.*

OLd *Priam* mourns for *Æſacus*; nor knew
That he ſuruiu'd, and with light feathers flew.
While *Hector* and his brethren dues, with teares,
Pay to the tomb which his inſcription beates.
But *Paris*, abſent from that obſequy,
Straight, with his Rape, brought ten yeeres warre to *Troy*.
A thouſand ſhips, in one confederate,
Perſue his ſtealth, with all the *Achaian* State.
Nor vow'd reuenge ſo long had beene delaid;
If wrathfull ſeas had not their paſſage ſtaid:
At fiſhie *Aulis*, in *Bœotia*,
Their wind-bound Nauie in expectance lay.
Here, as th'old vſe, to *Ioue* they ſacrifice.
While from the antique altar flames ariſe;
A blew-ſcal'd Dragon, in the Armies view,
Aſcends a tree, which neere the altar grew.
A featherd neſt the vpper branches beare,
With twice foure birds: theſe, and their dam (with feare
Flying about her loſſe) the greedie ſnake
At length deuour'd. This all with wonder ſtrake.
When *Chalchas* cry'd (who could the truth deuine)
Reioyce, *Pelaſgans*, 'tis a happie ſigne!
Proud *Troy* ſhall fall; though with long toyle and care:
Theſe thrice three birds, thrice three yeeres war declare.
He, wound about a bough, gorg'd with his rape;
Became a Stone, that held the ſerpents ſhape.
Still *Nereus* in *Aonian* ſurges raues:
Nor warre transferres. Some thinke the God of Waues

Would

Would *Troy* preſerue; and ſaue the walles he made.
Theſtorides reſents: who knew, and ſaid,
A virgins blood muſt *Dian* reconcile.
Now did the publick cauſe the priuate foyle;
A King a father: *Iphigenia* ſtood
Before the altar to reſigne her blood.
The Prieſt did weepe; the Goddeſſe pittieth too:
Who o'r their eyes a cloudie meteor threw;
And while they proſecute her rites, and praid;
Produc't a Hinde to repreſent the Maid.
When fitter ſacrifice had duld her rage;
Her furie, and the Seas, at once aſſwage.
A fore-winde then their thouſand Veſſels bore:
Who, ſuffering much, attaine the *Phrygian* ſhore.
Amid the world, 'twixt Aire, Earth, *Neptunes* brine,
A place there is; the triple Worlds confine.
Where all that's done, though far remou'd, appeare:
And euery whiſper penetrates the eare.
The Houſe of *Fame*: who in the higheſt towre
Her lodging takes. To this capacious bowre
Innumerable wayes conduct; no way
With doores debard, but open night and day.
All built of ringing braſſe; through-out reſounds:
The heard reports, and euery word rebounds.
No reſt within, no ſilence: yet the noyſe
Not loud, but like the murmuring of a voice.
As Seas that ſallie on far-diſtant ſhores;
Or as *Iones* terminating thunder rores.
Hither the idle Vulgar come and goe:
Millions of Rumors wander too and fro;
Lyes mixt with truths, in words that varie ſtill.
Of theſe, with newes vnknowing eares Some fill;
Some carrie tales: all in the telling growes;
And euery Author addes to what he knowes.
Here dwels raſh Error, light Credulity,
Deiected Feare, and vainly grounded Ioy;
New-raiſd Sedition, ſecret Whiſperings
Of vnknowne authors, and of doubtfull things.
All done in Heauen, Earth, Ocean, Fame ſuruiews:
And through the ample world inquires of newes.
She notice gaue, how with a dreadfull hoaſt
The *Grecian* Nauie ſteered for their coaſt.

Nor vnexpected came: the *Troians* bend
Their powers t'incounter, and their ſhores defend.
Firſt thou thy life, *Froteſilaus*, loſt
By *Hectors* fatall lance; the battle coſt
The *Greekes* a world of ſoules: ſo clearely ſhone
Their fortitudes; great *Hector* yet vnknowne.
Nor no ſmall ſtreames of blood their valours drew
From *Phrygian* wounds, who felt what *Greece* could doe.
And now their mingled gores *Sigæum* ſtaine:
Now *Neptunes Cycnus* had a thouſand ſlaine.
Now, in his charriot, on *Achilles* fell;
And with his lance whole ſquadrons ſent to hell.
Seeking for *Cycnus*, or for *Hector*, round
About the field; at length braue *Cycnus* found:
(For Fate nine yeares great *Hectors* life ſuſtaines.)
Cheering his horſes with the flaxen maines,
His thundring charriot driues againſt his foe,
And ſhakes his trembling lance: about to throw;
O youth, he ſaid, what e'r thou art, reioyce:
Achilles honours thee with death. His voice
His ſpeare perſues: the ſteele no wound impreſt
Though ſtrongly thrown. When, bounding from his breſt
He ſaid; Thou Goddeſſe-borne, Fame brutes thee ſuch;
Why wondreſt thou? (*Achilles* wondred much)
This helme with horſe-haire plum'd, this ſhield I beare,
Defend not me: for faſhion theſe I weare.
So *Mars* his perſon armes. Should I diſplay
My naked breſt, thy force could finde no way.
The grace to be *Nereïs'* ſonne is ſmall:
What his, who *Nereus*, who his Nymphs, who all
The Ocean guides? Then at *Achilles* threw
His lance, that pierc't his plated ſhield, and through
Nine oxe-hides ruſht: the tenth did it reſtraine.
The Heros caught it, and retorts againe
The ſinging ſteele; againe it gaue no wound.
The third aſſay no better entrance found,
Though *Cycnus* bar'd his boſom to the blow.
He rages like a bull in Circian Shew;
Whoſe dreadfull hornes the ſtammell, which prouokes
His furie, toſſe with ſtill deluded ſtrokes.
Then ſearches if the head were off: that on;
What, is my hand, ſaid he, ſo feeble growne?

On

On one is all my vigour ſpent? my powre
Was more, when firſt I raz'd *Lyrneſſus* towre:
When *Tenedos*, *Eetion Thebes*, were fild
With blood of theirs, by my incounters ſpild.
The red *Caycus* ſlaughtred natiues dyde:
Twice *Telephus* my powrefull iauelin tryde.
Behold theſe heapes of bodies! theſe I ſlew:
Much could my hand haue done; as much can doe.
This ſaid, his former deeds almoſt ſuſpects,
And at *Menetes* breſt his aime directs,
(A *Lycian* of meane ranke) the thrilling dart
Quite through his faithleſſe curaſſe piere't his heart:
Whoſe dying bodie ſtruck the groning ground.
Snatching the weapon from his reeking wound;
This hand, he ſaid, this now victorious lance
Shall vrge thy fate: aſſiſt me equall Chance!
With that, th'vnerring dart at *Cycnus* flung.
Th'vneuitated on his ſhoulder rung;
Which like a rock the lance repeld againe:
Yet where it hit it left a purple ſtaine;
By vainely glad *Æacides* deſcry'd:
He woundleſſe: this *Menetes* blood had dy'd.
Then roring, from his charriot leapes; and made
A horrid on-ſet with his flaming blade:
Who ſees the breaches in his helme and ſhield;
Yet he ſecure: his skin the ſteele vnſteeld.
Now all impatient, with the hilt his Foe's
Hard front inuades with thick redoubled blowes:
Perſues his back retreit, perturbs, inſiſts;
Nor lets the aſtoniſht breath. He faints; blew miſts
Swim o'r his eyes: whoſe now auerted ſteps
A ſtone with-ſtood. On whom *Achilles* leapes
With all his ſtrength, and *Cycnus* vp-ward caſt
On ſounding earth: there held the Heros faſt.
Then with his ſhield and knees his boſom preſt;
And, drawing hard his helmets ſtrings, diſtreſt
His gaſping iawes: the breathing-path and way
Of life ſhuts vp. About t'vn-arme his prey,
The body miſt. To a foule as white as ſnow
By *Neptune* changd; whom by that name we know.
This toyle, this fight gaue many dayes of reſt:
And either part from actuall armes forceaſt.

While

While on their walls the watchfull *Phrygians* ward,
And while the watchful *Greeks* their trenches guard,
A feaſt was kept: wherein *Æacides*
For *Cycnus* death with heifers blood did pleaſe
Propitious *Pallas*. When the entralls laid
On burning altars, to the Gods conuaid
An acceptable ſmell: a part addreſt
To ſacred vſe; the boord receiu'd the reſt.
Downe lay the Heroes, fed on roſted fleſh,
And generous wines their cares and thirſt refreſh.
Nor muſicke now, nor ſongs their eares delight;
But in diſcourſe conſume the ſhortned night.
The ſubiect, Valour: of the valour ſhown
By their couragious foes, and of their owne.
Promiſcuouſly of paſſed dangers tell,
And forraine enterprizes. What ſo well
Could great *Achilles* ſpeake of? or what were
A fitter theame for great *Achilles* eare?
Then ſpake he of his conqueſt, in the fall
Of noble *Cycnus*: wondred at by all,
That weapons had no powre to penetrate
His woundleſſe bodie, which could ſteele rebate.
This the *Pelaſgans*, this *Æacides*
Himſelfe admires. When *Neſtor* ſaid to theſe:
Cycnus is he, who in your age alone
Contemned ſteele, and could be hurt by none.
I ſaw *Perrhæbian Cæneus* once indure
A thouſand ſtrokes; yet he from wounds ſecure.
Perrhæbian Cæneus, excellent in deeds,
On *Othrys* dwelt: and what beleefe exceeds,
A woman borne. This prodigie begets
Their greater wonder. Euery one intreats;
Achilles thus: Diuinely eloquent;
O thou the wiſdome of our age; conſent
To our deſires; for all deſire the ſame:
Of *Cæneus* tell; how he a man became;
In what contention, or what battle knowne;
By whom, if ſo by any, ouerthrowne.
Then He: Though age impaire my memorie,
And much beheld in youth my notion flie,
I more remember: yet, of all that are
Among ſo many acts of peace and warre,

None deeper is imprinted in my braine.
And if the length of time, not ſpent in vaine,
Can many accidents to knowledge giue;
Two ages finiſht, in the third I liue.
Not all the Virgins that *Theſſalia* bare
With *Elateian Cænis* could compare
For praiſed beautie. Through the cities neere,
And thoſe, *Achilles*, which thy Empire beare
(For ſhe her birth to your *Æmonia* ought)
A world of louers her affection ſought.
And *Pelcus* too perhaps had woo'd her bed;
But that alreadie to thy mother wed,
Or elſe aſſured. *Cænis* ſtill forbore
All nuptiall tyes. As on the ſecret ſhore
She walkt alone, the Sea-god her diſſent
Inforc't to Rape: for ſo the rumor went.
Rapt with the ioy of loues firſt taſted fruit;
All ſhall, ſaid *Neptune*, to thy wiſhes ſute;
Wiſh what thou wilt. So Fame the ſtorie told.
My wrong, ſaid *Cænis*, makes my wiſhes bold:
That neuer like inforcement may befall,
Be I no woman; and thou giu'ſt me all.
Her latter words a deeper voice expreſſe,
Much like a mans: for now it prou'd no leſſe.
The Sea-God had aſſented to her will:
And further addes, that ſteele ſhould neither kill
Nor wound his perſon. Yong *Atracides*
Departs; reioycing in ſuch gifts as theſe:
Who great in euery manly vertue growes;
And hants the fields through which *Penæus* flowes.
The ſonne of bold *Ixion* now had wed
Hippodame: the ſaluage Centaures, bred
Of claſped Clouds, his inuitation grac't;
In plaſhed bowres at ſundrie tables plac't.
There were th'*Æmonian* Princes; there was I:
The pallace rung with our confuſed ioy.
They *Hymen* ſing; the altars fume with flames:
Forth came th'admired Bride with troopes of dames.
Wee call *Pirithous* happie in his choice:
But ſcarce maintaine the Omen of that voice.
For *Eurytus*, more headie than the reſt,
Foule rapine harbors in his ſaluage breſt;

Incenſt

Incenſt by beautie, and the heat of wine:
Luſt and Ebrietie in out-rage ioyne.
Straight, turn'd-vp boords the feaſt prophane: the faire
And tender ſpouſe now haled by the haire.
Fierce *Eurytus Hippodame*; all tooke
Their choice, or whom they could: ſackt cities looke
With ſuch a face. The women ſhreeke: we riſe.
When *Theſeus* firſt; ô *Eurytus*, vnwiſe!
Dar'ſt thou offend *Pirithous* as long
As *Theſeus* liues? in one two ſuffer wrong.
The great-ſould Heros, not to boaſt in vaine,
Breakes through the throng, and from his fierce diſdaine
The Rape repris'd. He no reply affords;
Such facts could not be iuſtifi'd by words:
But with his fiſts the braue redeemer preſt;
Aſſailes his face, and ſtrikes his generous breſt.
Hard by their ſtood an antique goblet, wrought
With extant figures: this *Ægides* caught;
Hurld at the face of *Eurytus*: a flood
Of reeking wine, of braines, and clotted blood
At once he vomits from his mouth and wound;
And falling backward, kicks the dabled ground.
The Centaures, frantick for their brothers death,
Arme, arme, reſound, with one exalted breath.
Wine courage giues. At firſt an vncouth flight
Of flagons, pots, and boules, began the fight:
Late fit for banquets, now for blood and broyles.
Firſt *Amycus*, *Ophions* iſſue, ſpoyles
The ſacred places of their gifts; downe ramps
A brazen creſſet ſtuck with burning lamps:
This ſwings aloft, as when a white-hair'd Bull
The Sacrificer ſtrikes; which cruſht the skull
Of *Celadon* the *Lapithite*, and left
His face vnknowne: confuſion forme bereft.
Out ſtart his eyes; his batterd noſe betwixt
His ſhiuer'd bones flat to his pallat fixt.
Pellæan Pelades a treſſell tore
That propt the boord, and feld him to the flore.
He knocks his chin againſt his breſt, and ſpude
Blood mixt with teeth. A ſecond blow perſude
The firſt; and ſent his vexed ſoule to hell.
Next, *Gryneus* ſtood; his lookes with vengeance ſwell:

Serues this, ſaid he, for nothing? therewith rais'd
Aloft a mightie altar: as it blaz'd,
Among the *Lapithites* his burden threw;
Which *Broteas*, and the bold *Orion* ſlew.
Orions mother *Mycale*, eft-ſoone
Could with her charmes deduce the ſtrugling Moone.
Exadius cry'd, Nor ſhalt thou ſo depart
Had I a weapon. Of a voted Hart
The Antlers from a pine he puls; they fixe
Their forkes in *Gryneus* darkned eyes: this ſticks
Vpon the horne, that in concreted gore
Hung on his beard. A fire-brand *Rhœtus* bore,
Snatch from the altar; and *Charaxus* head
Crackt through the skull, with yellow treſſes ſpred.
The rapid flame his blazing curles ſurround,
Like corne on fire; blood broyling in his wound
Horribly hiſſes: as red ſteele that gloes
With feruent blaſts, which pliant tongs diſpoſe
To quenching coole-troughs, ſputters, ſtriues, conſumes;
And hiſſing vnder heated water, fumes.
The Wounded from his ſinged treſſes ſhakes
The greedie flame; and on his ſhoulders takes
A ſtone torne from the threſhold, which alone
Would loade a waine, at diſtant *Rhœtus* throwne:
This, falling ſhort, *Cometes* life inuades:
And ſent his friend to euerlaſting ſhades.
When *Rhœtus*, laughing; May you all abound
In ſtrength ſo try'd; and aggrauates his wound
With repercuſſions of his burning brand.
Cruſht bones now ſinke in braines. Then turnes his hand
Vpon young *Coritus*, *Euagrus*, *Dryas*:
Which gaue to *Coritus* a fatall Paſſe.
What glorie can the ſlaughter of a boy
Afford, *Euagrus* ſaid? nor more could ſay:
For *Rhœtus*, e'r his iawes together came,
Hid in his throte and breſt the choking flame.
Then whisks the brand about his browes, and driues
At valiant *Dryas*; but no longer thriues.
For through his ſhoulder, who had triumpht long
In daily ſlaughter, *Dryas* fixt his prong.
Who groning, tugs it out with all his might:
And ſoild with blood, conuerts his heeles to flight.

So

So *Lycidas*, *Arnæus*, *Medon* (ſped
In his right arme) *Piſenor*, *Caumas*, fled:
Wound-tardie *Mermerus*, late ſwift of pace;
Meneleus, *Pholus*; *Abas*, vs'd to chace
The bore; and *Aſtylos*, who fates fore-knew:
Who vainly bad his friends that warre eſchue;
And ſaid to frighted *Neſſus*, Fly not ſo;
Thou art reſeru'd for great *Alcides* bow.
But yet *Eurynomus*, nor *Lycidas*,
Areus, nor *Imbreus*, vnſlaughtred paſſe:
All queld by *Dryas* hand. Thee *Cæneus* too,
Though turn'd about for flight, a fore-wound ſlue:
For looking backe; the point betweene his ſights,
There where the noſe ioynes with the fore-head, lights.
Vnwakened with the tumult of this fray,
Diſſolu'd in death-like ſleepe, *Aphidas* lay
Vpon a beares rough hide on *Oſſa* kild:
Whoſe lither hand a mixed goblet held.
Phorbas farre off the vainely hurtleſſe ſpy'd:
And to the thong his fingers fitting, cry'd,
Thy wine hence-forth with *Stygian* water brew.
This ſaid, at ſlumber-bound *Aphidas* threw
His trembling dart: the ſteeled aſh made way
Through's naked neck, as he ſupinely lay.
Death was vnfelt: his full throte voids a flood:
The bed and goblet, drown'd and fild with blood.
I ſaw *Petræus* ſtriue t'vproot an oke:
And while his brawnie armes the tree prouoke
To quit his ſeaſure, this and that way hal'd;
Pirithous to the bole his boſome nail'd.
Stout *Lycus* by *Pirithous* valour fell:
Pirithous valour *Chromis* ſunk to hell.
Theſe leſſe the glorie of his acts elate
Then *Helops* death, and *Dictys* ſtranger fate.
His eager iauelin *Helops* temples cleft:
Which at the right eare ruſhed through the left.
But *Dictys* from a broken mountaine ſlides,
As he *Ixions* furious ſonne auoids,
And head-long fell: his weight aſunder brake
A mightie Aſh; the ſtumps his entrailes ſtake.
In ruſht reuengefull *Phereus* with a ſtone
Torne from a rock: his monſtrous elbow-bone

About

(About to hurle) in ſhiuers *Theſeus* crackt:
Nor leaſure had, or further care, t'exact
His vſeleſſe life. Then nimbly vaults vpon
Byanor's back, before beſtrid by none,
His knees claps to his ſides; his ſhaggie haire
His left hand hales: his eyes, that grimly ſtare
And threaten, cruſhes with his knottie oke.
Dart-fam'd *Lyceſpes*, and *Medimnus* ſtroke
To humble earth: ſo *Hippaſus*, whoſe beard
Obſcur'd his breſt; and *Ripheus*, who appear'd
More tall then trees; with *Thereus*, who caught
Wild beares in high *Æmonian* hils, and brought
Th'inraged purchace to his home aliue.
Demoleon frets to ſee *Ægides* thriue
With ſuch ſucceſſe; and from the center ſtriues
To teare a Pine: which when he could not, riues
The yeelding bole, and darts it at his foe.
Theſeus farre off eſpi'd the comming throw;
Who by *Minerua's* counſell (for ſo he
Would haue vs think) with-drew: and yet the tree
Not idly fell; but *Crantors* ſhoulder, breſt,
And throte diuides; which tortur'd life releaſt.
He was (*Æacides*) thy fathers Squire;
Giuen by ſubdude *Amyntor* to thy ſire
(*Amyntor* the well-train'd *Dolopians* Guide)
In hoſtage for their peace, and faith affide.
When *Peleus* ſaw that ſpectacle of ruth;
Receiue, ô *Crantor*, ô beloued youth,
This ſacrifice, he ſaid: and ſent a dart
With all the rigor of his hand and heart
At proud *Demoleon*; which the bones that ioyne
His ribs transfixt; and quauer'd in the chine.
His hand, without the head, the ſtaffe reueld;
And hardly that: his lungs the head with-held.
Anguiſh it ſelfe the heat of wrath improues:
He reares afore, and pawes him with his hooues.
Who with his ſhield and burganet defends
The ſounding ſtrokes: yet ſtill his ſword extends,
And twixt his ſhoulders at one thruſt doth gore
His double breſts. Yet had hee ſlaine before
Phlegræus, *Hyles*, with his lances flight;
Hiphinôus and *Danis*, in cloſe fight.

Addes

Addes *Dorylas* to theſe; who wore a skull
Of Wolfe-skin tan'd; the ſharpe hornes of a bull,
In ſtead of other weapon, fixt before:
And dyde in crimſon with *Lapithian* gore.
To whom, with courage fir'd, I ſaid in ſcorne;
Behold how much our ſteele excels thy horne.
And threw my lance: not to be ſhund, he now
Claps his right hand vpon his threatned brow;
Which both together naild. They rore: and while
Th'ingaged with his bitter wound doth toyle;
Thy father, who was neereſt, neerer made:
And through his nauill thruſt his deadly blade.
He bounds, and on the earth his bowels trailes;
The trailed kicks, the kickt in peeces hales;
Which winding, fetter both his legs and thighes:
So falls; and with a gutleſſe bellie dies.
Nor thee thy beautie, *Cyllarus*, could ſaue:
If ſuch a two-form'd figure beautie haue.
His chin now 'gan to bud with downe of gold;
And golden curles his iuory back infold:
His lookes a pleaſing vigor grace; his breſt,
Hands, ſhoulders, neck, and all that man expreſt,
Surpaſſing arts admired images.
Nor were his beſtiall parts a ſhame to theſe:
Adde but a horſes head and creſt, he were
For *Caſtors* vſe; his back ſo ſtrong to beare,
So largely cheſted; blacker than the crow:
His taile and feet-locks, white as falling ſnow.
A number of that nation ſought his loue;
Whom none but faire *Hylonome* could moue:
None for attracting fauour ſo excell,
Of all the halfe-mares that on *Othrys* dwell.
Shee, by ſweet words, by louing, by confeſt
Affection, onely *Cyllarus* poſſeſt.
With combs ſhee ſmoothes her haire; her perſon trimmes
With all that could be gracefull to ſuch limmes.
Of roſes, roſemarie, and violets,
And oft of lillyes curious dreſſings pleats.
Twice daily waſht her face in ſprings that fall
From *Pagaſæan* hils; twice daily all
Her bodie bathes in cleanſing ſtreames: and ware
The skins of beaſts, ſuch as were choice and rare,

Which

Which flowing from her ſhoulder croſſe her breſt,
Vaile her left ſide. Both equall loue poſſeſt:
Together on the ſhadie mountaines ſtray,
In woods and hollow caues together lay:
Then to the pallace of the *Lapithite*
Together came; and now together fight.
A iauelin from the left hand flung, thy breſt
O *Cyllarus*, beneath thy neck impreſt.
His heart though ſlightly hurt (the dart exhal'd)
Grew forth-with cold; and all his bodie pal'd.
Hylonome his dying limmes receiues;
Foments his wound: cloſe to his lips ſhe cleaues,
To ſtay his flying ſoule. But when ſhee found
Lifes fire extinct; with words in clamour drownd,
Euen on that ſteele, which through his boſom paſt,
She threw her owne: and him in death imbrac't.
Me thinkes I ſee grim *Phæocomes* yet:
Who with two Lyons skins, together knit,
Protect's his man and beaſt. A log he tooke,
Which ſcarce two teame could draw; this darted, ſtrooke
The crowne of *Phonolenides*: his braines
It through the fractures of his skull conſtraines;
Which from his mouth, eyes, eares, and noſthrils guſht,
Like curds through wickar ſqueaſd; or iuces cruſht
Through draining colendars. As he the dead
Prepares t'vnarme, my ſword his bowels ſhred.
Your father ſaw his downefall. *Chthonius* too,
And ſtout *Teleboas* our fawchion ſlew.
The firſt a forked branch, the other held
A lengthfull lance: the lance this wound impeld;
Whereof you ſee the ancient ſcarre. Then I,
Then ſhould I haue beene ſent t'haue ruin'd *Troy*.
Then might I haue reſtrain'd, if not o'r-throwne
Great *Hector*. But, he either then was none,
Or elſe a child. Now ſpent with age, I waine.
What ſpeake I of two-ſhapt *Pyretus*, ſlaine
By *Periphas*? Thy dart, without a head,
Braue *Ampycus*, foure-hoou'd *Oïcles* ſped.
Macareus, borne by *Pelethronian* rocks,
Huge *Erigdupus* with a leauer knocks
To ecchoing earth. His dart *Cymelus* ſheath'd
Deepe in *Neſſæus* groyne, and life bereau'd.

Nor

Nor would you thinke *Ampycides* alone
Could fate fore-tell; a lance by *Mopſus* throwne
Odites ſlue: this, as the Centaure rail'd,
His tongue t'his chin, his chin t'his boſom naild.
Fiue *Cæneus* ſlue; *Bromus*, *Antimachus*,
Axe-arm'd *Pyracmos*, *Helius*, *Stiphelus*.
Although forgetfull by what wounds they fell;
Their names, and number, I remember well.
Giant-like *Latreus* lightneth to theſe broyles;
Arm'd with *Emathian Aleſus* ſpoyles:
His yeares, twixt youth and age; nor age impaires
The ſtrength of youth, though ſprinkled with gray haires.
A *Macedonian* ſpeare, a ſword, a ſhield,
Confirme his powers: o'r-viewes the well-fought field,
Claſhes his armes; and trotting in a round,
Infring'd the aire with this diſdainefull ſound.
Shall I indure thee *Cænis*? ſtill to me
Thou art a woman, and ſhalt *Cænis* be.
Thou haſt forgot thy births originall,
And for what fact rewarded; by what fall
Aduanc't to this man-counterfeiting ſhape.
Thinke of thy birth; thinke of thy eaſie rape.
Goe, take a ſpindle and a diſtaffe; twine
The carded wooll; and armes to men reſigne.
While thus he ſcoffes; and circularly ran;
Cæneus his ſides gores with his lance, where man
And horſe vnite. He, mad with anguiſh, flin[illegible]s
His ſpeare at the *Phyllæan* youth, which rings
On his vntainted face; and back recoyles,
As pibbles dropt on drummes, or haile on tyles.
Then ruſhing on, with thruſts aſſayes to wound
His hardned ſides; the ſword no entrance found.
Nor ſhalt thou ſcape; the edge ſhall lanch thy throte,
Although the point be dull. This ſaid, and ſmote
At once. The blow, as if on marble, ſounds:
And from his neck the broken blade rebounds.
When he his charmed limmes had open laid
Enough to wounds and wonder, *Cæneus* ſaid:
Now will wee trie, if thou our ſword canſt feele.
Then 'twixt his ſhoulders thruſts the fatall ſteele
Vp to the hilts; which too and fro he waues
Deepe in his guts, and wounds on wounds ingraues.

The frighted Centaures, with a horrid cry,
On him alone, with all their weapons, fly.
Their darts rebated fall, but draw no blood:
For *Cæneus* ſtill in-vulnerable ſtood.
This more amaz'd, Ah, *Monychus* exclaimes,
One foyles vs all, to all our endleſſe ſhames!
He ſcarce a man! nay he the man, and we
Are what he was: ſo poore our actions be.
What bootes our mightie limmes? our double force?
The ſtrongeſt of all creatures, man and horſe,
In vs by nature ioyn'd? ſure wee are not
A Goddeſſe birth; nor by *Ixion* got,
Who dùrſt the Queene of Deities imbrace:
This Halfe-man conquers his degenerate race.
Stones, maſſie logs, whole mountaines on him roule;
And with congeſted trees cruſh out his ſoule.
Let woods oppreſſe his iawes: ore-whelme with weight,
In ſteed of idle wounds. Thus he: and ſtraight
An Oke, vp-rooted by the furious blaſts
Of franticke winds, on valiant *Cæneus* caſts.
Th'example quickly *Othrys* diſaraide
Of all his trees; and *Pelion* wanted ſhade.
Preſt with ſo huge a burthen, *Cæneus* ſweats:
And to th'o'r-whelming okes his ſhoulders ſets.
But now the load aboue his ſtature climes,
And chokes the paſſage of his breath. Sometimes
He faints; then ſtruggles to aduance his crowne
Aboue the Pile, and throw the timber downe:
Sometimes the preſſure with his motion quakes;
As when an earth-quake yonder *Ida* ſhakes.
His end was doubtfull: ſome there be, who tell
How with that weight his bodie ſunk to hell.
Mopſus diſſents; who ſaw a fowle ariſe
From thence with yellow wings, and mount the skies;
(The firſt I euer ſaw) which flying round
About our tents, ſent forth a mournefull ſound.
This he perſuing with his ſoule and fight,
Cry'd, Haile thou glorie of the *Lapithite*!
O *Cæneus*, late a man at armes; but now
An vnmatcht foule! His witneſſe all allow.
Griefe whets our furie; brooking ill, that one
By ſuch a multitude ſhould be ore-throwne:

And

And Sorrow ſo long executes the fight,
Till halfe were ſlaine: halfe ſau'd by ſpeede, and night.
Tlepolemus could not his tongue debarre:
Since in the repetition of that warre,
Of *Hercules* he had no mention made.
Old man, how can you ſo forget (he ſaid)
Alcides praiſe? my father oft would tell,
How by his hand the Cloud-borne Centaures fel.
To this ſad *Neſtor* anſwer'd: Why ſhould you
Compell me to remember, and renue
My ſorrow loſt in time? or iterate
Your fathers guilt; together with my hate?
His acts tranſcend beleefe; his high repute
Fils all the world: which would I could refute.
But not *Polydamas*, *Deiphobus*,
Nor valiant *Hector*, are extold by vs.
For who commends his foe? *Meſſene's* walls
He raz'd: faire *Elis*, *Pylus*, in their falls
Deteſt his furie; Cities which his hate
Had not deſeru'd: with them, did ruinate
Our Houſe with ſword and fire. Not now to tell
Of others, who by his ſterne out-rage fell;
Twice ſixe faire-fam'd *Neleïdæ* were wee;
Twice ſixe *Alcides* ſlue, excepting mee.
Conqueſt is common: but, ô more then ſtrange
Was *Periclymen's* ſlaughter! who could change
And rechange to all figures. Such a grace
Great *Neptune* gaue; the root of *Neleus* race.
He, forc't to varie formes, at length vnfolds
Ioues well-lou'd Fowle, who in her tallons holds
Impetuous thunder; and His viſage teares
Both with his crooked beake, and armed ſeares.
At him his bow, too ſure, *Alcides* drew,
As towring in the loftie clouds he flew,
And ſtruck his ſide-ioyn'd wing. The wound was ſlight;
But ſunder'd nerues could not ſuſtaine his flight.
When tumbling downe, his weight the arrow ſmote
In at his ſide, and thruſt it through his throte.
Now braue Commander of the *Rhodian* Fleete;
Think'ſt thou *Alcides* praiſe a ſubiect meete
For my diſcourſe? Alone with ſilence wee
Reuenge our ſlaughtred brothers; and loue thee.

When *Neſtor* with mellifluous eloquence
Had thus much vtter'd; they with ſpeech diſpenſe,
And liberall *Bacchus* quaffe: then all aroſe;
And giue the reſt of night to ſoft repoſe.
The God, whoſe Trident calmes the Ocean,
For ſtrangled *Cycnus*, turn'd into a Swan,
Grieues with paternall griefe. *Achilles* fate
He proſecutes with more then ciuill hate.
Ten yeeres now well-nigh laps'd in horrid fights,
Thus vnſhorne *Smintheus* his ſterne rage excites.
Of all our brothers ſonnes to vs moſt deare;
Whoſe hands, with ours, *Troys* walls in vaine did reare:
O ſigh'ſt thou not to ſee the *Aſian* towres
So neere their fall? their owne, and aiding powres
By millions ſlaine? the laſt of all their ioy
Dead *Hector* drag'd about his fathers *Troy*?
Yet dire *Achilles*, who our labour giues
To vtter ſpoyle, then Warre more cruell, liues.
Came he within my reach, he then ſhould trie
The vengeance of my Trident: but ſince I
Cannot approch t'incounter with my foe;
Let him thy cloſe and mortall arrowes know.
Delius aſſents: his vnkles wrath intends;
With it, his owne; and in a cloud deſcends
To th'*Ilian* hoaſt: amid the battle ſeekes
For *Paris*, ſhooting at vn-noted *Greekes*.
Then ſhew'd a God, and ſaid: Why doſt thou looſe
Thy ſhafts ſo baſely? nobler obiects chooſe;
If thou of thine at leaſt haſt any care:
Thy brethrens deaths reuenge on *Peleus* heire.
Then ſhew'd him ſterne *Achilles*, as he ſlew
The *Troian* troopes: and, while his bow he drew,
Directs the deadly ſhaft. This onely might
Old *Priam*, after *Hectors* death, delight.
Him, who with conqueſts cloyd the iawes of death,
A faint adulterer depriues of breath.
If by th'effeminate to be o'r-throwne,
Then ſhould the Pollax of the *Amazon*
Haue forc't thy fate. The *Phrygian* feare; the fame,
And ſtrong protection of the *Grecian* Name,
Inuincible *Æacides* now burnes:
The God, who arm'd, his bones to aſhes turnes.

And

And of that great *Achilles* ſcarce remaines
So much as now a little Vrne containes.
Yet ſtill he liues; his glorie lightens forth,
And fils the world : this anſwers his full worth.
This, ô diuine *Pelides*, ſoares as high
As thy great ſpirit; and ſhall neuer dye.
And euen his armes, to inſtance whoſe they were;
Procure a warre. Armes for his armes they beare.
Aiax Oïleus, *Diomedes*, nor
The leſſe *Atrides*; not in age and war
The Greater: no nor any; but the Son
Of old *Laërtes*, and bold *Telamon*,
Durſt hope for ſuch a prize. *Tantalides*,
To ſhun the burden, and the hate of theſe,
The Princes bids to ſit before his tent:
And puts the ſtrife on their arbitrement.

OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS.

The thirteenth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

THoſe purple flowres which Aiax *name diſplay,*
His blood produce. Inraged Hecuba
Becomes a Bitch. From Memnons *cinders riſe*
Selfe ſlaughtring Fowle: a yeerely ſacrifice.
What euer Anius *daughters handle, proues*
Corne, wine, or oyle: themſelues transformd to Doues.
From honourd virgins aſhes Sonnes aſcends.
*Th'*Ambracian *Iudge a Stone. Light wings defend*
Moloſſus *royall iſſue.* Scylla *growes*
A horrid Monſter. Murderd Acis *flowes*
With ſpeedie ſtreames. The kind Nereïdes
For Glaucus *ſue: inthron'd in ſacred Seas.*

THe great Chiefes ſat; the Souldiers crown the field:
Vp roſe the Maſter of the ſeuen-fold Shield.
With wrath impatient, his ſterne eyes ſuruay
Sigæum, and the Nauie which there lay.
Then holding vp his hands, ô *Ioue*, he ſaid;
Before the Fleet muſt we our title plead?
And is *Vlyſſes* my Competitor?
Whoſe flightfull feare did *Hector's* flames abhor.
Thoſe, I, ſuſtaind; from thoſe this Nauie freed.
'Tis ſafer to contend in word then deed.
I cannot talke, nor can he fight: as farre
His tongue excells, as I exceed in warre.
Nor neede I to rehearſe what you haue ſeene
In act, renowned *Greekes*: what his hath beene
Let *Ithacus* declare; perform'd by ſlight,
Without a witneſſe, onely knowne to Night.
Great is th'affected prize, I muſt confeſſe:
But ſuch a Riuall makes the Value leſſe.
For me 'tis no ambition to obtaine,
How euer great, what he could hope to gaine.
Who of this ſtrife now wins the praiſe; that he,
When vanquiſhed, may boaſt he ſtroue with me.

But

But were my valour queſtion'd, I might on
My birth inſiſt; begot by *Telamon*,
Who vnder *Hercules Troy's* bulwarks ſcal'd:
And in *Pagaſæan* keele to *Colchis* ſail'd.
His father, *Æacus*; the Iudge of Soules,
Where *Siſyphus* his reſtleſſe torment roules.
High *Iupiter* vpon a mortall Loue
Got *Æacus*: I *Aiax* third from *Ioue*.
Nor let this pedegree aſſiſt my clame,
If great *Achilles* ioyn'd not in the ſame.
He was my brother, his I aske. Why thus
Shouldſt thou, thou ſonne of damned *Siſyphus*,
Alike in theft and fraud, a ſtranger to
Achilles race, the right of his perſue?
Becauſe I firſt aſſumed armes, deſcryde
By no detector, are theſe armes denyde?
Or rather for the laſt in field deſignd;
Who with faind lunacie the warre declind:
Till *Palamed* more politicke, and more
Selfe-fatall, did his coward-guile explore,
And drew him to auoided armes? Muſt hee
Now weare the beſt, who all eſchude? and we
Vnhonour'd, of hereditarie right
Depriu'd, in that wee firſt appeard in fight?
And would to *Ioue* hee had beene truly mad;
Or ſtill ſo thought: nor this companion had,
This tempter to foule actions, euer ſeene
The *Phrygian* towres. Then ſhouldſt not thou haue beene
O *Pæans* ſonne, expoſed by our crime
To *Lemnian* rocks: where thou conſum'ſt thy time
In lonely caues obſcur'd with woods, the ſtones
Prouok't to pitie with thy daily grones,
And wiſheſt him, what he deſerues, thy paine:
If their are Gods thou wiſheſt not in vaine.
Now our Confederate (a Prince of braue
Command) to whom his ſhafts *Alcides* gaue;
Broken with paine and famine, doth imploy
Thoſe arrowes, that import the fate of *Troy*,
For food and clothing: yet he liues the while,
In that remoued from *Vlyſſes* guile.
And *Palamed* might wiſh t'haue beene ſo left:
Then had he liu'd, or periſht vnbereft

Of

Of his deare fame. This, helliſhly inclind,
Beares his conuicted madneſſe in his mind;
And falſely him accus'd to haue betraid
Th' *Achaian* hoaſt; confirming what he ſaid
By ſhewing ſummes of gold, which in his tent
Himſelfe had hid. Thus he by baniſhment
Or death, our ſtrength impaires; for this preferd:
So fights, ſo is *Vlyſſes* to bee feard.
Though faithfull *Neſtor* he in eloquence,
Surpaſſe; his leauing *Neſtor*, no defence
Of words can ſalue: who ſlow with tired Age
And wounded Steeds, implor'd to his ingage
Vlyſſes helpe; who left to oddes of foes
His old acquaintance. This *Tydides* knowes
For no forg'd crime; who vainely cald, to ſtay
His trembling friend, reuiling his diſmay.
The Gods with iuſtice view our humane deeds.
Who would not late affiſt, affiſtance needs:
And now to be forſaken by the law
Himſelfe preſcrib'd. He cry'd; I came, and ſaw
The coward quaking, pale, about to yeeld
His ghoſt for feare. I interpos'd my ſhield;
Beſtrid him as he lay; and from that ſtrife
Redeem'd (my leaſt of praiſe) his coward life.
But if thou wilt contend, reioyne we there;
Reuoke the foe, thy wounds, and vſuall feare;
Behind my target ſculk: then plead. This man,
Who reeld with wounds; freed, as vnwounded, ran.
Now *Hector* came, and brought the Gods along;
Ruſht on all parts: not thou alone, the ſtrong
And beſt reſolued ſhrink: ſo great a dred
He drew on all. Him, as he triumph led
Through blood and ſlaughter, with a mighty ſtone
I ſtruck to earth: Him I ſuſtaind alone,
When he to all ſo bold a challenge made;
When for my lot you all deuoutly prayd,
Nor pray'd in vaine: If you inquire the ſumme
Of this our fight, I was not ouercome.
With vengefull weapons, flames, and *Ioue*, the men
Of *Troy* inuade our nauie: where was then
Your eloquent *Vlyſſes*? I, euen I
A thouſand ſhips preſeru'd; whereon relie

The

The hope of your returne. Theſe armes for all
Your Fleet afford. The meed more honour ſhall
Receiue then giue; our glories iuſtly peaſe;
Theſe armes doe *Aiax* ſeek, not *Aiax* theſe.
Rheſus ſurpriſe, with ours let him compare;
That poore Spie *Dolon's*, *Hellenus* deſpaire;
The rapt *Palladium*: nothing done by day;
He nothing worth, take *Diomed* away.
If to ſuch meane deſerts theſe armes accrue;
Deuide them: to *Tydides* moſt is due.
Why would he theſe? who ſtill vnarmed goes,
Conceal'd; and cunningly intraps his foes?
This radiant Cask that ſhines with burniſht gold;
Will his deceit, and lurking ſteps vnfold.
His neck can ſcarce *Achilles* helmet beare;
Nor can his feeble arme imploy this ſpeare:
His ſhield, whoſe orbe the figured world adornes;
A cowards arme, inur'd to theeuing, ſcornes.
O foole, that thus thy owne vndoing ſeekes!
If giuen thee by th'error of the *Greekes*,
It will not make thee dreadfull to thy foe;
But be th'occaſion of thy ouerthrow.
And flight, wherein thou onely doſt exceed,
Clog'd with ſo huge a weight, will faile thy need.
Beſides, thy ſhield in battle rarely borne,
Is yet entire: mine, all to hackt and torne
With ſtormes of blowes, a new ſucceſſor needs.
What boots ſo many words? behold our deeds.
Theſe armes deliuer to the foes defence:
And let him weare, that wins the prize from thence.
Here *Aiax* ends. The Souldier in the cloſe
A murmure rais'd; till *Ithacus* aroſe:
Who hauing fixed on the earth a ſpace
His eyes, vnto the Princes rais'd his face;
And now expected, ſpake vnto this ſenſe;
With all the grace of winning eloquence.
Greekes, if heauen, with yours, had heard my praire;
So great a ſtrife had found no doubtfull Heire:
Th'hadſt kept thy armes, *Achilles*, and wee thee.
But ſince ſterne Fate, auerſe to you and mee,
So coueted an Excellence denies;
(With that appeares to weepe, and wipes his eyes)

Who great *Achilles* with more right ſucceeds,
Then he, who gaue you great *Achilles* deeds?
Let not his follie purchace your aſſent;
Nor let my wit, in that ſo preualent
For you, my loſſe incurren nor hate incenſe,
That for my ſelfe I armie my eloquence;
(If I haue any) oft for you imploid.
Let none the glorie of his owne auoid.
For Anceſtors, diuine originall,
And deeds by vs not done, wee ours miſ-call.
Yet in that *Aiax* vants himſelfe to bee
Great-grandchild vnto *Ione*; no leſſe are wee.
Laërtes was my Sire, *Arceſius* his;
His, *Iupiter*: in this deſcent there is
None damn'd nor baniſht. By the venter I
From *Hermes* ſpring: in both a Deitie.
Not that more noble by the mothers ſide,
Nor that my father had his hands vndide
In brothers blood, doe I inforce this clame:
Weigh but our worths, and cenſure by the ſame.
That *Telamon* and *Peleus* brethren were,
In *Aiax* is no merit. Not the Neere
In birth, but Great in act, deſerue this grace.
Or if proximitie in blood haue place,
Peleus his father, *Pyrrhus* is his ſon:
What right remaines for *Aiax Telamon*?
To *Phthia* then, or *Scyros* carrie theſe.
Teucer is coozen to *Æacides*
As well as he; yet ſtirres not he herein:
Or if he ſhould, ſhould he the honour win?
Then ſince our actions muſt our ſute aduance;
Although my deeds ſurmount my vtterance,
Their abſtract yet in order to relate:
Thetis, fore-knowing great *Achilles* fate,
Diſguis'd her ſonne: ſo like a virgin dreſt,
That all miſtooke, and *Aiax* with the reſt.
When, Armes, with womens trifles, that might blind
Suſpect, I brought to tempt a manly mind.
Yet was the Heros virgin-like arraid;
Who taking vp the ſpeare and ſhield, I ſaid:
O Goddeſſe-borne, for thee the fate of *Troy*
Her fall reſerues: why doubts thou to deſtroy

Great *Pergamus*? then made him d'off thoſe weeds:
And ſent the Mightie vnto mightie deeds.
His acts are therefore ours. We *Telephus*
Foild with our lance; the ſuppliant cur'd by vs.
Strong *Thebes* we ſackt: ſackt *Lesbos* vs renounes.
Chryſa and *Tenedos* (*Apollo's* townes)
With *Cilla*; Sea-girt *Syros*, in their falls
Our fame aduance: we raz'd *Lyrneſſu's* walls.
To paſſe the reſt; I gaue, who could ſubdue
The braue *Priamides*: I *Hector* ſlue.
For th'armes that found *Achilles*, theſe I craue:
He dead, I aske but what, aliue, I gaue.
The griefe of one, with all the *Greekes* preuailes:
Euboian Aulis held a thouſand ſailes.
The long-expected winds oppoſed ſtand,
Or ſleepe in calmes. When cruell Fates command
Afflicted *Agamemnon* to aſſwage
With *Iphigenia's* death, *Diana's* rage.
But he diſſents; the Gods themſelues reproues:
And in a King a fathers paſſion moues.
His noble diſpoſition nere the leſſe
I to the publick wonne: and muſt confeſſe
(*Atrides*, pardon;) we did proſecute
Before a partiall iudge a hatefull ſute.
Yet him his brother, ſcepter, publick good
Perſwade to purchace endleſſe praiſe with blood.
Then went I to the mother for her child:
Now not to be exhorted, but beguild.
Had *Aiax* thither gone, our flagging ſailes
Not yet had ſweld with ſtill-expected gales.
Then on a bold embaſſage I was ſent
To haughtie *Troy*: to th'*Ilian* Court I went,
Yet full of men: and feareleſſe, vrg'd at large
The common cauſe committed to my charge.
Falſe *Paris* I accuſe: rapt *Helena*
I re-demand, with all they bore away.
Old *Priam* and *Antenor* iuſt appeare.
But *Paris*, with his brethren, and who were
His followers in that ſtealth, from wicked blowes
Could ſcarce refraine. This *Menelaus* knowes.
The firſt of dangers wherein you and I
Together ioyn'd. But what my policie

And force perform'd, behoofefull to this State,
In that long warre, too long is to relate.
The firſt great battle fought, our warie foes
Long liue immur'd: nor durſt their powers expoſe.
Nine yeeres expir'd, warres all the fields affright.
Meane-while what didſt thou, onely fit to fight?
What vſe of thee? inquire my actions; I
The foe intrap, our trenches fortifie,
Incouraging the wearie Souldiar
To brooke the tediouſneſſe of lingring warre
With faire expectance: teach them wayes to feed,
And arts to fight. Imploide at euery need.
The King deluded in his ſleepe by *Ioue*,
Bids vs the care of future warre remoue.
The author was his ſtrong apologie.
Aiax ſhould haue with-ſtood: the ſack of *Troy*
He ſhould haue vrg'd; and, what he could, haue fought.
Why was the nobler ſeege by him vnſought?
Why arm'd he not? a ſpeech he might haue made,
That would the wauering multitude haue ſtaid:
To him not difficult, who lookes ſo high,
And ſpeakes ſo big. What, if himſelfe did flie?
I ſaw, and ſham'd to ſee thee turne thy back
To hoyſe thy ſailes vnto thy honours wrack.
What doe you? ô what madneſſe, mates, ſaid I,
Prouokes you to abandon yeelding *Troy*?
Ten yeeres nigh ſpent, what will you beare away
But infamie? I this, and more did ſay;
Wherein my ſorrow made mee eloquent:
And from the flying Fleet turnd their conſent.
The King a Councell calls; diſtruſts afford
No ſound aduice: durſt *Aiax* ſpeake a word?
When baſe *Therſites* durſt the King prouoke
With bitter words: who felt my ſcepters ſtroke.
Their doubts with hope of conqueſt I inſpire:
And ſet their fainting courages on fire.
Since when, what he hath nobly done, by right
To me belongs, that thus reuok't his flight.
Beſides, what one of all the wiſer *Greekes*
Commends thee; or thy conuerſation ſeekes?
Tydides vs approues, builds on our will;
Is confident in his *Vlyſſes* ſtill.

Among

Among a million, 'tis a grace for me
To be his conſort; and the choice ſo free.
The danger of the foe, and night deſpiſd;
I *Dolon*, then a counter-ſcout, ſurpriſd:
Nor ſlue him, till I forc't this boſom to;
Informed what perfidious *Troy* would doe.
All knowne, and nothing left to be inquir'd;
I now with praiſe enough might haue retir'd.
Yet not ſo ſatisfide, I forward went;
And *Rheſus* ſlue, with his, in his owne tent.
When like a Victor, on his charriot I
Returnd in triumph. Can you then denie
Achilles armes, whoſe horſes were aſſign'd
For one nights hazard? *Aiax* is more kind.
What ſhould I of *Sarpedons* forces tell,
O'r-throwne by vs? by vs *Cæranos* fell,
Iphitides, *Alaſtor*, *Chromius*,
Alcander, *Prytanis*, *Noëmonus*,
Halius, ſtout *Thoön*, bold *Pheridamas*,
With *Charope*: *Eunomon's* fatall Paſſe
Sign'd by my lance: and many more in view
Of hoſtile *Troy*, of meaner ranke, I ſlue.
And I, ô Countrymen, haue honour'd wounds,
Faire in their ſcarres: nor truſt to emptie ſounds;
Behold (ſaid he, with that his boſom bares)
This breſt, ſtill exercis'd in your affaires.
No drop of blood in all theſe lengthfull warres
For *Greece* hath *Aiax* ſhed: ſhew he his ſcarres.
What boots it, though his deeds his brags approue;
That for our fleete he fought with *Troy* and *Ioue*?
I grant, he did ſo: nor will wee detract
With hated enuie from a noble act.
So he ingroſſe not to himſelfe alone
A common praiſe, but render vs our owne.
Actorides (for great *Achilles* held)
Troy's flames and Fautor from our ſhips repeld.
He thinks, he onely able, could alone
Incounter *Hectors* oppoſition:
The King, his brother, and my ſelfe forgot
Of nine the laſt, and but preferd by lot.
But what euent, ô great in valour, crownd
Your doughtie combat? *Hector* had no wound.

Woe's

Woe's me! with what a tide of griefe I call
That time to mind; wherein the *Grecian* Wall,
Achilles, fell! teares, feares, nor ſorrow ſtaid
My forward zeale; his raiſed corps I laid
Vpon theſe ſhoulders: theſe, euen theſe did beare
Him and his armes; which now I hope to weare.
Our ſtrength ſufficient is for ſuch a weight:
Our knowledge can your bountie explicate.
Was *Thetis* ſo ambitious for her Son;
That ſuch a brainleſſe Souldier ſhould put on
This heauenly gift, of ſo diuine a frame?
Whoſe figured ſhield his ignorance would ſhame.
Wherein, the Ocean; Earth with cities crownd,
Skies with their ſtarres; cold *Arctos* neuer drownd,
Sword-girt *Orion*, ſad *Pleiades*;
The rainie *Kids*. He ſeeks, yet knowes not, theſe.
Vpbraids he me, that I this warre did ſhun,
And time deferd till others had begun?
Nor can conſider how he wounds in me
Achilles honour. If a crime it be
To counterfeit; we ioyne in that defame:
If, in that tardie; I before him came.
Me, my kind wife; his mother him with-drew:
Our flowre to them we gaue; the fruit to you.
Nor feare I, ſhould I quit my owne defence,
To ſuffer with ſo cleare an Excellence.
Not *Aiax* wit reueald *Vlyſſes*; yet
Reueald *Achilles* was *Vlyſſes* wit.
Leaſt I ſhould wonder, why his fooliſh tongue
Should ſlander me, he you vpbraids with wrong.
Was guiltleſſe *Palamed* accus'd by me
To my defame? nor muſt his ſentence be
To you reprochfull? neither *Nauplius* Seed
Could iuſtifie ſo euident a deed:
Nor did your eares informe your faculties;
The hire of treaſon laid before your eyes.
Peantius in *Lemnos* left, was none
Of my offence; doe you defend your owne:
You to his ſtay conſented. Yet, how'ere,
I muſt confeſſe I aduiz'd him to forbeare
The trauels of long warre: and to appeaſe
The anguiſh of his bitter wound with eaſe.

Hee

He did: he liues. Th'aduice was good: ſucceſſe
As fortunate approues it for no leſſe.
Since Fate deſignes him for the fall of *Troy*:
Spare me, and *Aiax* induſtrie imploy.
His tongue the mad with wrath and anguiſh will
Appeaſe: hee'l fetch him with ſome reach of skill.
Firſt *Simois* ſhall retire, *Ide* want a ſhade,
Achaia promiſe to the *Troians* aide;
E're my endeuours in your ſeruice faile,
And ſottiſh *Aiax*, with his wit, preuaile.
And, *Philoctetes*, though obdure thou bee,
Incenſt againſt the King, theſe Lords, and me;
Though curſes lighten from thy lips, though ſtill
Thou couet my acceſſe, my blood to ſpill;
Yet I'le attempt thee: and will bring thee back;
That neither may his eager wiſhes lack.
Thy ſhafts I muſt poſſeſſe (ſo Fauour Fate)
As I poſſeſt the *Dardan* Prophet late;
As I vnknit the *Troian* deſtinie;
And doubtfull anſwer of the Gods; as I,
Amid a world of foes, the fatall Signe
Of *Phrygian Pallas* rauiſht from her ſhrine.
Compare with mee will *Aiax*? this vntane,
Troy's hopt-for expugnation had beene vaine.
Where was ſtrong *Aiax*? where the glorious boaſt
Of that great Souldier? why in terror loſt?
How durſt *Vlyſſes* truſt himſelfe to night,
Paſſe through the watch, their threatning weapons ſlight?
The walls not onely, but the higheſt towre
Of *Ilium* ſcale: and from her Fane the Powre
That beares their fate inforce: and with this prey,
Repaſſe the dangers of that horrid way?
Which had not I atchieued, Yet in Field
Had *Aiax* vainly borne his ſeuen-fold Shield.
That night *Troy* fell before *Laërtes* ſon:
Won, when I made it that it might be won.
Forbeare to mutter; nor with nodding gaze
On *Diomed*: he ſhares in equall praiſe.
Nor for our Nauie didſt thou fight alone:
Thou by an hoſt aſſiſted, I by one.
He knew that wiſdome valour ſhould command;
That this belong'd not to a ſtrenuous hand:

Elſe

Elſe he himſelfe had ioyn'd in our debate;
Or th'other *Aiax*, far more moderate;
Braue *Thoas*, fierce *Eurypylus*; with theſe
Idomeneus and *Meriones*
Of *Creet*; or *Menelaus*. For they are,
As ſtrong, nor ſecond vnto thee in warre:
Yet yeeld to our aduiſe. Thou, fit for fight,
Doſt need my reaſon to direct thy might:
Thy valour wants fore-caſt; my ſtudious care
Reſpects the future: thou can'ſt fight thy ſhare;
The time and place muſt be by vs aſſign'd:
Thou only ſtrong in bodie; I in mind.
As skilfull Pilots thoſe ſurpaſſe, who row;
As wiſe Commanders, common ſouldiers; ſo
I thee excell. Our vertue is leſſe great
In brawne then braine: this vigorouſly compleat.
Then ô remunerate my vigilance:
And, Princes, for ſo many yeeres expence
In anxious cares, this dignitie extend
To my deſerts. Our worke is at an end:
With-ſtanding fates remou'd: I, in that I
Haue made it feſable, haue taken *Troy*.
Now by our mutuall hopes, *Troy's* ouerthrow,
Thoſe Gods which late I rauiſht from the foe;
If ought remaine to be diſcreetly done,
That courage craues, through danger to be won;
If in the *Ilian* deſtinie there bee
A knot yet to vnknit; remember mee.
Or if you can forget; theſe Armes reſigne
To this: and ſhewes *Minerua's* fatall Signe.
The Chiefes were mou'd. Here words approu'd their charmes:
The Eloquent the Valiant now diſarmes.
Hee who alone, *Ioue*, *Hector*, ſword and fire
So oft ſuſtaind; yeelds to one brunt of ire.
Th'vnconquered, ſorrow conquers. Then his blade
In haſt vnſheathes: Sure thou art mine, he ſaid;
Or ſeekes *Vlyſſes* this? this ſhall conclude
All ſenſe of wrong. And thee, ſo oft imbrude
In *Phrygian* blood, thy Lord's muſt now imbrue:
That none but *Aiax Aiax* may ſubdue.
This ſaid; his breſt, till then with wounds vngor'd,
The deadly ſword, where it could enter, bor'd.

Nor

Nor could his ſtrength the fixed ſteele reuell;
Expeld by guſhing gore. The blood that fell,
A purple flowre ingendred on the ground:
Created firſt by *Hyacinthus* wound.
The tender leaues indifferent letters paint;
Both of His name, and of the Gods complaint.
The Conqueror, now hoyſing ſailes, doth ſtand
For chaſt *Hypſipbile's*, and *Thoas* land;
(Defam'd by womens vengefull violence)
To fetch the ſhafts of *Hercules* from thence.
Theſe, with their owner, to the camp conuaid,
On that long warre a finall hand they laid.
Now *Troy* and *Priamus* together fall.
Th'vnhappie wife of *Priam* after all,
Her humane figure loſt: whoſe rauing Sprite
And vncouth howlings forrein fields affright.
The flames of *Ilium* ſtretch their hungrie fire
To narrow *Helleſpont*; nor there expire.
That little blood which *Priams* age could ſhed,
Ioues altar drinkes. By her annointed head
Apollos Prieſt they drag; her hands in vaine
To heauen vpheld. The Victor *Greekes* conſtraine
The *Dardan* Dames; a deadly-hating prey:
Who imbrace their countrie Gods; and while they may,
Behold their burning Fanes. Dire violence
Aſtyanax threw from that towre; from whence
He had ſeene his father, by his mother ſhowne,
Fight for his Kingdomes ſafetie, and his owne.
North-winds to ſeas inuite, and proſperous gales
Sing in their ſhrowds: they haſt to trim their ſailes.
The *Troian* Ladies cry, Deare ſoyle farewell!
Wee are hal'd to loth'd captiuitie! then fell
On kiſſed earth: and leaue, with much delay,
Their countries ſmoking ruines. *Hecuba*
Her ſad departure to the laſt deferres:
Now found among her childrens ſepulchers,
(A ſight of ruth!) ſpread on their tombs: there wailes;
Their cold bones kiſſing: whom *Vlyſſes* hales
From that ſad comfort. Some of *Hectors* duſt,
Vp-ſnatcht, deliuers to her boſoms truſt.
Vpon his tomb ſhe left her horie haires
(A poore oblation!) mingled with her teares.

Oppos'd to *Ilium's* ruines lyes a land,
Till'd by the *Biſtones*; in the Command
Of *Polymneſtor*. Danger to-preuent,
To him his father *Polydorus* ſent.
And wiſely; had he not withall conſign'd
A maſſe of gold, to tempt his greedie mind.
His foſter-child, when lingring *Ilium* drew
To her laſt date, the *Thracian* Tyrant ſlew.
Whom, as if he his murder with the ſlaine
Could caſt away, he caſts into the maine.
Now rod *Atrides* at the *Thracian* ſhore;
Till winds forbore to ſtorme, and ſeas to rore.
When from the yawning earth *Achilles* roſe;
Like mightie as in life: whoſe lookes diſcloſe
As ſterne a wrath, as when his lawleſſe blade
Was on *Atrides* drawne; and frowning, ſaid:
You *Greekes*, of me vnmindfull; can you thus
From hence depart? ſhall our deſerts with vs
Lodge in obliuion? Proue not ſo ingrate.
With ſlaine *Polixena* regratulate
Our Sepulcher: 'tis ſhe I couet moſt:
A ſacrifice, that will appeaſe our Ghoſt.
Then vaniſht. They th'vngentle Sprite obaid;
And from her Mothers boſom drew the Maid,
(High-ſould, vnhappie, more then feminine,)
To his reſembled tomb; with life to ſigne
Infernall Dues. Of her high birth ſhe thought:
And now vnto the bloodie altar brought;
Seeing the ſacrifice for her prepar'd,
And that *Neoptolemus* vpon her ſtar'd
With ſword aduanc't; ſhe ſaid; vntoucht with dred:
Our generous blood to your intentions ſhed:
Diſpatch; I am readie; in my throte or breſt
Your weapon ſheath. (With that, with-drew her veſt.)
Polyxena doth ſeruitude deſpiſe:
And yet no God affects ſuch ſacrifice.
I onely wiſh my death might be vnknowne
To my afflicted mother. She alone
Diſturbs the ioyes of death: though *Priams* wife
My death ſhould leſſe bewaile, then her owne life.
Nor let the touch of man pollute a maid:
That my free ſoule may to the *Stygian* ſhade

Vn-

Vntainted paſſe. If this be iuſt, remoue
Your hand: I ſhall more acceptable proue
Vnto that God or Ghoſt, what ere he bee
To whom I am offer'd, if my blood be free.
And if a dying tongue preuaile at all;
I, late great *Priams* daughter, now a thrall,
Sollicit that my corps may not be ſold;
But giuen my mother: nor exchange for gold
Sad rites of ſepulture. In former yeares
Sh'had gold to giue, now poore, accept her teares.
This hauing ſaid; for her, that would not weepe,
The People wept: the Prieſt could hardly keepe
His eyes from teares; yet did what he abhord;
And in her proffered boſom thruſt his ſword.
On doubling knees ſhee ſinks, with ſilent breath;
And chearefully incounters ſmild-on Death.
Then when ſhee fell, ſhee had a care to hide
What ſhould be hid; and chaſtly-decent dide.
Her corps was carried by the *Troian* dames:
Who in a funerall ſong repeat the names
Of *Priams* mourn'd-for Seed; what ſtreams of gore
One Houſe had ſpent. Thee, Virgin, they deplore:
And thee, ô royall Wife, entitled late
The mother Queene, and Glorie of that State:
A Captiue now, caſt by a ſcorned lot
On victor *Ithacus*; refus'd, if not
For bearing *Hector*. *Hector*, ſo renound,
A maſter hardly for his mother found.
She hug's the corps that ſuch a ſpirit kept.
Who for her countrie, children, husband, wept
So oft; now weepes for her: her lips compreſt,
Her wounds fils with her teares. Then beats her breſt:
Her hoarie haire beſmeard with clotted gore,
And boſom torne, this ſpake ſhe; and much more.
Poore daughter, our laſt ſorrow: (what is left
For Fortunes ſpight!) by bloody death bereft.
On thee I ſee my wounds. That none of mine
May woundleſſe dye, theſe wounds thy boſom ſigne.
In that a woman, thee I held ſecur'd:
But thou, a woman, ſuffer'ſt by the ſword.
This Bane of *Troy*, our Depriuation, who
So many of thy princely brothers ſlue;

Hath ſlaine thee alſo. When his life was laid
By *Paris* and *Apollo's* ſhafts, I ſaid,
Now is *Achilles* to be fear'd no more.
Now dead, to vs as dreadfull as before.
Againſt my race his aſhes raues: his tomb
Preſents a foe. O my vnhappie womb!
This furie fruitfull! Ruind *Troy* deſcends;
And ſad ſucceſſe the publick ſorrow ends:
Yet they are ended. *Ilium* alone
To vs remaines: our ſorrowes freſhly grone.
I, erſt ſo potent and ſo fortunate
In husband, ſons, and height of humane State;
To exile now am hal'd: deſpiſd, and torne
From my owne ſepulchers: from *Phrygia* borne
To ſerue *Penelope*; that while I ſew
Or ſpin at her commandment, ſhe may ſhew
Her ſlaue to *Ithacenſian* dames, and ſay,
Loe, *Hectors* mother, *Priam's Hecuba.*
My ſorrowes ſole reliefe, ſo many loſt,
Is offerd to appeaſe an hoſtile Ghoſt.
Infernall ſacrifices to the dead,
Euen to my foe, my curſed womb hath bred.
Hard heart, why breakſt thou not? what hopes ingage
Thy expectation? Miſchieuous Old-age,
For what reſeru'ſt thou me? You cruell Powres,
Why lengthen you a poore old womans howres
To ſee new funerals? O *Priam*, I
May call thee happie, after ruin'd *Troy*.
Happie in death. Thou ſeeſt not this ſad fate:
Thou loſt thy life together with thy ſtate.
Rich funerals attend thee, royall Maid:
And by thy Anceſtours thou ſhalt be laid.
O no! thy mothers teares, a heape of ſand,
Muſt now content thee in a forrein land.
All, all is loſt! Yet liues a little Boy
My laſt, and yongeſt ioy, when I could ioy;
For whom I condeſcend to liue a ſpace;
Here foſter'd by the courteous King of *Thrace*.
Meane while why ſtay we with the cleanſing flood
To waſh theſe wounds, and lookes beſmeard with blood?
Then with an aged pace, her horie haires
All torne and ſcattred, to the ſea repaires.

And

And while the wretched ſaid; You *Troades*,
A pitcher bring to draw the briniſh Seas:
She ſaw th'iected corps of *Polydor*
Stuck full of wounds vpon the beachie ſhore.
The Ladies ſhreek; ſhe dumb with ſorrow ſtood:
Internall griefe her voice, her teares, her blood,
At once deuourd. And now, as if intranc't,
Stares on the earth; ſometimes to heauen aduanc't
Her ſcouling browes: oft on his viſage gaz'd;
But oftner on his wounds. By anger rais'd,
Arm'd, and inſtructed, all on vengeance bent,
Still Queen-like, deſtinates his puniſhment.
And as a Lyoneſſe, rob'd of her yong,
Perſues the vnſeene-hunters ſteps: ſo, ſtung
With furie, when her ſorrow with her rage
Had ioyn'd their powres; vnmindfull of her age,
But not of former greatneſſe, ran with ſpeed
To *Polymneſtor*, author of this deed.
And craving conference, the Tyrant told
How ſhe would ſhew him ſummes of hidden gold
To giue her *Polydor*. This held for true;
He thirſtie of his prey, with her with-drew.
And flattering her thus craftily begun:
Delay not, *Hecuba*, t'inrich thy ſon:
By all the Gods we iuſtly will reſtore
What thou ſhalt giue, and what thou gau'ſt before.
She with a truculent aſpect beheld
The falſely ſwearing King: with anger ſweld.
Then calls the captiue dames, vpon him flyes;
Who hides her fingers in his periur'd eyes,
Extracts his eye-balls: more then vſuall ſtrong
With thirſtie vengeance, and the ſenſe of wrong,
Her hand drownes in his skull; the roots vp-tore
Of his loſt ſight, imbrude with guiltie gore.
The men of *Thrace* incenſed for their King,
Weapons and ſtones at *Hecuba* now fling.
She, gnarling, bites the followed flints: her chaps,
For ſpeech extended, bark. Of whoſe miſ-haps
That place is nam'd. She mindfull of her old
Miſ fortunes, in *Sithonian* deſerts howld.
Kind *Troians*, *Grecian* foes, both loue and hate;
Yea, all the Gods commiſerate her fate.

So all, as *Iuno* did to this deſcend;
That *Hecuba* deſeru'd not ſuch an end.
Aurora had no leaſure to lament
(Although thoſe armes ſhe fauourd) the euent
Of *Troy* or *Hecuba*. Domeſticall
And neerer griefe, afflicts her for the fall
Of *Memnon*; who *Achilles* lance imbrude
In *Phrygian* fields. This as the Goddeſſe viewd,
The roſie die, that deckt the Mornes vp-riſe
Grew forth-with pale, and clouds immur'd the skies.
Nor could indure to ſee his bodie laid
On funerall flames: but with her haire diſplaid,
As in that ſeaſon, to high *Ioue* repaires;
And kneeling, thus, with teares, vnfolds her cares.
"To all inferior, whom the skie ſuſtaines
(For mortals rarely honour me with Fanes)
A Goddeſſe yet, I come: not to deſire
Shrines, Feſtiuals, nor Altars fraught with fire;
Yet ſhould you weigh what I, a woman, doe,
That Night confine, and ſacred Day renue,
I merit ſuch: ſuch ſute not now our ſtate;
Nor ſuch deſires infect the deſolate.
Of *Memnon* rob'd, who glorious armes in vaine
Bare for his vnkle, by *Achilles* ſlaine
In flowre of youth (ſo would you Gods) come I.
O chiefe of Powres, a mothers ſorrow, by
Some honour giuen him, leſſen: death with fame
Recomfort! *Ioue* aſſents. When greedie flame
Deuour'd the funerall Pile; and curling fumes
Day ouer-caſt: as when bright Sol aſſumes
From ſtreames thick vapors, nor is ſeene below.
The flying, dying ſparkles ioyntly grow
Into one bodie. Colour, forme, life, ſpring
To it from fire, which leuitie doth wing.
Firſt like a fowle, forth-with a fowle indeed:
Innumerable ſiſters of that breed
Together whiske their feathers. Thrice they round
The funerall Pile; thrice raiſe a mournfull ſound.
In two battalions then diuide their flight;
And like two ſtrenuous nations fiercely fight:
Their oppoſites with beake and tallons rend;
Cuffe with their wings; in ſacrifice deſcend,

Now

Now dying, on the aſhes of the dead :
Remembring they were of the Valiant bred.
Theſe new-ſprung fowle, men of their author call
Memnonides. No ſooner *Sol* through all
The Signes returnes; but they reioyne againe
In ciuill warre, and dye vpon the ſlaine.
While others therefore doe commiſerate
Poore barking *Hecuba* in her chang'd fate :
Aurora her owne griefe intends; renewes
Her pious teares, which fall on earth in dewes.
Yet fates reſiſt that all the hopes of *Troy*
Should periſh with her towres. The Son and Ioy
Of *Cytherea*, with his houſhold Gods,
And aged Sire, his pious ſhoulders lodes.
Of ſo great wealth he onely choſe that prize,
And his *Aſcanius* : from *Antandros* flies
By ſeas, and ſhuns the wicked *Thracian* ſhore,
Defil'd with blood of murdred *Polydor* :
With proſperous winds arriuing with his traine
At *Phœbus* towne, where *Anius* then did raigne,
Apollo's holy Prieſt; who, with the reſt,
Into the Temple leades his honour'd Gueſt :
The citie, with the ſacred places, ſhowes;
And trees held by *Latona* in her throwes.
Incenſe on flames, and wine on incenſe powr'd;
Entrailes of ſlaughtred beeues by fire deuour'd;
His Gueſts conducts to Court : on carpet ſpred,
With *Ceres* and *Lyæus* bountie fed.
When thus *Anchiſes* : ô to *Phœbus* deare !
I am deceiu'd; or, when I firſt was here,
Foure daughters and a ſon thy ſolace crownd.
He ſhooke his head, with ſacred fillets bound;
And ſighing ſaid : ô moſt renound of men,
I was the father of fiue children then :
Whom now (ſuch is the change of things!) you ſee
Halfe childleſſe : for my abſent ſonne to mee
Is of ſmall comfort; who, my Vice-roy, raignes
In ſea-girt *Andros*, which his name retaines.
Him, *Delius* with prophetick skill inſpir'd.
A gift paſt credit, ſtill to be admir'd,
My daughters *Bacchus* gaue; aboue their ſute :
That all they toucht ſhould preſently tranſmute

To

To wine, to corne, and to *Minerua's* oyle.
Rich in the vſe. To purchace ſuch a ſpoyle,
Great *Troy's* Depopulator, *Atreus* Heire,
(Leaſt you ſhould think we haue not borne a ſhare
In your miſ-haps) with armed violence
Inforc't them from me: charged to diſpence
That heauenly gift vnto th'*Argolian* Hoſt.
They ſcape by flight: two to *Eubœa* croſt;
Two fled to *Andros*: theſe the Souldier
Perſude, and threaten (if vnrender'd) warre.
Feare nature now ſubdude: his ſiſters were
By him reſign'd; forgiue a brothers feare.
Not *Hector* nor *Æneas* then were by
To guard his towne, who ſo long guarded *Troy*.
About to bind their captiue armes in bands;
Rearing to heauen their yet vnchained hands,
O father *Bacchus* helpe! While thus they praid,
The Author of that gift preſents his aid.
(If ſuch a loſſe may be accounted ſo)
Yet how they loſt their ſhapes I could not know;
Nor yet can tell. It ſelfe the ſequel proues;
Conuerted to thy Wiues white-featherd Doues.
With ſuch diſcourſe they entertaine the feaſt:
That ta'ne away, diſpoſe themſelues to reſt.
With day they roſe; the Oracle exquire:
Who bids them to their antient Nurſe retire,
And kinred-ſhores. With them the King conuents,
And their departure with rich gifts preſents.
A ſcepter to *Anchiſes* giues: a braue
Rich cloke, a quiuer, t'*Aſcanius* gaue:
A figur'd goblet on *Æneas* preſt;
By *Theban Therſes* ſent him, once his Gueſt.
Mylean Alcon made what *Therſes* ſent;
And caru'd thereon this ample argument.
A Citie with ſeuen gates of equall grace;
Theſe plainly character the name, and place.
Before it, exequies, tombs, piles, bright fires.
Dames with ſpredhaire, bare breſts, and torne attires,
Decipher mourning: Nymphs appeare to weep
For their drie Springs: ſap-ſearing cankers creep
On naked trees: Goats lick the foodleſſe earth.
In midſt of *Thebes*, *Orion's* female birth

Vn-

Vndanted ſtand: This proffers to the ſword
Her manly breſt; Her hands her death afford,
For common ſafetie. All the people mourne;
And with due funerals their bodies burne.
Yet leaſt the world ſhould ſuch a linage loſe,
Two youths out of their virgin aſhes roſe.
Theſe Orphans wandring Fame *Coronæ* calls:
Who celebrate their mothers funeralls.
The antick braſſe with fulgent figures ſhin'd:
Whoſe brim neat wreaths of guilt Acanthus bind.
Nor were the *Troian* gifts of leſſe expence:
Who gaue a Cenſor for ſweet frankincenſe,
An ample Chalice of a curious mold;
With theſe a crowne, that ſhone with gemmes and gold.
In that the *Teucrans* ſprung from *Teucers* blood,
They ſaile to *Creet*: but *Ioue* their ſtay with-ſtood.
Leauing thoſe hundred Cities, now they ſtand
For wiſht *Auſonia's* deſtinated ſtrand.
Toſt by rough Winter and the wrath of ſeas,
They anchor at the faithleſſe *Strophades*.
Thence frighted by *Aëllo*; ſaile away
By ſteepe *Dulichium*, ſtonie *Ithaca*,
Samus, high *Neritus* claſp'd by the Maine;
All ſubiect to the ſlye *Vlyſſes* raigne.
Then at *Ambracia* touch, the ſtrife and grudge
Of angrie Gods; the image of the Iudge
Behold, by them conuerted into ſtone:
Now to *Actiacan Apollo* knowne.
Then the *Dodonean* vocall Oke they view;
Chaonia, where *Moloſſus* children flew
With aidfull feathers from the impious flame;
Next to *Phæacia*, rich in hort-yards, came;
Then to *Epirus*: at *Buthrotos* ſtaid,
Whoſe ſcepter now the *Phrygian* Prophet ſwaid;
And ſee reſembled *Troy*. Fore-told of all
By *Priam's Helenus*, that would befall,
They reach *Sicania*. This three tongues extends
Into circumfluent Seas. *Pachynus* bends
To ſhowrie *Auſter*; flowrie *Zephyr* blowes
On *Lilybæum's* browes; *Pelorus* ſhowes
His Cliffes to *Boreas*, and the Sea-expeld
Arcturus. Vnder this their courſe they held

With ſtretching oares; and fauourd by the tide,
That night in *Zancle's* crooked harbor ride.
The right-ſide dangerous *Scylla*, turbulent
Charybdis keepes the left; on ruine bent.
Shee belches ſwallowed ſhips from her profound:
Her ſable womb, dogs, euer rau'ning, round;
Yet beares a virgins face: if all be true
That Poets ſing, ſhe was a virgin too.
By many ſought, as many ſhe deſpis'd:
To Nymphs of Seas, of Sea-nymphs highly prizd,
She beares her vizets; and to them diſcouers
The hiſtorie of her deluded louers.
To whom thus *Galatea*, ſighing, ſaid;
While *Scylla* comb'd her haire. You, louely Maid,
Are lou'd of generous-minded men, whom you
With ſafetie may refuſe, as now you doe.
But I, great *Nereus* and blue *Doris* Seede,
Great in ſo many ſiſters of that breede;
By ſhunning of the *Cyclops* loue prouokt
A ſad reuenge. Here teares her vtterance chokt.
Theſe cleanſed by the marble-finger'd maid;
Who, hauing comforted the Goddeſſe, ſaid:
Relate, ô moſt ador'd, nor from me keepe
The wretched cauſe that makes a Goddeſſe weepe;
For I am faithfull. *Nereis* conſents,
And thus her griefe to *Cratis* daughter vents.
The Nymph *Simethis* bore a louely Boy
To *Faunus*, *Acis* cald; to them a ioy;
To vs a greater. For the ſweetly-Faire
To me an innocent affection bare.
His blooming youth twice-told eight Natals crowne,
And ſigne his cheekes with ſcarce-appearing downe.
As I the gentle boy, ſo *Polypheme*
My loue perſude; vnlike, a like extreame.
Whether my loue to *Acis*, or my hate
To him were more, I hardly can relate.
Both infinite! ô *Venus*, what a powre
Hath thy command! He, ſtill auſtere and ſowre,
A terror to the woods, from whom no gueſt
With life eſcapes, accuſtomed to feaſt
On humane fleſh; who all the Gods aboue,
With them *Olympus* ſcorn'd; now ſtoops to loue.

Forget-

Forgetfull of his flocks and caues, a fire
Feedes in his breast, conuerts into desire.
His feature now intends, now bends his care
To please: with rakes he combs his stubborne haire;
His bristles barbes with scithes: and by the brook's
Vnsolid mirror calmes his dreadfull lookes:
His thirst of blood, and loue of slaughter cease;
Lesse cruell now: ships come and goe in peace.
When *Telemus* came from *Sicilian* seas,
Augurious *Telemus Eurymides*,
And said to *Polypheme*, thy browes large sight
Shall by *Vlysses* be depriu'd of light.
O foole, he laughing said, thou tell'st a lye;
A female hath alreadie stolne that eye.
Thus flouts the Prophets true prediction:
And with extended paces stalks vpon
The burdned shore; or wearie, from the waue-
Bet beach retireth to his gloomie caue,
A promontorie thrusts into the maine;
Whose cliffie sides the breaking Seas restraine:
The *Cyclop* this ascends: whose fleecie flock
Vnforced follow. Seated on a rock;
His staffe, a well-growne Pine, before him cast,
Sufficient for a yard-supporting mast;
He blowes his hundred reeds: whose squeaking fils
The far-resounding Seas, and ecchoing hils.
Hid in a hollow rock, and laid along
By *Acis* side, I heard him sing this song.
O *Galatea*, more then lillye-white,
More fresh then flowrie meads, then glasse more bright,
Higher then Alder trees, then kids more blithe,
Smoother then shels whereon the surges driue,
More wisht then winters Sun, or Summers aire,
More sweet then grapes, then apples farre more rare,
Clearer then Ice, more seemely then tall Planes
Softer then tender curds, or downe of Swans,
More faire, if fixt, then gardens by the fall
Of springs in chac't. Though thus, thou art withall
More fierce then saluage bulls, who know no yoke,
Then waues more giddie, harder then the oke,
Then vines or willow twigs more eas-lie bent,
More stiffe then rocks, then streames more violent,

Prouder then peacocks prais'd, more raſh then fire,
Then Beares more cruell, ſharper then the brier,
Deafer then Seas, more fell then trod-on ſnake;
And, if I could, what I would from thee take,
More ſpeedie then the hound-perſued Hind,
Or chaced clouds, or then the flying wind.
If knowne to thee, thou wouldſt thy flight repent;
Curſe thy delay, and labour my content.
For I haue caues within the liuing ſtone;
To Summers heat, and Winters cold vnknowne:
Trees charg'd with apples; ſpreading vines that hold
A purple grape, and grapes reſembling gold.
For thee I theſe preſerue, affected Maid.
Thou ſtrawberries ſhalt gather in the ſhade,
Autumnal cornels, plummes with azure rind,
And wax-like yellow of a generous kind;
Nor ſhalt thou cheſ-nuts want, if mine thou bee,
Nor ſcalded wildings: ſeru'd by euery tree.
Theſe flocks are ours: in vallies many ſtray,
Woods many ſhade, at home as many ſtay.
Nor can I, ſhould you aske, their number tell:
Who number theirs, are poore. How theſe excell,
Belieue not me, but credit your owne eyes:
See how their vdders part their ſtradling thighes.
I in my ſheepe-coats haue new-weaned lambs;
And friſking kids late taken from their dams.
New milke, freſh curds and creame, with cheeſe well preſt,
Are neuer wanting for thy pallats feaſt.
Nor will we gifts for thy delight prepare
Of eaſie purchace, or what are not rare:
Deere, read and fallow, Roes, light-footed hares,
Neſts ſcal'd from cliffes, and doues produc't by paires.
A rugged Beares rough twins I found vpon
The mountaine late, ſcarce from each other knowne,
For thee to play with: finding theſe, I ſaid,
My Miſtris you ſhall ſerue. Come lourly Maid,
Come *Galatea*, from the ſurges riſe,
Bright as the Morning; nor our gifts deſpiſe.
I know my ſelfe; my image in the brooke
I lately ſaw, and therein pleaſure tooke.
Behold, how great! not *Iupiter* aboue
(For much you talke I know not of what *Ioue*)

Is larger ſiz'd: curles, on my browes diſplaid,
Affright; and like a groue my ſhoulders ſhade.
Nor let it your eſteeme of me impaire,
That all my bodie briſtles with thick haire.
Trees without leaues, and horſes without manes,
Are ſights vnſeemely: graſſe adornes the plaines,
Wooll ſheepe, and feathers fowle. A manly face
A beard becomes: the skin rough briſtles grace.
Amid my fore-head ſhines one onely light;
Round, like a mightie ſhield, and cleere of ſight.
The Sun all obiects ſees beneath the skie:
And yet behold, the Sun hath but one eye.
Beſides, your Seas obey my fathers throne:
I giue you him for yours. Doe you alone
Vouchſafe me pitie, and your ſuppliant heare:
To you I onely bow; you onely feare.
Heauen, *Iupiter*, his lightning I deſpiſe:
More dread the lightning of thy angrie eyes.
And yet your ſcorne my patience leſſe would moue,
Were all contemn'd. Why ſhould you *Acis* loue,
And ſlight the *Cyclop*? why to him more free?
Although himſelfe he pleaſe; and pleaſeth thee,
(Which frets me moſt) could I your darling get,
He then ſhould find my ſtrength and me like great.
His guts I would extract, ſqueaze out his braines,
Throw his diſſeuered limmes about the plaines:
And if with thee he mingle, mixe thy waue
With his hot blood; and make thy deepe his graue.
For ô, I frye! deſpiſd affection burnes
With greater rage: my All to *Ætna* turnes,
And all her flames are in my boſom pent:
Yet *Galatea*, wilt not thou relent.
This ſaid, he roſe; (for I beheld him well.)
Nor could ſtand ſtill; but terrible and fell,
Hurries about the woods and well knowne coaſt;
Much like a bull that hath his heifer loſt.
Who me and *Acis*, too ſecure, eſpy'd:
And with a voice that ſutes a *Cyclop*, cry'd,
This houre ſhall bee the laſt of all your ioyes.
Affrighted *Ætna* rored with the noiſe.
I vnder water din'd: he flying ſaid;
Helpe *Galatea*! you, ô parents, aid

The

The vtterly vndone; and entertaine
Your iſſue in the Empire where you raigne.
A torne-off rock the following *Cyclop* threw:
Whoſe vtter edge o'r-whelmed *Acis* ſlew.
We did, what could be licenſed by Fate:
Reſuming *Acis* to his Grand-ſires ſtate.
The purple blood from that depreſſure fled;
Which preſently forſooke the natiue red:
Firſt like a raine-diſcoloured ſtreame appeares;
Then chriſtaline. The rock in ſunder teares:
Whoſe crannies with vp-ſtarting reeds abound;
And in the breach inſulting waues reſound:
From whence a youth aroſe aboue the waſt;
His horned browes with quiuering reeds imbrac't.
'Twas wonderous ſtrange: but that his lookes appeare
More blew, and he more great, it *Acis* were.
And ſo it was: although he now became
A liuing ſtreame, which ſtill preſerues his name.
Here *Galatea* ends; th'aſſembly brake:
To ſmiling Seas the Nymphs themſelues betake.
Scylla returning, dares not truſt the Deepes:
But naked, nigh the thirſtie grauell keepes;
Or wearie, in the more-ſequeſtred waues
Her comely limmes with cooling water laues.
Loe, *Glaucus* in the Sea but lately knowne,
Transformed neere *Euboean Antheden*,
Through ſliced waues arriues: rapt with her ſight;
By gentle words attempts to ſtay her flight.
She faſter fled: who ſwift with feare aſcends
A loftie hill, which neere the ſhore extends:
Whoſe round congeſted ſummit, crownd with wood,
Did ouer-peere the vnder-ſwelling flood.
There ſtayes, ſecured by the place; nor knew
If God, or Monſter: much admires his hiew,
His ſpreading locks, which all his ſhoulders veile;
And hinder parts, that beare a fiſhes taile.
Perceiued; leaning on a rock, he ſaid:
I am no beaſt, nor prodigie, faire Maid:
Not *Proteus*, *Triton*, *Athamanti'des*,
Are greater Gods, or more command in Seas.
Yet once a mortall; and did then frequent
Th'affected Seas. On thoſe my labour ſpent.

Some

Sometimes with nets I fiſhes hale to land:
Sometimes the line directed with my wand.
The ſhore a meddow bounds; whereof one ſide
Is fring'd with weeds, the other with the tyde.
On this nor horned cattle euer fed,
Nor harmleſſe ſheep, nor gotes on mountains bred.
No bees from hence their thighes with hony lade;
Thoſe flowres no geniall garlands euer made:
That graſſe ne'r cut with ſithes. Of mortals I
Firſt thither came; my nets hung vp to drie.
While I expos'd the fiſhes which I tooke;
By their credulitie hung on my hooke,
Or maſht in nets; (what would a lye behoue?
Yet ſuch it ſeemes) my prey began to moue,
Diſplay their finnes, and ſwim as on the flood.
While I neglect their ſtay, and wondering ſtood;
They all by flight auoiding my command,
Together left their owner and the land.
Amaz'd, and doubting long; the cauſe I ſought,
If either God, or Hearb, this wonder wrought.
What hearb, ſaid I, hath ſuch a powre? in haſt
An hearb I puld, and gaue it to my taſt.
No ſooner ſwallowed, but my entrailes ſhooke:
When forth-with I an other nature tooke.
Nor could refraine; but ſaid, ô Earth, my laſt
Farewell receiue! in ſeas my ſelfe I caſt.
The Sea-gods now vouchſafing my receit
Into their ſacred fellowſhip, intreat
Both *Tethys* and *Oceanus*, that they
Would take, what euer mortall was, away.
Whom now they hallow, and with charmes nine times
Repeated, purge me from my humane crimes:
And bade me couch beneath a hundred ſtreames.
Forth-with the riuers ruſht from ſundrie Realmes;
And ſea-rais'd ſurges roule aboue my crowne.
As ſoone as ſtreames retire, and ſeas were downe,
An other bodie, and an other mind;
Vnlike the former, they to me aſſign'd.
Thus much of Wonder I remember well:
Thenceforth inſenſible of what befell.
Then firſt of all this ſea-greene beard I ſaw,
Theſe dangling locks, which through the deepe I draw;

Broad

Broad ſhoulder-blades, blew armes of greater might;
And thighes which in a fiſhes taile vnite.
What bootes this forme? my grace with Gods of ſeas?
Or that a God? If thou affect not theſe?
While this he ſpake, and would haue vttred more,
Coy *Scylla* flies. He with impatience bore
His loues repulſe: whom ſtrong deſires tranſport
To great *Titanian Circes* horrid Court.

OVID'S

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The fourteenth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

INchanted Scylla, *hembd with horrid ſhapes,*
Becomes a Rock. Cercopeans *turn'd to Apes.*
Sibylla *weares t'a Voice.* Vlyſſes *men*
Transformd to Swine, are re-transformd agan.
Picus *a Bird: his Followers, Beaſts. Deſpaire*
Reſolues ſad-ſinging Canens *into Aire.*
The Mates of Diomed *vnreconcil'd*
Idalia *turnes to Fowle. An Oliue wild*
Rude Apulus *deciphers.* Turnus *burnes*
Æneas *ſhips: theſe* Berecynthia *turnes*
To Sea-nymphs; who Alcinôus *Ship with ioy*
Behold a Rock. The Troian *flames deſtroy*
Beſieged Ardea; *from whoſe aſhes ſprings*
A meager Herne, that beares them on her wings.
Æneas, *Deifi'd.* Vertumnus *tries*
All ſhapes. Rhamnuſia, *for her cruelties,*
Congeales proud Anaxarete *to Stone.*
Cold Fountaines boyle with heat. T'a heauenly throne
Mars Romulus *aſſumes.* Herſilia
Like grace receiues: who ioyne in equall ſway.

NOw *Glaucus*, thron'd in tumid floods, had paſt
High *Ætna*, on the iawes of *Typhon* caſt;
Cyclopian fields, where neuer oxen drew
The furrowing plough, nor euer tillage knew;
Crookt *Zancle*; *Rhegium* on the other ſide;
The wrackfull Straights, whoſe double bounds diuide
Sicilia from *Auſonia*: forward driues
Through ſpatious *Tyrrhen* Seas; at length arriues
At hearbie Hils, *Phœbean Circes* ſeat,
With ſundrie formes of monſtrous beaſts repleat.
When, mutually ſaluting, *Glaucus* ſaid:
A God, ô Goddeſſe, pittie: on your aid
Alone relies (if my deſert might moue
So deare a grace) t'aſſwagement of my Loue.

For none then I, *Titania*, better knowes
The powre of hearbs, that am transformd by thoſe.
T'informe you better, in *Italia*
Againſt *Meſſenia*, on a ſandie Bay,
I *Scylla* ſaw: it ſhames me to recite
My ſlighted court-ſhip, anſwered by her flight.
Doe thou, if charmes auaile, in charmes vntie
Thy ſacred tongue: or ſoueraigne Hearbs apply,
If of more powre. Yet I affect no cure,
Nor end of Loue: like heat let her indure.
But *Circe* (none to ſuch deſires more prone,
Or that the cauſe is in her ſelfe alone;
Or ſtung by *Venus* angrie influence,
In that her Father publiſht her offence)
Reply'd: The willing with more eaſe perſue;
Who wiſh the ſame, whom equall flames ſubdue.
For Thou ô well deſeru'ſt to be perſude:
Giue hope, and, credit me, thou ſhalt be woo'd.
Reſt therefore of thy beautie confident:
Loe, I, a Goddeſſe, radiant *Sols* deſcent,
In hearbs ſo potent, and no leſſe in charmes;
Proffer my ſelfe, and pleaſures to thy armes.
Scorne her that ſcornes thee; her, that ſeeks, perſue:
And in one deed reuenge thy ſelfe of two.
Glaucus reply'd to her who ſought him ſo:
Firſt ſhadie groues ſhall on the billowes grow,
And Sea-weeds to the mountaine tops remoue;
Ere I (and *Scylla* liuing) change my loue.
The Goddeſſe frets: who ſince ſhe neither could
Deſtroy a Deitie, nor, louing, would;
On her, preferd before her, bends her ire:
And high-incenſed with repulſt deſire,
Forth-with infectious drugs of dire effects
Together grinds; and *Hecat's* charmes iniects:
A ſullen robe indues, the Court forſakes
Through throngs of fawning beaſts: her iourny takes
To *Rhegium* oppoſite to *Zancle's* ſhore;
And treads the troubled waues that lowdly rore.
Running with vn wet feet on that Profound;
As if ſh'had trod vpon the ſolid ground.
A little Bay, by *Scylla* haunted, lies
Bent like a bow; ſconſt from the Seas and skies

Diſtem-

Diſtemper, when the high-pitcht Sun inuades
The World with hotteſt beames, and ſhortens ſhades.
This with portenteous poyſons ſhee pollutes;
Beſprinkled with the iuyce of wicked rootes:
In words darke and ambiguous, nine-times thrice
Inchantments mutters with her magick voice.
Now *Scylla* came; and, wading to the waſt,
Beheld her hips with barking dogs imbrac't.
Starts back: at firſt not thinking that they were
Part of her ſelfe; but rates them, and doth feare
Their threatning iawes: but thoſe, from whom ſhe flies,
She with her hales. Then looking for her thighes,
Her legs, and feete; in ſtead of them ſhee found
The mouthes of *Cerberus*; inuiron'd round
With rau'ning Curres: the backs of ſaluage beaſts
Support her groine; whereon her belly reſts.
Kind *Glaucus* wept; and *Circes* bed refus'd:
Who had ſo cruelly her Art abus'd.
But *Scylla*, ſtill remaining, *Circe* hates;
Who for that cauſe deſtroy'd *Vlyſſes* mates.
And had the *Troian* nauie drownd of late,
If not before transform'd by powerfull Fate
Into a Rock: the ſtonie Prodigie
Yet eminent, from which the Sea-men flie.
This, and *Charybdis* paſt with ſtretching oares;
The *Troian* fleet, now neare th' *Auſonian* ſhores,
Croſſe winds, and violent, to *Libya* draue.
There, in her heart, and pallace, *Dido* gaue
Æneas harbor: with impatience beares
Her husbands flight: forth-with a Pile ſhe reares,
Pretending ſacrifice; and then doth fall
Vpon his ſword: deceiu'd, deceiuing all.
Flying from *Carthage*, *Eryx* he re-gaind;
There where his faithfull friend *Aceſtes* raignd.
His fathers funeralls re-ſolemniz'd,
He puts to Sea, with ſhips well-nigh ſurpriz'd
By *Iris* flames. *Hippotades'* Command,
The ſulphur-fuming Iles, the rocky Strand
Of *Acheloian Sirens* leauing, loſt
His Pilot: to *Inarime* then croſt,
To *Prochyta*, and *Pithecuſa*, walld
With barren hills; ſo of her people calld.

For *Iupiter*, deteſting much the ſlie
And fraudulent *Cercopeans* periurie,
Into deformed beaſts transformd them then;
Although vnlike, appearing like to men:
Contracts their limmes, their noſes from their browes
He flats, their faces with old wrinkles plowes;
And, couering them with yellow haire, affords
This dwelling; firſt depriuing them of words,
So much abus'd to periurie and wrongs:
Who iabber, and complaine with ſtammering tongues.
Then on the right-hand left *Parthenope*,
Miſenus on the left, far-ſtretcht in Sea,
So named of his Trumpetor: thence, paſt
By ſlimie Mariſhes, and anchor caſt
At *Cuma*; entring long-liu'd *Sibyls* caues?
A paſſage through obſcure *Auernus* craues
T'his Fathers *Manes*. She erects her eyes,
Long fixt on earth, and with the Deitie's
Reception fild, in ſacred rage reply'd.
Great things thou ſeekſt, ô thou ſo magnifi'd
For mightie deeds: thy pietie through flame,
Thy arme through Armies conſecrate thy name.
Yet feare not, *Troian*, thy deſires inioy:
T'*Elyſian* Fields, th'infernall Monarchie,
And Fathers Shade, I will thy perſon guide:
No way to noble Vertue is deniide.
Then to a Golden bough directs his view,
Which in *Auernian Iuno's* Hort-yard grew:
And bade him pull it from the ſacred tree.
Æneas her obeyes: and now doth ſee
The Spoyles of dreadfull Hell; his Grand-ſires, loſt
In death, and great *Anchiſes* aged Ghoſt.
There knowes the cuſtomes of the *Latian* State,
The toyle of future warre, and following fate.
Then, in retreat, his wearie ſteps applide:
And by diſcourſe with his *Cumæan* Guide
His toyle beguiles; as in that horrid way,
Through gloomie twy-light, he remounts to Day.
Whether, ſaid he, thou bee'ſt a Deity,
Or of the Gods belou'd; for euer I
Will ſerue thee as a Goddeſſe: and confeſſe
That by thy fauour I haue wonne acceſſe

Vnto

Vnto th'abodes of Death; and that by thee
I from th'abodes of gripple Death am free.
And therefore will, when I to Day returne,
A Temple build, and incenſe to thee burne.
The Propheteſſe on him reuerts her eye;
And ſighing, ſaid; I am no Deitie:
To mortals offer no immortall Dues;
Leaſt ignorance thy gratitude abuſe.
Yet had beene free from deaths impetuous powre,
Had I to *Phœbus*, giuen my virgin flowre.
While hopefull; tempting me with gifts, he ſaid,
Aske what thou wilt, my faire *Cumæan* Maid,
And take thy wiſh. I ſhew'd a heape of ſand,
And wiſht as many Birth dayes as my hand
Contained graines: forgot to adde the prime
Of youthfull yeares, which ſhould haue crownd my time.
Who this had granted alſo, if my bed
He could haue won. His gifts deſpis'd, I led
A ſingle life. Thoſe happier times are gone;
And craſie Age with trembling ſteps comes on.
Seauen Ages haue I liu'd; and liue I muſt
Till yeares haue equalled thoſe graines of duſt.
Three hundred Harueſts conſummate the ſumme;
Three hundred Vintages. The time will come,
When length of dayes my bodie ſhall abate,
And little leaue in quantitie or weight.
None then will think that I belou'd had beene,
Or pleas'd a God. He, by whom all is ſeene,
(Such change ſhall I indure) or, will not know,
Or elſe denie, that he had lou'd me ſo.
No eye ſhall ſee me: yet a voice alone
Fate will afford; by which I ſhall be knowne.
Thus *Sibyl*, as they clim'd that ſteepe aſcent.
When good *Æneas* through this *Stygian* vent
At *Cuma* roſe: and ſacrificing, came
To ſhores ſince called of his Nurſes name.
Neritian Macareus, the friend
Of *Ithacus* did here his trauels end.
Who knowing *Achæmenides*, of late
On *Ætna* left, admires to ſee his mate
Long giuen for dead. What chance, or God, ſaid he
O *Achæmenides*, hath ſet thee free?

How

How comes a *Gracian* ſouldier to be found
In *Troian* veſſell? for what Countrie bound?
When *Achamenides*: (not now forlorne,
Now like himſelfe, his rags not pind with thorne)
May I fell *Polyphem* behold againe,
Whoſe iawes ore-flow with blood of ſtrangers ſlaine;
If I this ſhip prefer not farre aboue
Vlyſſes home; or leſſe *Æneas* loue
Then my owne father. Could I render more
Then all my All, the recompence were poore.
That now I ſpeak, I breath, Heauen, Sun-ſhine ſee
(Can I vnmindfull, or vngratefull be)
Is by his bountie: that the *Cyclops* fowle
And hungrie maw had not deuour'd my Soule:
That now I may be buried when I die;
Or at the leaſt, not in his entrailes lie.
O what a heart had I! with feare bereft
Of ſoule and ſenſe! when I behind was left,
And ſaw your flight! I had an Out-crie made,
But that afeard to haue my ſelfe betrayd.
Yours, almoſt had *Vlyſſes* ſhip deſtroyd.
I ſaw him riue out of the mountaines ſide
A ſolid rock, and dart it on the Maine:
I ſaw the furious Giant once againe,
When mightie ſtones with monſtrous ſtrength he flung:
Like quarries by a warlike engine ſlung.
Leaſt ſhip ſhould ſinke with waues and ſtones I feare:
Not then remembring, that I was not there.
He, when your flight had reſcu'd you from death,
O'r *Ætna* paces; ſighing clouds of breath:
And groping in the woods, bereft of ſight,
Incounters iuſtling rocks: mad with deſpight
Extends his bloody armes to vnder waues,
The *Greekes* perſues with curſes; and thus raues.
O would ſome God *Vlyſſes* would ingage,
Or ſome of his, to my inſatiate rage!
I'd gnaw his heart, his liuing members rend,
Gulpe downe his blood till it againe aſcend,
And craſh his panting ſinewes. O, how light
A loſſe, or none, were then my loſſe of ſight!
This ſpake, and more. My ioynts pale horror ſhooke,
To ſee his grim, and ſlaughter-ſmeared looke,

His

His bloodie hands, his eyes deſerted ſeat,
Vaſt limmes, and beard with humane gore concreat.
Death ſtood before mine eyes (my leaſt diſmay :)
Now thought my ſelfe ſurpriz'd; now, that I lay
Sou'ſt in his paunch. That time preſents my view,
When two of ours on daſhing ſtones he threw :
Then on them like a ſhagged Lyon lies;
Their entrailes, fleſh, yet mouing arteries,
White marrow, with craſht bones, at once deuoures.
I, ſad, and bloodleſſe ſtood : feare chil'd my powres,
Seeing him eat, and caſt the horrid food;
Raw lumps of fleſh, wine mixt with clotted blood.
Euen ſuch a fate my wretched thoughts propound.
Long lying hid, afraid of euery ſound,
Abhorring death, yet coueting to die;
With maſt, and hearbs repelling famine; I,
Alone, forlorne, to death and torment left,
This ſhip eſpy'd: this by my geſtures weft,
I ranne to ſhore, nor ſafetie vainely ſeeke :
A *Troian* veſſell entertaind a *Greeke*.
Now, worthie friend, your owne aduentures tell;
And what, ſince firſt you put to ſea, befell.
He told how *Æolus* raign'd in *Thuſcan* Seas,
Storme-fettering *Æolus Hippotades*,
Who nobly gaue to their *Dulichian* Guide
A wind, incloſed in an oxes hide.
Nine dayes they ſailed with ſucceſſefull gales;
Sought ſhores deſcry'd: the tenth had blancht their ſailes;
When greedie Sailers, thinking to haue found
A maſſe of enuy'd gold, the wind vnbound.
This through rough ſeas the Nauie backward driues,
Which at th'*Æolian* port againe arriues.
To *Laſtrigonian Lamus* ancient towne
From thence, ſaid he, we came. That countries crowne
Antiphates then wore. Three thither ſent,
Two of vs ſcarce by flight our death preuent:
The third the *Laſtrigonians* teeth imbrude
With his hot gore. *Antiphates* perſude
Our flight; incites his troopes; who tumbling downe
Huge ſtones and trees, our men and veſſels drowne.
One ſcap't; which vs, and ſad *Vlyſſes* bore.
Ioyntly our loſt companions wee deplore;

And

And grieuing reach that Sea-inuiron'd land,
Which farre from hence you ſee: Still may it ſtand
Farre from my ſight! beware thou Goddeſſe Sonne,
Iuſt *Troian* Prince; (for now the warres are done,
With them for euer end our enmitie)
From *Circes* Manſion, ô *Æneas* flie.
There anchoring; mindfull of the *Cyclops* ſtrand,
And fell *Antiphates*, we feare to land.
But caſting lots, the lot elected vs,
Faithfull *Polites*, ſage *Eurylochus*,
Elpenor prone to wine, and eighteene more
To viſit *Circes* on that vnknowne ſhore.
Approching, we before the Portall ſtaid.
A thouſand Lyons, Beares, and Wolues inuade
Our hearts with terror: but their milde aſſailes
No wounds produce: who wag their flattering tailes,
And fawning follow; till her hand-maids came
And led vs through that marble-couerd frame
Vnto their Miſtris. On a throne of State,
She in a ſumptuous inward chamber ſate:
Her vnder Veſt, with gold imbelliſht, ſhone;
And ouer it a purple mantle throwne.
Nereides, and Nymphs, nor carded wooll,
Nor following twine with buſie fingers pull:
But weeds diſpoſe in order; mingled flowres
Select in maunds, and hearbs of different powres,
At her direction: who the vertue knew
Of euery ſimple, of their compounds too;
And giues them their due weight. Saluted, ſhee
Salutes againe; her chearefull lookes as free,
As her full bountie to ſupplie our neede.
Who bids her readie damſels mixe with ſpeede
The pulp of barly, hony, curds, ſtrong wines;
And to this ſweet receit hid iuces ioynes.
Then gaue the cup with her owne ſacred hand;
Which thirſtily we drunk, while with her wand
The direfull Goddeſſe ſtrokes our crownes. I ſhame
To tell; yet tell: I preſently became
With briſtles rough: thinking, as I was wont,
T'haue ſpoke, and ſhew'd my griefe in words, I grunt.
My lookes hung downe, my mouth extends t'a ſnout,
My ſtiffer neck with ſwelling brawnes ſticks out;

And

And goe vpon thoſe hands, wherewith of late
I tooke the cup. With thoſe whom frighfull fate
Had thus vn-mand (ſo great a potencie
In potions lurks) included in a Stie.
Alone *Eurylochus* the ſhape of Swine
Auoides: alone refus'd the proffered wine.
Which had not hee reiected, with the reſt
Himſelfe had prou'd a briſtle-bearing Beaſt.
Nor ſhould *Vlyſſes* our miſ-haps haue knowne:
Or forced *Circe* to reſtore his owne.
Peace-bearing *Hermes* gaue him a white flowre;
Call'd *Moly* by the Gods; of wonderous powre,
Sprung from a Sable root: inform'd withall
By heauenly counſell, enters *Circe's* Hall.
Proffering th'inſidious Cup, her magick wand
About to raiſe, he thruſts her from her ſtand;
And with drawne ſword the trembling Goddeſſe frights.
When vowed faith with her faire hand ſhee plights;
And grac't him with her nuptiall bed: who then
Demands in dowrie his transfigur'd men.
Sprinkled with bitter iuyce, her wand reuerſt
Aboue our crownes, and charmes with charmes diſperſt;
The more ſhee chants, wee grow the more vpright,
Our briſtles ſhed, our clouen feete vnite,
Shoulders and armes poſſeſſe their former grace.
With teares our weeping Generall we imbrace,
And hang about his neck: nor ſcarce a word
Breathes through our lips, but ſuch as thanks afford.
From hence our Paſſe was for a yeare deferr'd;
In that long time much ſaw I, and much heard:
Of which, a Maid (one of the foure, prepar'd
For ſacred ſeruice) cloſely this declar'd.
For while my Chiefe with *Circe* ſports alone,
Shee ſhew'd a youthfull Image of white ſtone
Clos'd in a Shrine, with crownes imbelliſhed;
Who bare a Wood-pecker vpon his head.
Demanding whoſe it was, why placed there,
Why hee that Bird vpon his ſummit bare?
I will, reply'd ſhee, O *Macareus*, tell
In this my Miſtris power: obſerue mee well.
Saturnian Picus in *Auſonia* raign'd,
Who generous horſes for the battle train'd.

His forme, such as you see: whom had you known,
You would haue ta'ne this feature for his own.
His mind as beautifull. Nor yet could hee
Foure *Græcian* wrastlings in th'*Olympicks* see.
The *Dryades*, in *Latian* mountaines borne,
His looks attract: nor Nymphs of fountains scorne
To sue for pitie. Those whom *Albula*,
Numicus, *Anio*, *Almo* short of way,
And headie *Nar* sustaine; the shadie Flood
Of *Farfarus*, the *Scythian Cynthias* woo'd,
Inuiron'd marishes, and neighbouring lakes.
Yet for one only Nymph the rest forsakes:
Who whilome on Mount *Palatine*, the faire
Venilia to the two fac'd *Ianus* bare.
The Maid, now marriageable, honoured
Laurentian Picus with her nuptiall bed.
Her beautie admirable: yet more fam'd
For artfull song; and there of *Canens* nam'd.
Her voice the woods and rocks to passion moues;
Tames saluage beasts, the trobled Riuers smooths,
Detaines their hastie course, and, when she sings,
The birds neglect the labour of their wings.
While her sweet voice cœlestiall musick yeelds,
Young *Picus* followes in *Laurentian* Fields
The saluage Bore, vpon a fierie Steed;
Arm'd with two darts: clad in a *Tyrian* weed
With gold close-buckl'd. Thither also came
The Daughter of the Sun; who left her name
Retaining fields, and on those fruitfull hills
Her sacred lap with deawie Simples fills.
Seeing vnseene, his sight her sense amaz'd:
The gathered hearbs fell from her as she gaz'd:
Whose bones a marrow-melting flame inclos'd
But when shee her distraction had compos'd;
About t'impart her wish, attendancie,
And swiftnesse of his horse, accesse denie.
Thou shalt not so escape, said she, altho'
The winds should wing thee; if my selfe I know,
If hearbs retaine their powre, if charmes at least
My trust deceiue not. Then creates a Beast
Without a bodie, bid to runne before
The Kings persuit; and made the ayrie Bore

To take a thicket, where no horſe could force
His barr'd acceſſe. He leaues his foming horſe
On foot to follow a deceitfull Shade,
With equall hopes: and through the forreſt ſtraid.
New Vowes ſhe ſtraight conceiueth, aid implores:
And Gods vnknowne with vnknowne charmes adores.
Wherewith inur'd t'eclipſe the pale-fac't Moone:
And cloud her Fathers ſplendor at high Noone.
And now with pitchie fogs obſcures the Day,
From earth exhal'd. His Guard miſtake their way
In that deceitfull Night, and from him ſtraid.
When ſhee, the time and place befitting, ſaid:
By thoſe faire eyes, which haue inthralled mine;
And by that all-alluring face of thine,
Which makes a Goddeſſe ſue; aſſwage the fire
By thee incenſt; and take vnto thy Sire
The all-illuminating Sunne: nor proue
Hard-hearted to *Titanian Circes* loue.
Her, and her prayers, deſpis'd; What ere thou art,
I am not thine, ſaid hee: my captiue heart
An Other holds; and may ſhee hold it long.
Nor will I with externall *Venus* wrong
Our nuptiall faith, ſo long as Fate ſhall giue
Life to my veines, and *Ianus* daughter liue.
Titania, tempting oft, as oft in vaine;
Thou ſhalt not ſcape my vengeance, nor againe
Returne to *Canens*. What the wrong'd can doe,
A wronged Louer, and a Woman too,
Thou ſhalt, ſaid ſhe, by ſad experience proue?
For I a woman, wrong'd, and wrong'd in loue.
Twice turnes ſhee to the Eaſt, twice to the Weſt;
Thrice toucht him with her wand, three charmes expreſt.
He flyes; at his vnwonted ſpeed admir'd;
Then ſaw the feathers which his skin attir'd:
Who forth-with ſeekes the woods; and angrie ſtill,
Hard okes aſſailes, and wounds them with his bill.
His wings the purple of his cloake aſſume;
The gold that claſpt his garment turnes to plume,
And now his neck with golden circle chaines:
Of *Picus* nothing but his name remaines.
The Courtiers *Picus* call, and ſeeke him round
About the fields, that was not to bee found.

Yet *Circe* find (for now the day grew faire,
The Sunne and Winds ſet free to clenſe the aire)
And charge her with true crimes: their King demand
With threatning lookes, and weapons in their hand.
Shee ſprincles them with iuyce of wicked might.
From *Erebus* and *Chaos* coniures Night,
With all her Gods; and *Hecate* intreates
With tedious mumblings. Woods forſake their ſeates,
Trees pale their leaues, Hearbs bluſh with drops of gore,
Earth grones, dogs howle, rockes horcely ſeeme to rore:
Vpon the tainted ground blacke Serpents ſlide;
And through the aire vnbodied Spirits glide.
Frighted with terrors, as they trembling ſtand,
Shee ſtrokes their wondering faces with her wand:
Forth-with the ſhapes of Saluage beaſts inueſt
Their former formes; not one his owne poſſeſt.
Phœbus now entring the *Tarteſian* Maine,
Sad *Canens* with her eyes and ſoule, in vaine
Expects her Spouſe. Her ſeruants ſhee excites
To runne about the woods with blazing lightes.
Who not content to weepe, to teare her haire,
And beat her breſts (though theſe preſent her care)
In haſte forſakes her roofe; and frantick, ſtrayes
Through broad-ſpred fields. Six nights, as many dayes,
Without or ſleepe, or ſuſtenance, ſhee fled
O're hils and dales, the way which fortune led.
Now tir'd with griefe and trauell, *Tybris* laſt
Beheld the Nymph: on his coole banckes ſhee caſt
Her feeble limmes: there weeps, and weeping ſung
Her ſorrowes with a ſoftly warbling tongue.
Euen ſo the dying Swan with low-raiſd breath,
Sings her owne exequies before her death.
At length her marrow melts with griefes deſpaire:
And by degrees ſhee vaniſheth to Aire.
Yet ſtill the place doth memorize her fame:
Which of the Nymph the Rurals *Canens* name.
In that long yeere, much, and ſuch deeds as theſe
I ſaw and heard. Vn-neru'd with reſtie eaſe,
Againe we put to Sea: by *Circe* told
Of our h ard paſſage, and the manifold
Diſaſters to enſue, I grew a fraid
(I muſt confeſſe) and here ariuing, ſtaid.

Macareus ends. *Caieta* Vrne-incloſd,
This verſe had on her marble tombe impoſd.
Here, with due fires, my pious Nurſe-child mee
Caieta burnt; from *Grecian* fires ſet free
They looſe their cables from the graſſie ſtrand;
Auoiding *Circes* guilefull pallace, ſtand
For thoſe tall groues, where *Tybris*, darke with ſhades,
In *Tyrrhen* Seas his ſandie ſtreames vnlades.
The throne of *Faunus* ſonne, the *Latian* ſtarre
Lauinia gaine; but not without a warre.
Warre with a furious Nation is commenſt;
Sterne *Turnus* for his promiſt wife incenſt:
While all *Hetruria* to *Latium* ſwarmes:
Hard victorie long ſought with penſiue armes.
To get Recrutes from forraine States they trie.
Nor *Troians*, nor *Rutulians* want ſupplie.
Nor to *Euanders* towne *Æneas* went
In vaine: though vainely *Venulus* was ſent
To baniſht *Diomeds* Citie, late immur'd:
Thoſe fields *Iapygian Daunus* had inſur'd
To him in dowre. When *Venulus* had donne
His embaſſie to *Tydeus* warlicke ſonne:
The Prince excuſd his aide; as loth to draw
The ſubiects of his aged father in-law
T'vnneceſſarie warre: that none remaine
Of his to arme. Leaſt you ſhould thinke I faine;
Though repetition Sorrow renouates;
Yet, while I ſuffer, heare the worſt of fates.
After that *Pergamus* our prey became,
And loftie *Ilium* fed the *Gracian* flame:
A Virgin, for a virgins rape, let fall
Her vengeance, to *Oilëus* due, on all.
Scattered on faithleſſe Seas with furious ſtormes,
We, wretched *Gracians*, ſuffer'd all the formes
Of horror: lightning, night, ſhowres, wrath of skies,
Of Seas, and dire *Capharean* cruelties.
To abridge the ſtorie of ſo ſad a fate;
Now *Priam* would haue pitied our eſtate.
Yet *Pallas* ſnatcht me from the ſwallowing Maine;
Then from my vngratefull Country chac't againe:
For *Venus*, mindfull of her ancient wound,
New woes inflicts. Much on the vaſt profound,

Much

Much ſuffering in terreſtriall conflicts, I
Oft call'd them happie, whom the iniurie
Of publick tempeſts, and importunate
Caphareus drownd: and now enui'd their fate.
The worſt indur'd; with ſeas and battles tyr'd,
My men an end of their long toyle deſir'd.
But *Acmon*, full of fire, and fiercer made
By vſuall ſlaughters: What remaines (hee ſaid)
O mates, which now our patience would eſchue?
Though willing, what can *Cytherea* doe
More then ſh'hath done? when worſe miſ-haps affright,
Then prayers auaile: but when Miſ-fortunes ſpight
Her worſt inflicts, then feare is of no vſe:
And height of ills, ſecuritie produce.
Let *Venus* heare: although ſhee hate vs all,
(As all ſhee hates that ſerue our Generall)
Yet let vs all deſpiſe her emptie hate;
Whoſe Powre hath made vs ſo vnfortunate.
Pleuronion Acmon angrie *Venus* ſtung:
Reuenge reuiuing with his lauiſh tongue.
Few like his words: the moſt ſeuerely chid
His tongues exceſſe. About to haue reply'd,
His ſpeech, and path of ſpeech, at once grew ſmall,
His haire conuerts to plume; plumes couer all
His neck, back, boſom: larger feathers ſpring
From his rough armes, and now his elbowes wing.
His feet diuide to toes, hard horne extends
From his chang'd face, and in a bill deſcends.
Rhetenor, *Nycteus*, *Lycus*, *Abas*, *Ide*,
Admire! and in their admiration try'd
Like deſtenie. Moſt of my Souldiers grew
Forth-with new Fowle; and round about vs flew.
If you inquire, what ſhape their owne vn-mans;
They are not, yet are like to ſiluer Swans.
Theſe barren fields, with this poore remnant, I,
As ſonne in law to *Daunus*, ſcarce inioy.
Thus farre *Oenides*. *Venulus* forſakes
Tydides Kingdome: by *Puteoli* takes
His way, and through *Meſapia*: there ſuruaid
A Caue, inuiron'd with a ſyluan ſhade,
Diſtilling ſtreames. By halfe-goate *Pan* poſſeſt:
Which erſt the Wood-nymphs with their beauties bleſt.

They

They terrifi'd at firſt with ſudden dread,
From home-bred *Apulus*, the ſhepheard, fled.
Straight, taking heart, deſpiſed his perſuit:
And danced with a meaſure-keeping foot.
He ſcoffs: their motion clowne-like imitates:
Nor onely raileth, but obſcenely prates.
Nor ceaſeth, till a tree inueſts his throte;
A tree whoſe berries his behauiour note:
An oliue wild, which bitter fruit affords,
Becomes; diſ-ſeaſned with his bitter words.
Th'Embaſſador returnes without the ſought
Ætolian ſuccors: the *Rutulians* fought
Gainſt foes and fortune; of that hope depriu'd:
Whole ſtreames of blood from mutuall wounds deriu'd.
Loe, fire-brands to the Naue *Turnus* beares:
And what eſcaped drowning, burning feares.
Pitch, rozen, and like ready food for fire,
Now *Vulcan* feede: the hungrie flames aſpire
Vp to the ſailes along the loftie maſt;
And catch the yards, with curling ſmoke imbrac't.
But when the Mother of the Gods beheld
Thoſe blazing Pines, from top of *Ida* feld;
Lowd Shalmes and Cymballs vſherd her repaire:
Who, drawne by bridled Lyons through the aire,
Thus ſaid: Thy wicked hands to ſmall effect,
O *Turnus*, violate, what wee protect.
Nor ſhall the greedie fire a part of thoſe
Tall Woods deuoure, which ſhelter our repoſe.
With that ſhe thunders, powring downe amaine
Thick ſtormes of ſkipping haile, and clouds of raine.
Th'*Aſtræan* Sons in ſwift concurſions ioyne;
Toſſing the troubled aire, and *Neptunes* brine.
One ſhee imployes, whoſe ſpeed the reſt out-ſtrips;
That brake the Cables of the *Phrygian* Ships,
And drawe them vnder the high-ſwelling Flood.
The timber ſoftens, fleſh proceeds from wood,
The crooked Sterne to heads and faces growes,
The Oares to ſwimming legs, fine feet, and toes;
What were their holds, to ribbed ſides are growne,
The lengthfull keele preſenting the back-bone;
The yards to armes, to haire the tackling grew:
As formerly, ſo now, their colour blew.

And

And they, but lately of the floods afraid;
Now in the floods, with virgin paſtime, plaid.
Theſe Sea-nymphs, borne on mountains, celebrate
The Seas, forgetfull of their former ſtate.
Yet weighing, what themſelues ſo oft indur'd
On high-wrought waues, oft ſinking ſhips ſecur'd;
Excepting ſuch, as *Græcians* carrie: thoſe
They hate, memorious of the *Troian* woes.
Who ſaw *Vlyſſes* ſhips in ſurges queld
With pleaſed eyes; with pleaſed eyes beheld
Alcinous ſhip, in ſwiftneſſe next to none,
Vnmoueable; the wood transformd to ſtone.
'Twas thought this wondrous prodigie would fright
The *Rutuli*, and make them ceaſe from fight.
Both parts perſiſt, both haue their Gods to friend;
And Valour no leſſe potent: nor contend
Now for *Lauinia*, for *Latinus* crowne,
Nor do all Kingdome; but for faire renowne:
Aſham'd to lay their bruſed armes aſide,
Till death or conqueſt had the quarrell tride.
Venus her ſonne victorious ſees at length.
Great *Turnus* fell; ſtrong *Ardea* falls, of ſtrength
While *Turnus* ſtood, deuour'd by barbarous flame,
In dying cinders buried. From the ſame
A Fowle, vnknowne to former ages, ſprings;
And fannes the aſhes with her houering wings.
Pale colour, leaneneſſe, ſhreeking ſounds of woe,
The image of a captiue citie ſhowe.
Who alſo ſtill the Cities name retaines:
And with ſelfe-beating wings of Fate complaines.
And now *Æneas* vertues terminate
The wrath of Gods, and *Iunos* ancient hate.
An opulent foundation hauing laid
For yong *Iulus*, by his merit made
Now fit for Heauen: the Powre, who rules in Loue
The Gods ſolicits; then, imbracing *Ioue*,
O Father, neuer yet to me vnkind;
Now ô inlarge the bountie of thy mind.
A God-head, meane, ſo it a God-head be,
Æneas giue; that art to him by me
A Grand-father: th'vn-amiable realmes
Suffice it once t'haue ſeene, and *Stygian* ſtreames.

The

The Gods agree; nor *Iuno's* lookes diſſent.
Who with a chearefull freeneſſe forward bent.
Then *Ioue*; He well deſerues a Deity:
Thy ſute, faire Daughter, to thy wiſh enioy.
Shee, ioyfull, thanks returnes: and through the aire,
Drawne by her yoked doues, lights on the bare
Laurentian ſhores; where ſmooth *Numicius* creepes
Through whiſpering reedes into the neighbour Deepes.
Who bids him from *Æneas* waſh away
All vnto death obnoxious, and conuay
It ſilently to Seas. The horned Flood
Obeyes; and what ſubſiſts by mortall food,
With water purg'd, and onely left behind
His better parts. His mother the refind
Annoints with ſacred odors, and his lips
In Nectar, mingled wirh *Ambroſia*, dips;
So deifi'd: whom *Indiges Rome* calls;
Honour'd with altars, ſhrines, and feſtiualls.
Two-nam'd *Aſcanius Latium* then obeyd,
And *Alba*: next, the ſcepter *Syluius* ſwaid.
His ſonne *Latinus*, held that antient name,
And crowne. Him *Epitus*, renound by Fame,
Succeeds. Then *Capys*. *Capetus*, his Son
Succeeded him. Next *Tiberine* begun
His raigne: who, drownd in *Thuſcan* waters; gaue
Thoſe ſtreames his name: who *Remulus* got, and braue
Sould *Acrota*. But *Remulus* was ſlaine
With thunder; who the Thunderer durſt faine.
More moderate *Acrota* reſign'd his throne
To *Auentine*: vpon the Mount whereon
He raignd, intomb'd; which yet his name retaines.
Ouer the *Palatines* next *Procas* raignes.
Pomona flouriſht in thoſe times of eaſe:
Of all the *Latian Hamadryades*,
None fruitfull Hort-yards held in more repute;
Or tooke more care to propagate their fruit.
Thereof ſo nam'd. Nor ſtreames, nor ſhadie groues,
But trees producing generous burdens loues.
Her hand a hooke, and not a iauelin bare:
Now prunes luxurious twigs, and boughes that dare
Tranſcend their bounds: now ſlits the bark, the bud
Inſerts; inforc't to nurſe an others brood.

Nor ſuffers them to ſuffer thirſt, but brings
To moiſture-ſucking rootes, ſoft-ſliding Springs.
Such her delight, her care. No thoughts extend
To loues vnknowne deſires: yet to defend
Her ſelfe from rapefull Ruralls, round about
Her Hort-yard wall's; t'auoid, and keepe them out.
What left the skipping *Satyres* vn-aſſaid;
Rude *Pan*, whoſe hornes Pine-briſtled garlands ſhade;
Silenus, ſtill more youthfull then his yeares;
Or he who theeues with hooke, and member feares,
To taſte her ſweetneſſe? but farre more then all
Vertumnus loues; yet were his hopes as ſmall.
How often, like a painfull Reaper, came,
Laden with weightie ſheafes; and ſeem'd the ſame!
Oft wreathes of new-mow'd graſſe his browes array;
As though then exerciſd in making hay.
A gode now in his hardned hands he beares,
And newly ſeemes to haue vnyok't his Steeres.
Oft vines and fruit-trees with a pruning hooke
Corrects, and dreſſes; oft a lather tooke
To gather fruit: now with his crooked skeine
A Souldier ſeemes; an Angler with his cane:
And various figures daily multiplies
To winne acceſſe, and pleaſe his longing eyes.
Now, with a ſtaffe, an old-wife counterfeits;
On horie haire a painted miter ſets.
The Hort-yard entering, admires the faire
And pleaſant fruits: So much, ſaid he, more rare
Then all the Nymphs whom *Albula* enioy,
Haile ſpotleſſe flowre of Maiden chaſtitie:
And kiſt the prais'd. Nor did the virgin know,
(So innocent) that old-wiues kiſt not ſo.
Then, ſitting on a bank, obſerueth how
The pregnant boughs with Autums burthen bow.
Hard by, an Elme with purple cluſters ſhin'd:
This praiſing, with the vine ſo cloſely ioynd;
Yet, ſaid he, if this Elme ſhould grow alone,
Except for ſhade, it would be priz'd by none:
And ſo this Vine, in amorous foldings wound,
If but diſ-ioyn'd, would creepe vpon the ground.
Yet art not thou by ſuch examples led:
But ſhunſt the pleaſures of a happie bed.

Nor

Nor would thou wouldſt: not *Helen* was ſo ſought,
Nor ſhe, for whom the luſtfull *Centaures* fought,
As thou ſhouldſt be; no nor the wife of bold
And timerous *Vlyſſes*. Yet, behold
Though thou auerſe to all, and all eſchue;
A thouſand men, Gods, Demi-gods, perſue
Thy conſtant Scorne; and euery deathleſſe Powre
Which *Alba's* high and ſhadie hills imbowre.
But thou, if wiſe, if thou'lt well married be;
Or an old woman truſt, who credit me,
Affects thee more then all the reſt, refuſe
Theſe common wooers, and *Vertumnus* chooſe.
Accept me for his gage; ſince ſo well none
Can know him; by himſelfe not better knowne.
He is no wanderer; here's his delight:
Nor loues, like common louers, at firſt ſight.
Thou art the firſt, ſo thou the laſt ſhalt be:
His life he onely dedicates to thee.
Beſides, his youth perpetuall; excellent
His beautie; and all ſhapes can repreſent.
Wiſh what you will, what euer hath a name;
Such ſhall you ſee him. Your delights, the ſame:
The firſt-fruits of your Hort-yard are his due;
Which ioyfully he ſtill accepts from you.
But neither what theſe pregnant trees produce
Hee now deſires, nor hearbs of pleaſant iuyce:
Nor ought, but onely You. O pitie take!
And what I ſpeake, ſuppoſe *Vertumnus* ſpake.
Reuengefull Gods, *Idalia*, ſtill ſeuere
To ſuch as ſlight her, and *Rhamnuſia* feare.
The more to fright you from ſo foule a crime,
Receiue (ſince much I know from aged Time)
A ſtorie, generally through *Cyprus* knowne;
To mollifie a heart more hard then ſtone.
Iphis, of humble birth, by chance did view
The high-borne *Anaxarete*, who drew
Her blood from *Teucer*. Seeing her, his eyes
Extracts a fire, wherein his boſom fries.
Long ſtrugling, when no reaſon could reclaime
His furie, to her houſe the Suppliant came.
Now to her Nurſe his wretched loue diſplaid;
And by her foſter'd hopes implor'd her aid:

Now humbly ſues to ſome of moſt repute
In her affection, to prefer his ſuit.
Sad letters oft his deſperate paſſions beares:
Oft myrtle garlands, ſprinkled with his teares,
Hangs on the poſts: the ſtonie threſhold lades
With his ſoft ſides, and rigid doores vp-braids.
But ſhe more cruell then the ſeas, imbroyld
With riſing ſtormes; more hard then iron, boyld
In fire-red furnaces; or rooted rocks;
Diſdaines the louer, and his paſſion mocks.
Who to her froward deeds adds bitter words
Of no leſſe ſcorne; nor hope to loue affords.
Impatient of his torment, and her hate;
Theſe words, his laſt, he vtters at her gate.
O *Anaxarete*, thou haſt o'r-come!
Nor ſhall my life be longer weariſome
To thy diſdaine. Triumph, ô too vnkind!
Sing *Pæans*, and thy browes with laurell bind.
Thou haſt o'r-come; loe, willingly I dye:
Proceed, and celebrate thy cruell ioy.
Yet is there ſomething in me, ne'r the leſſe,
That thou wilt praiſe; and my deſerts confeſſe.
Thinke how my loue my heart no ſooner left
Then life it ſelfe: of both at once bereft.
Nor rumor, but euen I will death preſent
In ſuch a forme, as ſhall thy pride content.
But ô you Gods, if you our actions ſee
(This onely I implore) remember me!
Let after ages celebrate my name:
And what you take from life, afford to fame.
Then heaues his meger armes and watry eyes
To thoſe known poſts, oft crownd with wreaths, and tyes
A halter to the top. Such wreathes, he ſaid,
Beſt pleaſe; hard-hearted, and inhumane Maid!
Then, turning toward her, he forward ſprung:
When by the neck th'vnhappie louer hung.
Struck by his ſprawling feete, wide open flies
The ſounding wicket; and the deed deſcries.
The ſeruants ſhreeke; the Vainely raiſed bore
T' his mothers houſe; his father dead before.
His breathleſſe corps ſhe in her boſom plac't;
And in her armes his key-cold limmes imbrac't.

La-

Lamenting long, as wofull parents vſe;
And hauing paid a wofull mothers dues;
The mournefull Funerall through the Citie led:
And to prepared fires conueyes the dead.
This ſorrowfull Proceſſion paſſing by
Her houſe, which bordred on the way, their cry
To th'eares of *Anaxarete* arriues:
Whom now ſterne *Nemeſis* to ruine driues.
Wee'l ſee, ſaid ſhe, theſe ſad ſolemnities:
And forth-with to the loftie window highes.
Whence, ſeeing *Iphis* on his fatall bed;
Her eyes grew ſtiffe; blood from her viſage fled,
Vſurpt by paleneſſe. Striuing to retire,
Her feet ſtuck faſt; nor could to her deſire
Diuert her lookes: for now her ſtonie heart
It ſelfe dilated into euery part.
This *Salamis* yet keepes, to cleare your doubt,
In *Venus* temple; call'd, the *Looker-out*.
Inform'd by this, ô louely Nymph, decline
Thy former pride, and to thy louer ioyne.
So may thy fruits ſuruiue the Vernall froſt:
Nor after by the rapefull winds be toſt.
When this the God, who can all ſhapes indue,
Had ſaid in vaine; againe himſelfe he grew:
Th'abiliments of heatleſſe Age depos'd.
And ſuch himſelfe vnto the Nymph diſclos'd,
As when the Sunne, ſubduing with his reyes
The muffling clouds, his golden brow diſplayes.
Who force prepares: of force there was no need;
Struck with his beautie, mutually they bleed.
Vniuſt *Amulius* next th'*Auſonian* State
By ſtrength vſurpt. The nephewes to the late
Depoſed *Numitor*, him re-inthrone:
Who *Rome*, in *Pales* Feaſts, immur'd with ſtone.
Now *Tatius* leades the *Sabine* Sires to warre.
Tarpeia's hands her fathers gates vnbarre:
To death with armelets preſt; her treaſons meede.
The *Sabine* Sires like ſilent Wolues proceede
T'inuade their ſleeping ſonnes, and ſeek to ſeaze
Vpon their gates; barr'd by *Iliades*.
One *Iuno* opens: though no noyſe at all
The hinges made; yet by the barres lowd fall

Deſ-

Deſcry'd by *Venus*: who had put it too;
But Gods may not, what Gods haue done, vndoe.
Auſonian Nymphs the places bordering
To *Ianus* held, inchaced with a ſpring.
Their aid ſh'implores. The Nymphs could not denie
A ſute ſo iuſt, but all their floods vntie.
As yet the Fane of *Ianus* open ſtood:
Nor was their way impeached by the flood.
Beneath the fruitfull ſpring they ſulpher turne;
Whoſe hollow veines with black bitumen burne:
With theſe the vapors penetrate below;
And waters, late as cold as *Alpin* ſnow,
The fire it ſelfe in feruour dare prouoke:
Now both the poſts with flagrant moiſture ſmoke.
Theſe new-rais'd ſtreames the *Sabine* Powre exclude,
Till *Mars* his Souldiers had their armes indu'd.
By *Romulus* then in Batalia led:
The *Roman* fields the ſlaughtred *Sabines* ſpred;
Their owne the *Romans*: Fathers, Sonnes in law,
With wicked ſteele, blood from each other draw.
At length conclude a peace; nor would contend
Vnto the laſt. Two Kings one throne aſcend
With equall rule. But noble *Tatius* ſlaine,
Both Nations vnder *Romulus* remaine.
When *Mars* laid by his ſhining caske; and then
Thus ſpake vnto the Sire of Gods, and men.
Now, Father, is the time (ſince *Rome* is growne
To ſuch a greatneſſe, and depends on One)
To put in act thy neuer-fayling word;
And *Romulus* a heauenly throne afford.
You, in a ſynod of the Gods, profeſt
(Which ſtill I carrie in my thankfull breſt)
That one of mine (this ô now ratifie!)
Should bee aduanc't vnto the ſtarrie skie.
Ioue condeſcends: with clouds the day benights;
And with flame-winged thunder earth affrights.
Mars, at the ſigne of his aſſumption,
Leanes on his lance, and ſtrongly vaults vpon
His bloodie charriot; laſhes his hot horſes
With ſounding whips, and their full ſpeede inforces:
Who, ſcouring downe the ayrie region, ſtaid
On faire mount *Palatine*, obſcur'd with ſhade:

There

There *Romulus* assumeth from his Throne,
Vn-kinglike rendering iustice to his owne.
Rapt through the aire, his mortall members wast,
Like melting bullets by a Slinger cast:
More heauenly faire, more fit for loftie shrines;
Our great and scarlet-clad *Quirinus* shines.
Then *Iuno* to the sad *Hersilia*
(Lost in her sorrow) by a crooked way
Sent *Iris* to deliuer this Command.
Star of the *Latian*, of the *Sabine* land;
Thy sexes glorie: worthie then, the vow
Of such a husband, of *Quirinus* now;
Suppresse thy teares. If thy desire to see
Thy husband so exceede, then follow mee
Vnto those woods, which on mount *Quirin* spring;
And shade the temple of the *Roman* King.
Iris obayes: and by her painted Bowe
Downe-sliding, so much lets *Hersilia* knowe.
When shee, scarce lifting vp her modest eyes:
O Goddesse (which of all the Deities
I know not; sure a Goddesse) thou cleare light,
Conduct me, ô conduct me to the sight
Of my deare Lord: which when the Fates shall shew,
They heauen on me, with all their gifts, bestow.
Then, with *Thaumantias*, entering the high
Romulian Hills, a starre shot from the skie,
Whose golden beames inflam'd *Hersilia's* haire;
When both together mount th'enlightned Aire.
The Builder of the *Romane* Citie tooke
Her in his armes, and forth-with chang'd her looke:
To whom the name of *Ora* he assignd.
This Goddesse now is to *Quirinus* ioynd.

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The fifteenth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

BLack Stones conuert to White. Pythagoras
In Ilium's *lingring warre* Euphorbus *was.*
Of tranſmigrations, of the change of things,
And ſtrange effects, the learned Samian *ſings.*
Recur'd Hippolytus *is deſide;*
Whom ſafer Age, and name of Virbius *hide.*
Ægeria *thawes into a Spring. From Earth*
Prophetick Tages *takes his wondrous birth.*
A Speare a Tree. Graue Cippus *vertues ſhew*
The Crowne, his Hornes preſent. Apollo's *Son*
Aſſumes a Serpents ſhape. The Soule of Warre,
Great Cæſar, *ſlaine, becomes a Blazing Starre.*

MEanewhile, a man is ſought that might ſuſtaine
So great a burthen, and ſucceed the raigne
Of ſuch a King: when true-foreſhewing Fame
To God-like *Numa* deſtinates the ſame.
He, with his *Sabine* rites vnſatisfi'd,
To greater things his able mind appli'd
In Natures ſearch. Incited with theſe cares,
He leaues his countries *Cures*, and repaires
To *Croton's* Citie: asks, what *Græcian* hand
Thoſe walls erected on *Italian* land?
One of the Natiues, not vnknowing old,
Who much had heard and ſeene, this ſtorie told.
Ioues ſonne, inricht with his *Iberian* prey,
Came from the Ocean to *Lacinia*
With happie ſteps: who, while his cattle fed
Vpon the tender clouer, entered
Heroick *Croton's* roofe; a welcome Gueſt:
And his long trauell recreates with reſt.
Who ſaid, departing; In the following age
A citie here ſhall ſtand. A true preſage.

There

There was one *Mycilus*, *Argolian*
Alemons issue: in those times, no man
More by the Gods affected. He, who beares
The dreadfull Club, to him in sleepe appeares;
And said. Begon, thy countries bounds forsake;
To stonie *Æsarus* thy iourney take.
And threatens vengeance if he dis-obay.
The God and Sleepe together flew away.
He, rising, on the Vision meditates:
Which in his doubtfull soule he long debates.
The God commands; the Law forbids to goe:
Death due to such as left their Countrie so.
Cleare *Sol* in seas his radiant fore-head vaild.
Swart Night her browes exalts, with starres impal'd;
The selfe same God the same command repeates:
And greater plagues to disobedience threats.
Afraid, he now prepares to change his owne
For forrein seats. This through the Citie blowne;
Accus'd for breach of lawes, arraign'd, and try'd;
They proue the fact, not by himselfe deny'd.
His hands and eyes then lifting to the skie:
O thou, whom twice Six Labours deifie;
Assist, that art the author of my crime!
White stones and black they vs'd in former time;
The white acquit, the black the pris'nor cast:
And in such sort this heauie sentence past.
Black stones all threw into the fatall Vrne:
But all to white, turnd out to number, turne.
Thus by *Alcides* powre the sad Decree
Was strangely chang'd, and *Mycilus* set free.
Who, thanking *Amphitryoniades*,
With a full fore-wind crost th'*Ionian* Seas:
Lacedemonian Tarentum past,
Faire *Sybaris*, *Neathus* running fast
By *Salentinum*, *Thurin's* crooked Bay,
High *Temesis*, and strong *Iapygia*:
Scarce searching all that shores sea-beaten bound,
The fatall mouth of *Æsarus* out-found.
A Tomb, hard by, the sacred bones inclos'd
Of famous *Croton*: here, as erst impos'd,
Alemons sonne erects his citie walls:
Which of th'intombed he *Crotona* calls.

Of this Originall, this Citie boasts:
Built by a *Grecian* on *Italian* coasts.
Here dwelt a *Samian*, who at once did flie
From *Samos*, Lords, and hated Tyrannie:
Preferring voluntarie banishment.
Though farre from heauen, his mind's diuine ascent
Drew neere the Gods: what natures selfe denies
To humane Sight, he saw with his Soules eyes.
All apprehended in his ample brest,
And studious cares; his knowledge he profest
To silent and admiring men: who taught
The Worlds originall, past humane thought:
What Nature was, what God: the cause of things;
From whence the Snow, frō whence the lightning springs:
Whether *Ioue* thunder, or the winds, that rake
The breaking Clouds: what caus'd the Earth to quake;
What course the Starres obseru'd; what e'r lay hid
From vulgar sense: and first of all forbid
With slaughtred creatures to defile our boords,
In such, though vnbeleeu'd; yet learned Words.
Forbeare your selues, ô Mortals, to pollute
With wicked food: corne is there; generous fruit
Oppresse their boughs; plump grapes their vines attire;
There are sweet hearbs, and sauorie roots, which fire
May mollifie; milke, honie redolent
With flowres of Thime, thy pallat to content.
The prodigall Earth abounds with gentle food;
Affording banquets without death or blood.
Brute beasts with flesh their rau'nous hunger cloy:
And yet not all; in pastures horses ioy:
So flocks, and heards. But those whom Nature hath
Indu'd with crueltie, and saluage wrath
(Wolues, Beares, *Armenian* Tigres, Lions) in
Hot blood delight. How horrible a Sin,
That entrailes bleeding entrailes should intomb!
That greedie flesh, by flesh should fat become!
While by the Liuers death the Liuing liues!
Of all, which Earth, our wealthie mother, giues;
Can nothing please, vnlesse thy teeth thou imbrue
In wounds, and dire *Cyclopean* fare renue?
Nor satiate the wilde voracitie
Of thy rude panch, except an other die?

But

But that old Age, that innocent eſtate,
Which wee the Golden call; was fortunate
In hearbs, and fruits, her lips with blood vndy'd.
Then Fowle through aire their wings in ſafetie ply'd:
The Hare, then feareleſſe, wandred o'r the plaine;
Nor Fiſh by their credulitie were ta'ne.
Not treacherous, nor fearing treacherie,
All liu'd ſecure. When hee, who did enuie
(What God ſo e'r it was) thoſe harmeleſſe cates,
And cramb'd his guts with fleſh; ſet ope the gates
To cruell Crimes. Firſt, Slaughter without harme
(I muſt confeſſe) to Pietie, did warme
(Which might ſuffice) the reeking ſteele in blood
Of ſaluage beaſts, which made our liues their food:
Though kild; not to be eaten. Sinne now more
Audacious; the firſt ſacrifice, the Bore
Was thought to merit death; who, bladed corne
Vp-rooting, left the husband-man forlorne.
Vine-brouzing Gotes at *Bacchus* altar ſlaine,
Fed his reuenge: in both, their guilt their bane.
You Sheepe, what ill did you? a gentle beaſt,
Whoſe vdders ſwell with Nectar, borne t'inueſt
Expoſed man with your ſoft wooll; and are
Aliue, then dead, more profitable farre.
Or what the Oxe? a creature without guile,
So innocent, ſo ſimple; borne for toyle.
Hee moſt vngratefull is, deſeruing ill
The gift of corne; that can vn-yoke, then kill
His husband-man: that neck with axe to wound
In ſeruice gall'd, that had the ſtubborne ground
So often tild; ſo many crops brought in.
Yet not content therewith, t'aſcribe the ſinne
To guiltleſſe Gods: as if the Powres on high
In death of labour-bearing oxen ioy.
A ſpotleſſe ſacrifice, faire to behold,
('Tis death to pleaſe) with ribbands trickt, and gold,
Stands at the altar, hearing prayers vnknowne:
And ſees the meale vpon his fore-head throwne,
Got by his toyle: the knife ſmeard in his gore,
By fortune in the lauer ſeene before.
The entrailes, from the panting bodie rent,
Forth-with they ſearch; to know the Gods intent.

Whence ſprings ſo dire an appetite in man
To interdicted food? ô Mortals, can,
Or dare you feed on fleſh? henceforth forbeare
I you intreat, and to my words giue eare:
When limmes of ſlaughtred Beeues become your meat;
Then think, and know, that you your Seruants eat.
Phœbus inſpires; his Spirit wee obay:
My *Delphos*, heauen it ſelfe, I will diſplay;
The Oracle of that great Powre vnfold:
And ſing what long lay hid; what none of old
Could apprehend. I long to walke among
The loftie ſtarres: dull earth deſpis'd, I long
To back the clouds; to ſit on *Atlas* crowne:
And from that hight on erring men looke downe
That reaſon want: thoſe thus to animate
That feare to dye; t'vnfold the booke of Fate.
O You, whom horrors of cold death affright;
Why feare you *Styx*, vaine names, and endleſſe Night;
The dreames of Poets, and faind miſeries
Of forged Hell? Whether laſt-flames ſurpriſe,
Or Age deuoure your bodies; they nor grieue,
Nor ſuffer paines. Our Soules for euer liue:
Yet euermore their ancient houſes leaue
To liue in new; which them, as Gueſts, receiue.
In *Troian* warres, I (I remember well)
Euphorbus was, *Panthöus* ſonne; and fell
By *Menelaus* lance: my ſhield againe
At *Argos* late I ſaw, in *Iuno's* Fane.
All alter, nothing finally decayes:
Hether and thether ſtill the Spirit ſtrayes;
Gueſt to all Bodies: out of beaſts it flyes
To men, from men to beaſts; and neuer dyes.
As pliant wax each new impreſſion takes;
Fixt to no forme, but ſtill the old forſakes;
Yet it the ſame: ſo Soules the ſame abide,
Though various figures there reception hide.
Then leaſt thy greedie belly ſhould deſtroy
(I propheſie) depreſſed Pietie,
Forbeare t'expulſe thy kindreds Ghoſts with food
By death procur'd; nor nouriſh blood with blood.
Since on ſo vaſt a ſea, my ſaile's vnfurld,
And ſtretcht to riſing winds; in all the World

There's

There's nothing permanent; all ebbe and flow:
Each image form'd to wander too and fro.
Euen Time, with reſtleſſe motion, ſlides away
Like liuing ſtreames: nor can ſwift Riuers ſtay,
Nor light-heel'd Howers. As billow billow driues,
Driuen by the following; as the next arriues
To chace the former: times ſo flye, perſue
At once each other; and are euer new.
What was before, is not; what was not, is:
All in a moment change from that to this.
See, how the Night on Light extends her ſhades:
See, how the Light the gloomie Night inuades.
Nor ſuch Heauens hew, when Mid-night crown's Repoſe;
As when bright *Lucifer* his taper ſhowes:
Yet changing, when the Harbinger of Day
Th'inlightned World reſignes to *Phœbus* ſway.
His raiſed Shield, earths ſhaddowes ſcarcely fled,
Lookes ruddie; and low-ſinking, lookes as red:
Yet bright at Noone; becauſe that purer skie
Doth farre from Earth, and her contagion flie.
Nor can Night-wandring *Dian's* wauering light
Be euer equall, or the ſame: this night
Leſſe then the following, if her hornes ſhee fill;
If ſhee contract her Circle, greater ſtill.
Doth not the image of our age appeare
In the ſucceſſiue quarters of the Yeare?
The Spring-tide, tender; ſucking Infancie
Reſembling: then the iuycefull blade ſprouts high;
Though tender, weake; yet hope to Plough-men yeelds.
All things then flouriſh: flowers the gaudie fields
With colours paint: no vertue yet in leaues.
Then following Summer greater ſtrength receiues:
A luſtie Youth; no age more ſtrength acquires,
More fruitfull, or more burning in deſires.
Maturer Autumn, heat of Youth alaid,
The ſober meane twixt youth and age, more ſtaid
And temperate, in Summers waine repaires:
His reuerent temples ſprinkled with gray haires.
Then comes old Winter, void of all delight,
With trembling ſteps: his head or bal'd, or white.
So change our bodies without reſt or ſtay:
What wee were yeſter-day, nor what to day,

Shall

Shall bee to morrow. Once alone of men
The ſeeds and hope; the womb our manſion: when
Kind Nature ſhewd her cunning; not content
That our vext bodies ſhould be longer pent
In mothers ſtretched entrailes, forth-with bare
Them from that priſon, to the open aire.
Wee ſtrengthleſſe lye, when firſt of light poſſeſt;
Straight creepe vpon all foure, much like a beaſt;
Then, ſtaggering with weak nerues, ſtand by degrees,
And by ſome ſtay ſupport our feeble knees:
Now, luſtie, ſwiftly run. Youth quickly ſpent,
And thoſe our middle times, incontinent
Wee ſinke in ſetting Age: this laſt deuoures
The former, and dimoliſheth their powres.
Old *Milo* wept, when he his armes beheld,
Which late the ſtrongeſt beaſt in ſtrength exceld,
Big, as *Alcides* brawnes, in flaggie hide
Now hanging by ſlack ſinewes: *Helen* cry'd
When ſhee beheld her wrinkles in her Glaſſe;
And asks her ſelfe, why ſhe twice rauiſht was.
Still-eating Time, and thou ô enuious Age,
All ruinate: diminiſht by the rage
Of your deuouring teeth, All that haue breath
Conſume, and languiſh by a lingring death.
Nor can theſe Elements ſtand at a ſtay:
But by exchanging alter euery day.
Th'eternall world foure bodies comprehends,
Ingendring all. The heauie Earth deſcends,
So Water, clog'd with weight: two light, aſpire,
Depreſt by none; pure Aire, and purer Fire.
And though they haue their ſeuerall ſites; yet all
Of theſe are made, to theſe againe they fall.
Reſolued Earth to Water rarifies;
To Aire extenuated Waters riſe;
The Aire, when it it ſelfe againe refines,
To elementall Fire extracted, ſhines.
They in like order back againe repaire:
The groſſer Fire condenſeth into Aire;
Aire, into Water: Water thickning, then
Growes ſolid, and conuerts to Earth againe.
None holds his owne: for Nature euer ioyes
In change, and with new formes the old ſupplies.

In

In all the world not any periſh quite:
But onely are in various habits dight.
For; to begin to be, what we before
Were not, is to be borne; to dye, no more
Then ceaſing to be ſuch: although the frame
Be changeable, the ſubſtance is the ſame.
For nothing long continues in one mold.
You Ages, you to Siluer grew from Gold;
To Braſſe from Siluer; and to Yr'ne from Braſſe.
Euen places oft ſuch change of fortunes paſſe:
Where once was ſolid land, Seas haue I ſeene;
And ſolid land, where once deepe Seas haue beene.
Shels, far from Seas, like quarries in the ground;
And anchors haue on mountain tops been found.
Torrents haue made a valley of a plaine;
High hils by deluges borne to the Maine.
Deepe ſtanding lakes ſuckt drie by thirſtie ſand;
And on late thirſtie earth now lakes doe ſtand.
Here Nature, in her changes manifold,
Sends forth new fountaines; there, ſhuts vp the old.
Streames, with impetuous earth-quakes, heretofore
Haue broken forth; or ſunk, and run no more.
So *Lycus*, ſwallowed by the yawning Earth,
Takes in an other world his ſecond birth.
So *Eraſinus*, now conceales, now yeelds
His riſing waters to *Argolian* fields.
And *Myſus*, hating his firſt head, and brayes,
Caïcus nam'd, elſe-where his ſtreame diſplayes.
Coole *Amaſenus*, watering *Sicily*,
Now flowes; now ſpring-lockt, leaues his channell dry.
Men formerly drunk of *Anigrus* ſtreames:
Not to be drunk (if any thing but dreames
The Poets tell) ſince *Centaures* therein waſht
Their wounded limmes, by *Alcides* arrowes gaſht.
So *Hypanis*, deriu'd from *Scythian* Hills,
Long ſweet, with bitter ſtreames his channell fills.
Antiſſa, *Tyrus*, and *Ægyptian Phare*,
The floods imbrac't: yet now no Ilands are.
Th'old Colon knew *Leucadia* Continent:
Which now the labouring ſurges circumuent.
So *Zancle* once on *Italie* confind;
Till interpoſing waues their bounds diſ-ioynd.

If

If *Bura* and *Helice* (*Gracian* townes)
You ſeeke; behold, the Sea their glorie drownes:
Whoſe buildings, and declined walls, below
Th'ambitious flood as yet the Sailers ſhow.
A Hill by *Pitthean Trœzen* mounts, vncrownd
With ſyluan ſhades, which once was leuel ground.
For furious winds (a ſtorie to admire!)
Pent in blind cauernes, ſtrugling to expire;
And vainely ſeeking to inioy th'extent
Of freer aire, the priſon wanting vent;
Th'vnpaſſable tuffe earth inflated ſo,
As when with ſwelling breath we bladders blow.
The tumor of the place remained ſtill,
In time growne ſolid, like a loftie hill.
To ſpeake a little more of many things
Both heard and knowne: New habits ſundrie Springs
Now giue, now take. Hornd *Hammons* Well at Noone
Is cold; hot at Sun-riſe, and ſetting Sun.
Wood, put in bubling *Athamas* then fires;
When fartheſt from the Sun the Moone retires.
Ciconian ſtreames congeale his guts to ſtone
That therof drinks: and what therin is throwne.
Crathis, and *Sybaris* (from your mountaines rold)
Colour the haire like amber, or pure gold.
Some Fountaines, of a more prodigious kind,
Not onely change the bodie, but the mind.
Who hath not heard of obſcene *Salmacis*?
Of th'*Æthiopian* lake? who drink of this,
Runne forth-with mad: or, if their wits they keep,
Fall ſuddenly into a deadly ſleep.
Who at *Clitorius* Fountaine thirſt remoue;
Loath wine, and abſtinent, meere water loue.
Whether it by antipathie expell
Deſire of wine; or (as the Natiues tell)
Melampus hauing with his hearbs and charmes
Snatcht *Prœtus* frantick daughters from the harmes
Of entred Furies, their wit's phyſick caſt
Into this ſpring; infuſing ſuch diſtaſt.
With ſtreames, to theſe oppos'd, *Lyncęſtus* flowes:
They reele, as drunk, who drink too much of thoſe.
A Lake in faire *Arcadia* ſtands, of old
Call'd *Phenęus*; ſuſpected, as two-fold:

Feare

Feare, and forbeare, to drink thereof by night:
By night vnwholſome, wholſome by day-light.
So other lakes and ſtreames haue other powre.
Ortygia floted once; fixt at this houre:
Once *Argo* feard the iuſtling *Cyanes*;
Which rooted now, reſiſt both winds and ſeas.
Nor *Ætna*, burning with imboweld fire,
Shall euer, or did alwayes, flames expire.
For whether *Tellus* be an Animall,
Haue lungs, and mouthes that ſmoking flames exhale;
Her organs alter, when her motions cloſe
Theſe yawning paſſages, and open thoſe.
Or whether winds, in caues impris'ned, raue;
Iuſtling the ſtones, and minerals which haue
The ſeede of fire, inkindled with their rage:
They then extinguiſh when the winds aſſwage.
Or if Bitumen doe the fire prouoke;
Or ſulpher burning with more ſubtill ſmoke:
When Earth that food and oylie nouriſhment
With-drawes, the matter by long feeding ſpent;
The hungrie fire of ſuſtenance bereft,
Ill-brooking famine, leaues, by being left.
In *Hyperborean Pallene* liue
A People, if to Fame wee credit giue,
Who, diuing three times thrice in *Tritons* lake,
Of Fowle the feathers and the figure take.
The like, they ſay, the *Scythian* Witches doe
With magick oyles: incredible though true.
If wee may truſt to triall, ſee you not
Small creatures of corrupted fleſh begot?
Burie your ſlaughtred Steere (a thing in vſe)
And his corrupted bowels will produce
Flowre-ſucking Bees; who, like their parent ſlaine,
Loue labour, fields, and toyle in hope of gaine.
Hornets from buried horſes take their birth.
Break off the Crabs bent clawes, and in the earth
Burie the reſt; a Scorpion without faile
From thence will creep, and menace with his taile.
The Catterpillers, who their cop-webs weaue
On tender leafes (as Hindes from proofe receiue)
Conuert to poyſnous Butterflies in time.
Greene Frogs, ingendred by the ſeed of ſlime,

Firſt, without feete, then leggs aſſume; now ſtrong
And apt to ſwimme, their hinder parts more long
Then are their former, fram'd to skip and iump.
The Beares deformed birth is but a lump
Of liuing fleſh: when licked by the Old,
It takes a forme agreeing with the mold.
Who ſees the Yong of honie-bearing Bees
In their ſexangular incloſure, ſees
Their bodies limme-leſſe: theſe vnformed things
In time put forth their feet, and after, wings.
The ſtarre-imbelliſht Fowle, which *Iuno* loues,
Ioues Armour-bearer, *Cytherea's* Doues,
And birds of euery kind; did wee not know
Them hatcht of eggs, who would coniecture ſo?
Some think the pith of dead-men, Snakes becomes;
When their back-bones corrupt in hollow tombs.
Yet theſe from others do deriue their birth.
One onely Fowle there is in all the Earth,
Call'd by th' *Aſſyrians* Phœnix, who the waine
Of age repaires, and ſowes her ſelfe againe.
Nor feeds on graine nor hearbs, but on the gumme
Of Frankincenſe, and iuycie Amomum.
Now, when her life fiue ages hath fulfild;
A neſt her horned beake and tallons build
Vpon the crownet of a trembling Palme:
This ſtrew'd with Caſſia, Spicknard, precious Balme,
Bruz'd Cinamon, and Myrrh; thereon ſhe bends
Her bodie, and her age in odors ends.
This breeding Corp's a little Phœnix beares:
Which is it ſelfe to liue as many yeares.
Growne ſtrong; that load now able to transferre;
Her cradle, and her parents ſepulcher,
Deuoutly carries to *Hyperions* towne:
And on his flamie Altar layes it downe.
If theſe be wonderfull, admire like ſtrange
Hyæna's, who their ſexe ſo often change:
Thoſe foodleſſe creatures, fed by ayre alone;
Who euery colour, which they touch, put on.
The Lynx, firſt brought from conquered *India*
By vine-bound *Bacchus*, his hot piſſe, they ſay,
Congeales to ſtone. So Corall, which below
The water is a limber weed, doth grow

Stone-

Stone-hard, when toucht by aire. But Day will end,
And *Phœbus* panting Steeds to Seas descend,
Before my scant oration could persue
All sorts of shapes, that change their old for new.
For this wee see in all is generall.
Some Nations gather strength, and others fall.
Troy, rich and powrefull, which so proudly stood;
That could for ten yeeres spend such streames of blood;
For buildings, onely her old ruines showes;
For riches, tombs; which slaughtred Sires inclose.
Sparta, *Mycenæ*, were of *Greece* the flowres;
So *Cecrop's* Citie, and *Amphion's* towres:
Now glorious *Sparta* lyes vpon the ground;
Loftie *Mycenæ* hardly to be found;
Of *OEdipus* his *Thebes* what now remaines,
Or of *Pandion's Athens*, but their names?
Now Fame reports that *Rome* by *Dardan* Sons
Begins to rise, where yellow *Tybris* runs
From fountfull *Appenines*; and there the great
Foundation of so huge a fabrick seat.
This therefore shall by changing propagate,
And giue the World a Head. Of such a fate
The Prophets haue diuin'd. And this of old,
As I remember, *Priam's Helen* told
To sad *Æneas*, of all hope forlorne,
In sinking *Troy's* eclipse. O Goddesse-borne,
If our *Apollo* can presage at all;
Troy, thou in safetie, shall not wholy fall.
Both fire and sword shall giue thy vertue way:
Flying, with thee, thou *Ilium* shalt conuay;
Vntill thou find a Land, as yet vnknowne,
To *Troy*, and thee, more friendly then thy owne.
A Citie built by *Phrygians* I fore-see;
So great none euer was, is, or shall bee.
Others shall make it great: but He, whose birth
Springs from *Iulus*, Soueraigne of the Earth.
He, hauing rul'd the World, shall then ascend
Æthereall Thrones, and Heauen shall be his End.
This, I remember, with prophetick tongue,
Sage *Helen* to diuine *Æneas* sung.
Wee ioy to see our kindreds Citie grow:
The *Phrygians* happie in their Ouer-throw.

But leaſt our heedleſſe Steeds too far ſhould range
From their propoſed courſe; All ſuffer change:
The heauens themſelues, what vnder them is found;
Earth, what thereon, or what is vnder ground.
Wee, of the World a part, ſince we as well
Haue Soules as Bodies, which in beaſts may dwel:
To thoſe, which may our parents Soules inueſt,
Our brothers, deareſt friends, or men at leaſt;
Let vs both ſafetie, and reſpect afford:
Nor heape their bowels on *Thyeſtes* boord.
How ill inur'd! to ſhed the blood of man
How wickedly is he prepar'd, who can
Aſunder cut the throtes of calues; and heares
The bellowing breeder with relentleſſe eares!
Or ſilly kids, which like poore infants cry,
Stick with his knife! or his voracitie
Feede with the fowle he fed! ô to what ill
Are they not prone, who are ſo bent to kill!
Let Oxen till the ground, and dye with age:
Let Sheepe defend thee from the winters rage:
Goates bring their vdders to thy paile. Away
With nets, grins, ſpares, and arts that doe betray:
Deceiue not birds with lime; nor Deere incloſe
With terrors; nor thy baits to fiſh expoſe.
The hurtfull kill: yet onely kill: nor eate
Defiling fleſh; but feede on fitter meate.
With other, and the like Philoſophie
Inſtructed; *Numa*, now returnd, was by
Th'intreating *Latines* cround. Taught by his Bride
The Nymph *Ægeria*, by the Muſes guide,
Religion inſtitutes; a People rude
And prone to warre, with lawes and peace imbu'd.
His raigne and age reſign'd to funerall;
Plebeians, *Roman* Dames, Patricians, all
For *Numa* mourne. His wife the Citie fled:
Hid in *Aricia's* Vale, the ground her bed,
The woods her ſhroud, diſturbs with grones and cries
Oreſtean Diana's ſacrifice.
How oft the Nymphs who haunt that Grone and Lake
Reprou'd her teares, and words of comfort ſpake!
How oft the *Theſean* Heros, Temperate
Thy ſorrow, ſaid! nor onely is thy fate

To

To be deplor'd: on worſe miſ-fortunes looke;
And you will yours with greater patience brooke.
Would mine were no example to appeaſe
So ſad a griefe: yet mine your griefe may eaſe.
Perhaps y'haue heard of one *Hippolytus*;
By Step-dames fraud, and fathers credulous
Beliefe deuow'd to death. Admire you may
That I am he, if credit, what I ſay.
Whom *Phædra* formerly ſolicited,
But vainely, to defile my fathers bed.
Fearing detection, or in that refus'd;
She turnes the crime, and me of her's accus'd.
My father, baniſhing the innocent,
Along with me his winged curſes ſent.
Toward *Pitthean Trœzen* me my charriot bore:
And driuing now by the *Corinthian* ſhore,
The ſmooth Seas ſwell; a monſtrous billow roſe,
Which, rouling like a mountaine, greater growes;
Then, bellowing, at the top aſunder rends:
When from the breach, breſt high, a Bull aſcends;
Who at his dreadfull mouth and noſthrils ſpouts
Part of the ſea. Feare all my followers routs:
But my afflicted mind was all this while
Vnterrifi'd; intending my exile.
When the hot horſes ſtart, erect their eares:
With horror rapt, and chaced by their feares,
O'r ragged rocks the totterd charriot driue:
While I to curb their furie vainly ſtriue;
The bits all frotht with fome: with all my might
Pull back the raignes, now lying bolt vp-right.
Nor had their heady fright my ſtrength o'r-gon;
Had not the feruent wheele, which roules vpon
The bearing Axel-tree, ruſht on a ſtump:
Which brake, and fell aſunder with that iump.
Throwne from my charriot, in the raignes faſt-bound,
My guts drag'd out aliue, my ſinewes wound
About the ſtump; ſome of my limmes hal'd thence
You might haue ſeene, ſome hanging in ſuſpence;
My breaking bones to crack, not any whole,
While I exhal'd my faint and wearie ſoule.
No part of all my parts you could haue found
That might be knowne: for all was but one wound.

Now

Now ſay, ſelfe-tortred Nymph, or can, or dare
You your calamities with ours compare?
I alſo ſaw thoſe realmes, to Day vnknowne:
And bath'd my wounds in wauie *Phlegeton*.
Had not *Apollo's* Son imploid the aid
Of his great Art; I with the dead had ſtaid.
But when by potent hearbs, and *Pæons* skill,
I was reſtor'd, 'gainſt angrie *Plutos* will:
Leaſt I, if ſeene, might enuie haue procur'd,
Me, friendly *Cynthia* with a cloud immur'd:
And that, though ſeene, I might be hurt by none;
She added age, and left my face vnknowne.
Whether in *Delos*, doubting, or in *Creet*;
Reiecting *Creet* and *Delos* as vnmeet,
Shee plac't me here. Nor would I ſhould retaine
The memorie of One by horſes ſlaine:
But ſaid; Hence forward *Virbius* be thy name
That wer't *Hippolytus*; though thou the ſame.
One of the Leſſer Gods, here, in this Groue,
I *Cynthia* ſerue; preſerued by her loue.
But others miſeries could not abate
Ægeria's ſorrowes, nor preuent her fate.
Who, couched at the baſes of a hill,
Thawes into teares, that ſtreame-like ran; vntill
Apollo's Siſter, pittying her woes,
Turn'd her t'a Spring; whoſe current euer flowes.
The Nymphs and *Amazonian* this amaz'd;
No leſſe then when the *Tyrrhen* Plough-man gazd
Vpon the fatall clod, that mou'd alone:
And, for a humane ſhape, exchang'd its owne.
With infant lips the newly Animate,
Reueal'd the Myſteries of future fate:
Whom Natiues *Tages* calld. He firſt of all
Th'*Hetrurians* taught to tell what would befall.
Or when aſtoniſht *Romulus* of old
Did, on Mount *Palatine*, his lance behold
To flouriſh with greene leaues: the fixed foot
Stood not on ſteele, but on a liuing root.
Which, now no weapon, ſpreading armes diſplaid;
And gaue admirers vnexpected ſhade.
Or when as *Cippus* in the liquid glaſſe
Beheld his hornes, which his beliefe ſurpaſſe.

Who

Who lifting oft his fingers to his brow,
Felt what before he ſaw: nor longer now
Condemnes his ſight. Returnd with victorie;
His eyes and hornes erecting to the skie:
You Gods, what e'r theſe prodigies portend;
If proſperous, he ſaid, let them deſcend
On *Romans* and on *Rome*: but if they be
Vnfortunate, ô let them fall on me!
An Altar then of liuing turf erects;
The fire feeds with perfumes, pure wine iniects:
And with the panting entrailes of a beaſt
New ſlaine, conſults; to know the Gods beheſt.
This, when the *Tyrrhen* Augur had beheld,
And ſaw therein endeuours that exceld,
Although obſcure; he from the ſacrifice
To *Cippus* hornes conuerts his ſteadie eyes:
Haile King, to thee, and to thoſe hornes of thine,
This place, and *Latian* towres, their rule reſigne.
Delay not; enter thou the yeelding gate:
Haſt, *Cippus*, haſt: ſuch is the Will of Fate.
Thou ſhalt be cround a King vpon that day:
And ſafely an eternall ſcepter ſway.
He, ſtarting back, from *Rome* diuerts his face:
And ſaid; You Gods, far hence this Omen chace.
Better that I in baniſhment grow old;
Then me, a King, the Capitoll behold.
Hiding his hornes with leauie ornaments,
The people and graue Senat he conuents.
Then mounts a Mound, late by the Souldier made,
And praying firſt (as was the cuſtome) ſaid
Vnleſſe expeld your Citie, here is One
Will be your King: though not by name, yet knowne
By his ſtrange hornes. I heard the Augur ſay,
If once in *Rome*, you all ſhould him obay.
He might, vnſtopt, haue entred without feare:
But I with-ſtood; though none to me more neare.
Be he, *Quirites*, into exile ſent:
Or, if he merit ſuch a puniſhment,
Bind him in heauie chaines, and keepe him ſure:
Or with the Tyrants death your feares ſecure.
The troubled People ſuch a murmuring make;
As when farre off the roring ſurges rake

On

On ratling ſhores; or when through high-truſt Pines
Lowd *Eurus* howles. One onely Voice diſ-ioynes
In this confuſion; asking, Which is he?
All ſeeking for the hornes they could not ſee,
Cippus repli'd; Behold the man you looke.
Then from his head (with-held) his garland tooke;
And ſhew'd the hornes which on his fore-head grew.
Not one but ſigh'd, and downe his count'nance threw:
And thoſe cleare browes (a thing beyond beliefe)
Adornd with merit, they behold with griefe.
Nor ſuffer him his honour to debace:
But on his head a laurell garland place.
And ſince he his owne entrance did with-ſtand:
The Nobles, in due fauour, ſo much land
To *Cippus* gaue, as well two oxen might
Round with a plough from morning vntill night.
The monumentall figure of his hornes,
So much admir'd, the golden Poſts adornes.
Now Muſes, Goddeſſes of Verſe, relate
(You know, nor yeares your memorie abate)
How *Æſculapius* in our Citie found
A Temple, by circumfluent *Tybris* bound.
A deadly plague the *Latian* aire defil'd:
Soules from their ſeates the pale diſeaſe exil'd.
Wearied with funerals, when phyſick faild;
Nor any humane induſtrie preuaild;
They ſeeke cœleſtiall aid. To *Delphos* ſent,
Built in the round Earths nauell, and preſent
Their prayers to *Phœbus*; that he would deſcend
To their reliefe, and giue their woes an end.
His Temple, Laurell, and his Quiuer, ſhake:
Who thus, they trembling, from his Tripod ſpake.
What here you ſeeke, you neerer ſhould haue ſought:
And ſeeke it neerer yet. *Apollo* ought
Not now to cure you, but *Apollo's* Seede.
Goe with ſucceſſe; and fetch my Sonne with ſpeede.
The Senat hauing heard this Oracle,
The Citie ſearch, where *Phœbus* ſonne ſhould dwell:
The ſhore of *Epidaure* the Legate ſeekes:
There anchoring, he intreats th'aſſembled *Greeke*
To ſend their God: who might th'*Auſonian* State
To health reſtore; and vrg'd the charge of Fate.

They

They varie in opinion : ſome aſſent
To ſend this ſuccour; many, not content
To loſe their owne in giuing others aid,
Striue to retaine him, and the reſt diſſwade.
While thus they doubt, the Day declin'd his Light :
And Earth-borne ſhadowes cloth'd the world in Night.
Th'Health-giuing God, in ſleepe, appeares to ſtand
In his old forme; a ſtaffe in his left hand :
And ſtroking with his right his reuerend beard;
From his hope-rendring breſt theſe words were heard.
Feare not, I come; my ſhape I will forſake :
View, and mark well this ſtaffe-infolding Snake :
Such will I ſeeme, yet ſhew of greater ſize;
So great as may a Deitie comprize.
God with the Voice, with God and Voice away
Sleepe flew : fled Sleepe perſude by chearefull Day.
The ſtarres now vanquiſht by the mornings flame;
The doubtfull Nobles to the temple came,
Intreat him by cœleſtiall ſignes to ſhew
Whether hee were content to ſtay or goe.
This hardly ſaid, the God in Serpent's ſhroud,
His high creſt gold-like gliſtring, hiſt aloud.
His ſtatue, altar, gates, the marble flore,
And golden roofe, ſhooke at th'approching Powre.
He, in his Fane, breſt-high his bodie rais'd :
Rouling about his eyes that flame-like blaz'd.
All tremble. The chaſt Prieſt, his haire imbraid
With Virgin fillet, knew the God, and ſaid :
Tis he! 'tis he ! all you who preſent are
Pray with your hearts and tongues : ô heauenly-Faire,
Propitious proue to thoſe who thee implore !
All that were there the preſent Powre adore;
Reitterating what the Prieſt had ſaid :
With heart and tongue the *Romans* alſo prayd.
He, by the motion of his loftie creſt,
And doubled hiſſes, ſigne's to their requeſt.
Then ſliding downe the poliſht ſtaires, his looke
Reuerts on his old altars; now forſooke :
Salute's his ſhrine, and Temple deckt with towres.
Then creeping on the ground, ſtrewd with freſh flowres,
Indenteth through the Citie; ſtopping where
The Harbour is defended by a Peere.

The following troopes, and thoſe whoſe zeales aſſiſt
In honouring him, with gentle lookes diſmiſt;
He climes th'*Auſonian* ſhip: which felt the waight,
And ſhrunk with preſſure of ſo great a fraight.
The ioyfull *Romans*, offering on the ſtrand
A Bull to *Neptune*; anchor weigh, and land
Forſake with eaſie gales. Rais'd on his traine,
He, leaning, lookes vpon the blew-wau'd Maine.
Through *Iônian* Seas by friendly *Zephyrus* borne,
They fell with *Italie* on the ſixth morne.
Lacinian Iunos Fane, *Scyllæan* ſhores,
Iapygia paſt; they ſhun with nimble ores
Amphryſian rocks; *Ceraunian*, weather-cleft;
Romechium, *Caulon*, and *Narycia* left:
Sicilian Straights o'r-come, and wrackfull ſeas,
Saile by the manſion of *Hippotades*:
By *Temeſa*, in metals fruitfull; by
Leucoſia, and the *Pæſtan* Roſary.
Neere *Capreæ*, and *Minerua's* Fore-land row,
Surrentine hils, where wines ſo generous grow;
Heraclea, *Stabiæ*, *Naples* borne to eaſe,
Cumæan Sibyl's Temple: next to theſe,
Hot Baths; *Linternum*, ſweet with maſtick flowres;
Vulturnus, who his ſandie channell skoures;
Sinueſſa, ſwarming with white Snakes; ill-air'd
Minturnæ; and where Pietie prepar'd
His Nurſe a tomb: forth-with the manſion make
Of fell *Antiphates*; and then the Lake-
Beſeeged *Trachin*: thence directly bore
To *Circe's* Ile, and *Antium's* ſolid ſhore.
The Sea now ſwelling high, this harbor holds
The Saile-wing'd ſhip. The God his orbs vnfolds;
And, with huge doublings, o'r the yellow ſand
Slides to his fathers temple on that ſtrand.
Rough waues aſſwag'd, the *Epidaurian* Gueſt
His fathers altar leaues; to Sea-ward preſt,
Slicing the ſandie ſhore with ruſtling ſcales:
And, by her ſterne the ſhip aſcending, ſailes
Till hee to *Caſtrum*, to *Lauinia's* name-
Retaining Seat, and mouth of *Tyber* came.
All hither throng; ſons, daughters, mothers, ſires,
The Nunnes who keepe the *Phrygian Veſta's* fires,

With

With lowd ſalutes of ioy. On either ſide
The Riuer, as the Veſſell ſtemmes the tide,
Altars, with incenſe fed, the aire perfume:
And kniues from Sacrifices heat aſſume.
Rome entring, the Worlds Head, He winds about
The loftie maſt; and from on high thruſts out
His glittering head, to chuſe a fitting place.
The armes of *Tyber* doe an Ile imbrace,
Which equall ſtreame from either bank diuides;
Thither *Apollo's* ſacred Serpent ſlides:
Who now cœleſtiall ſhape aſſuming, ends
Their miſeries, and health to all extends.
He here, a forrein Powre, makes his aboad.
In his owne Citie *Cæſar* is a God.
Glorious in Peace and War: whom war's ſurceaſe
With triumphs crouned, his gouernment in peace,
Nor race of wonder with ſuch quickneſſe runne;
More make a blazing Star, then his great Sonne.
For of all *Cæſars* acts, none may compare
With his adopting ſo diuine an Heire.
For, was it more t'o'r-come the *Britiſh* Ile?
Fill the ſeauen mouthes of paper-bearing *Nile*
With conquering ſailes? *Numidians* rebelling,
Cinyphian Iuba, *Pontus* proudly ſwelling
In *Mithridates*, to ſubiect to *Rome*?
Meriting many, to triumph for ſome?
Then him beget, in whoſe dominion
The Gods ſo abundantly haue fauour'd man?
To th'other they a Deitie decreed;
That this might not from mortall birth proceede.
Which, when faire *Venus* ſaw; and ſaw with all,
Conſpiring weapons threat her Prelats fall;
Her colour fled: to euery God ſhe met,
She ſaid, Behold, what ſnares for me are ſet!
To murder me in him how Treaſon ſtriues;
Who onely of *Iulus* race ſuruiues!
Still muſt I vndeſeru'd afflictions beare?
How lately wounded by *Tydides* ſpeare!
Now ill-defended *Troy* againe is loſt:
My Sonne *Æneas*, with long errors toſt
On wrathfull Seas, againe deſcends to Hell:
Now warres with *Turnus*; or, the truth to tell,

With *Iuno* rather. How remember I
Old harmes ſuſtaind in my poſteritie?
I, through this feare, all former feares forget.
Loe! they their wicked ſwords againſt me whet:
O helpe! reſtraine their furies! nor, for ſhame,
With Prelats blood extinguiſh *Veſta's* flame.
Thus, through all heauen, her Sorrowes vainly ſpeak;
And melt the Gods: who, ſince they could not breake
The antient Siſters adamantine doome,
By ſure Oſtents demonſtrate Woes to come.
Armes, claſhing in the aire with clouds o'r-caſt;
Terrible trumpets, and the cornet's blaſt,
Proclaime the Murder: *Sols* afflicted looke
And pale eclipſe, the World with terror ſtrooke.
Oft, Meteors through the aire their flames extend:
Oft, drops of blood from purple clouds deſcend.
Black ruſt obſcures dimme *Lucifers* aſpect:
And *Cynthia's* charriot bloodie ſtaines infect.
The *Stygian* Owle each where diſturbs their ſleepe
With ominous ſcreeches: iuorie Statues weepe.
The ſacred Groues reſound with yelling cryes,
And fearefull menaces. No ſacrifice
The Gods appeaſe: the headleſſe inwards ſhew
Signes of ſucceeding Tumults, Death, and Woe.
Dogs nightly, in the Court, about the Gods,
And holy Temples howle. From ſad abodes
The Dead ariſe, and wander here and there:
Rome trembling, both with Earth-quakes and with feare.
Theſe Warnings of the Gods no changes wrought
In Fate, or Treaſon. Murderous ſwords were brought
Into the Temple: for no place might ſort
With ſuch a Slaughter, but the ſacred Court.
Then *Venus* ſmote her breſt: who ſought to ſhroud,
And ſnatch him thence in that Æthereall cloud,
Which *Paris* from *Atrides* rage conuaid:
And freed *Æneas* from *Tydides* blade.
Daughter, ſaid *Ioue*, canſt thou reſiſt the doome
Of conquering Fates? Into their manſion come.
There ſhalt thou ſee Decrees that needs muſt paſſe,
Writ in huge folds of ſolid ſteele and braſſe.
Which ſafe, eternall, euer fixed there;
My thunder, lightnings rage, nor ruine feare.

In

In laſting Adamant there maiſt thou reed,
What ſhall to thy great Progenie ſucceed.
I read, remember well, and will relate
What may informe thee in ſucceeding fate.
He, whom thou ſtriu'ſt to ſaue, his race hath run
Of Time and Glorie: whom, thou and his Son
Shall make in heauen a God; on Earth, with praire
And Temples dignifi'd. His names great Heire
Alone his Load ſhall beare: and ſtrongly ſhall
By our conduct reuenge his fathers fall.
By his good fortune *Mutinæ*, o'r-throwne,
Shall ſue for peace: *Pharſalian* fields ſhall grone:
Slaughter againe *Philippi* ſhall imbrue:
On red *Sicilian* Seas hee ſhall ſubdue
A mightie Name. Th'*Ægyptian* Spouſe ſhall fall,
Ill truſting to her *Roman* Generall:
To make our ſtately *Capitoll* obay
Her proud *Canopus*, ſhall in vaine aſſay.
What need I of thoſe barbarous People tell,
And Nations, which by either Ocean dwell?
Hee ſhall the habitable Earth command;
And ſtretch his Empire ouer ſea and land.
Peace giuen to Earth; hee ſhall conuert his care
To ciuill Rule, iuſt Lawes; and by his faire
Example Vertue guide. Then looking to
The future times, and Nephewes to enſue;
A Sonne ſhall bleſſe him from a holy womb:
To him he ſhall reſigne his name, and roome.
Nor ſhall, till full of age, aſcend th'aboads
Of heauenly Dwellers, and his kindred Gods.
Meane-while from this ſlaine corps his ſoule conuay
Vp to the ſtarres, and giue it a cleare Ray:
That *Iulius* may with friendly influence
Shine on our Capitol and Court from thence.
This ſaid: inuiſible faire *Venus* ſtood
Amid the Senat; from his corps, with blood
Defil'd, her *Cæſars* new-fled ſpirit bare
To heauen, not ſuffer'd to reſolue to aire.
And, as in her ſoft boſom borne, ſhee might
Perceiue it take a Powre, and gather light.
When once let looſe, It forth-with vp-ward flew;
And after it long blazing treſſes drew.

The radiant Starre his Sons great acts beheld
T'out-luſter his : and ioy'd, to be exceld.
Though he would haue his Fathers deeds preferd
Before his owne : yet free-tongu'd Fame, deter'd
By no commandment, yeeld th'euited Bayes
To his cleare browes; and but in this gaine-ſayes.
So *Atreus* yeelds to *Agamemnons* fame;
Ægeus ſo to *Theſeus* : *Peleus* name
Stoops to *Achilles*. That I may confer
Th'illuſtrious to their equals, *Iupiter*
So *Saturne* tops. *Ioue* rules the arched Skie,
And triple World; th'Earths vaſt Monarchie
T'*Auguſtus* bowes : both Fathers, and both ſway.
You Gods, *Æneas* mates, who made your way
Through fire and ſword; you Gods of men become;
Quirinus, Father of tryumphant *Rome*;
Thou *Mars*, inuincible *Quirinus* Sire;
Chaſt *Veſta*, with thy euer-burning fire,
Among Great *Cæſars* Houſhold-Gods inſhrin'd;
Domeſtick *Phœbus*, with his *Veſta* ioyn'd;
Thou *Ioue*, whom in *Tarpeian* towres we adore;
And You, all You, whom Poets may implore:
Slow be that day, and after I am dead,
Wherein *Auguſtus*, of the world the Head,
Leauing the Earth, ſhall vnto heauen repaire;
And fauour thoſe that ſeeke to him by praier.

And now the Work is ended, which, *Ioue's* rage,
Nor Fire, nor Sword ſhall raze, nor eating Age.
Come when it will my deaths vncertaine howre;
Which onely of my body hath a powre :
Yet ſhall my better Part tranſcend the skie;
And my immortall name ſhall neuer die.
For, where-ſo-ere the *Roman* Eagles ſpread
Their conquering wings, I ſhall of all be read :
And, if we Prophets truly can diuine,
I, in my liuing Fame, ſhall euer ſhine.

FINIS.

To the Reader.

ALthough it may ſeeme ſuperfluous to the Learned; yet that the meere Engliſh Reader may not bee confounded with the many names that are giuen to one perſon, deriued from Father, Grand-father, Anceſtors, Countrie, Qualitie, or Atchieuements; I haue here collected them with their briefe explanations. With theſe I had thought, in their ſeuerall places, to haue charged the margent: but the haſtineſſe of the Preſſe, and vnexpected want of leaſure, haue preuented me. The ſame reaſon may ſerue for diuers ſlips, and errours, which I not onely know but acknowledge. Yet if the too cleanly Critick ſweepe not all the duſt together and lay it on one heape, it may perhaps be hardly diſcerned, how ſo euer borne-with in ſo long and interrupted a labour.

A

ABantiades. *pag.* 81. *verſ.* 39. Acriſius *the Sonne of* Abas *King of* Argos.

Abantiades. *pag.* 86. *verſ.* 18. *and pag.* 92. *verſ.* 17, *and pag.* 95. *verſ.* 15. Perſeus *great grand-child to* Abas.

Acheloides. *the* Syrens, *daughters to* Achelous.

Acheron. *a Riuer in Hell, and ſignifies depriuation of Ioy.*

Acriſionides. Perſeus *grandchild to* Acriſius.

Actorides. *pag.* 157. *verſ.* 36. Euritus *and* Creatus *the ſons of* Actor.

Actorides. *pag.* 261. *verſ.* 35. Patroclus *grand-child to* Actor.

The Æacides. *pag.* 139. *verſ.* 17. Peleus, Telamon, *and* Phocus, *ſons to* Æacus.

Æacides. *pag.* 222. *verſ.* 9 *and* 34. *pag.* 225. *verſ.* 42. Peleus *the ſon of* Æacus.

Æacides. *pag.* 240. *verſ.* 21. *and thence forth,* Achilles *the grand-child of* Æacus.

Aello. *one of the Harpyes.*

Æetias. Medea, *the daughter of* Æeta.

Ægides. Theſeus, *the ſonne of* Ægeus

Ægis. Minerua's *ſhield.*

Æolian *Virgin. pag.* 110. *verſ.* 26. Arne, *the daughter of* Æolus.

Æolides. *pag.* 79. *verſ.* 19. Athamas, *the Sonne of* Æolus.

Æolides. *pag.* 144. *verſ.* 6. Cephalus, *the grand-child of* Æolus.

Æolides. *pag.* 187. *verſ.* 15. Macareus *and* Canace, *the ſon and daughter of* Æolus.

Æſonides. Iaſon, *the ſonne of* Æſon.

Agenorides. Cadmus, *the ſonne of* Agenor.

Aloidæ. Otus *and* Ephialtes, *got by* Neptune *on the wife of* Aloeus.

Alcides. *a name of* Hercules, *which ſignifies ſtrength.*

Amazonian *Heros.* Hippolytus, *ſon to* Hippolyte *the* Amazonian.

Amiclydes. Hyacinthus, *the ſon of* Amyclas.

Amphitrite. *the daughter of* Oceanus, *and wife to* Neptune; *taken for the Sea.*

Amphitryonides. Hercules *the ſon of* Amphitryo.

Ampycides. Mopſus, *the ſon of* Ampycus.

Anubis. *an Idoll of the* Ægyptians *with the head of a dog.*

Apis. *a black Oxe ſpotted with white, worſhipped by the* Ægyptians *in remembrance of* Oſiris.

Aphrodites. *a name of* Venus, *in that ſprung from the foame of the Sea.*

Arcturus. *a Star in the taile of the Greater Beare.*

Aſtræa. *Juſtice, ſo called of* Aſtræus, *a moſt iuſt Prince.*

Aſtræan *Sons. The Winds, ſons to the Gyant* Aſtræus.

Athamantiades. Palæmon, *the ſon of* Athamas.

Atlantiades. *pag.* 18. *verſ.* 18. *and pag.* 48. *ver.* 13. Mercurie *the grand-child of* Atlas.

Atlantiades. *pag.* 75. *verſ.* 19. Hermaphroditus, *the ſon of* Mercurie, *and great grand-child of* Atlas.

Atracides. Cæneus, *ſo called of* Atrax *a citie of* Theſſalie.

Atrides

Atrides, Agamemnon; *ſometimes* Menelaus; *both ſons to* Atreus.
Auernian Iuno. Proſerpina.
Auernus. *a lake in hell, ouer which no birds can flie without falling.*
Autonoëius. Actæon *the ſon of* Autonoe, Cadmus *daughter.*
Auſter. *The South-wind.*

B

BAcchiadæ. *the off-ſpring of* Bacchia *the* Corinthian.
Bacchanals. *women ſolemnizing the feaſt of* Bacchus.
Belides. *the neeces of* Belus, *and daughters of* Danaus.
Berecynthian. *pag.* 219. *verſ.* 9. Midas *of* Berecynthus, *a citie of* Phrygia.
Bootes. *the Star, that followes* Charles waine.
Boreas. *the North-wind.*
Bromius. *a name of* Bacchus, *which ſignifies raging.*
Bubaſtis. *an* Ægyptian *Goddeſſe, companion to* Iſis.

C

Carpathian *Prophet.* Proteus *a God of the Sea.*
Cecropides, *the daughters of* Cecrops, *King of* Athens.
Centaures, *ſaid to be halfe men and halfe beaſts, in that they were the firſt that rid on horſes.*
Ceraſtæ. *men with hornes.*
Cerberus. *the Hell-hound with three heads, ſignifying a deuourer of the dead.*
Chimæra. *a monſter; hauing the face of a woman, the bodie of a goate, and the taile of a Serpent.*
Colchis. Medea, *ſo called of* Colchis, *where ſhee was borne.*
Cratæis *daughter.* Scylla
Cyclades. *Ilands in the* Ægæan *Sea, diſperſed in forme of a cycle.*
Cyclops. *Giants, and ſons of* Neptune; *ſo called of the round eye, which they had in their fore-heads.*
Cyclopean *darts. Thunder and Lightning forgd by the* Cyclops.
Cyllenius. *a name of* Mercurie, *in that borne on the hill* Cyllene.
Cynthius, Cynthia } *names of* Apollo *and* Diana, *of* Cynthus *a hill in* Delos, *where they were borne.*
Cyprides. *a name of* Venus, *of the Iland of* Cyprus, *where ſhe was worſhipped.*
Cytherea. *a name of* Venus, *of the Iland* Cythera, *dedicated to* Venus.

D

Danaean Heros. *Perſeus, the ſon of* Danae.
Dardan *Prophet.* Helenus *the ſon of* Priamus.
Delius, Delia } *names of* Apollo *and* Diana, *of* Delos, *where they were borne.*
Delphian. Phœbus, *in that worſhipped at* Delphos.
Dictynna. *a name of* Diana, *taken from the Toyles, which ſhee inuented.*
Dis. *a name of* Pluto, *ſignifying the ſame, which is riches.*
Dodonëian *Oke. An Oke conſecrated to* Iupiter, *which gaue Oracles,*
Dryades. *Nymphs of the wood.*
Dulichian *Guide.* Vlyſſes, *of* Dulichium, *a little Iland by* Ithaca, *ouer which hee raigned.*

E

Echidna. *an infernall Monſter hauing a virgins face, and the taile of a Serpent.*
Echidna's *Hell-hound.* Cerberus, *borne of* Echidna.
Eleleus. *a name of* Bacchus, *and ſignifies to excite, or animate.*
Epimethis. Pyrrha, *the daughter of* Epimetheus.
Erebus. *a riuer of Hell, which ſignifies darkneſſe, and obſcuritie.*
Erinnys. *one of the Furies, ioying in broyles and diſcord.*
Erycina. *a name of* Venus, *of* Eryx *a mountaine of* Sicilia, *where ſhee had a Temple.*
Euan. *a name which ſignifies* Bacchus, *vſed by the* Bacchanals.
Eumenides. *the infernall Furies.*
Euohe. *a word of gratulation to* Bacchus, *vſed by his Frowes.*
Eurus. *the Eaſt-wind.*

H

HAmadryades. *Nymphs of the wood.*
Harpe. *the ſword of* Mercurie *lent to* Perſeus.
Heliades. *the three ſiſters of* Phaeton; *ſo called of* Helios, (*the Sun*) *their father.*
Helice. Vrſa Maior, *ſo called, in that in* 24. *howers it turnes about the Pole.*

Hermes.

Hermes. *a name of* Mercurie, *which ſignifies a meſſenger.*
Heſperus. *the Euening Starre.*
Hippotades. Æolus, *the grand-child of* Hippotes.
Hyantius. Actæon, *of* Hyantes, *a people of* Bœotia.
Hyades. *Starres in the ſhoulder of* Taurus, *ſo named, in that they riſe and ſet with raine.*
Hydra. *a Serpent with fiftie heads; whereof one being ſtrucken off, two grew in the roome.*
Hymen. *the God of marriage; ſometimes taken for marriage.*
Hyperion. *ſometimes taken for the* Sun, *ſometimes for the father of the* Sun.

I

Iacchus. *a name of* Bacchus, *which ſignifies clamour.*
Iapetonides. Atlas *the ſonne of* Iapet.
Idalia. Venus, *of* Idalia, *a hill in* Cyprus, *where ſhe had her groues.*
Iliades *pag.* 199. *verſ.* 28. Ganymed, *grand-child to* Ilus.
Iliades. *pag.* 301. *verſ.* 40. Romulus, *deſcended from* Ilus.
Ilithyia. *a name of* Lucina, *Goddeſſe of childbirth.*
Inachis. *pag.* 16. *verſ.* 28. Iö, *the daughter of* Inachus.
Inachides. *pag.* 20. *verſ.* 9. Epaphus, *the ſonne of* Iö, *and grand-child of* Inachus.
Inachides. *pag.* 84. *verſ.* 39. Perſeus. *The Argolians being ſo called of the riuer* Inachus.
Iô. *an acclamation of ioy: where it ſtands not for* Iö *the daughter of* Inachus.
Iris. *the Raine-bow.*
Iſmenides, Iſmenians } Thebans, *ſo called of* Iſmenus, *a riuer of* Bœotia.
Ithacus. Vlyſſes, *of the Iland* Ithaca, *where hee was borne.*
Iülus. *a name of* Aſcanius.

L

Lemnian *iſſue. pag.* 41. *verſ.* 12. Erichthonius *ſon to* Vulcan, *who dwelt in* Lemnos.
Lenæus. *a name of* Bacchus, *of the veſſell that receiues the wine from the preſſe.*
Lethe. *a riuer of Hell, and ſignifies forgetfulneſſe.*
Liber. *a name of* Bacchus, *in that wine freeth the heart from ſorrow.*
Lucifer. *the Morning Starre.*
Lyæus. *a name of* Bacchus; *the ſame with* Liber.

M

Mæandrius. Caunus, *grand-child by the mothers ſide to the riuer* Mæander.
Meduſæan *Horſe.* Pegaſus, *ſprung from the blood of* Meduſa.
Mæonidæ. *the Muſes. Of* Mæonia, *where they dwelt.*
Mineides. *the daughters of* Mineus.
Minerua. *a name of* Pallas, *of her powre in War.*
Minyæ. *a people of* Theſſalie.
Mopſopian. Triptolemus: Attica *being called* Mopſopia *of King* Mopſus.
Mulciber. *a name of* Vulcan, *in that fire cheriſheth.*

N

Naiades. *Nymphs of Springs and riuers.*
Nauplius *ſeed.* Palamedes, *the ſonne of* Nauplius.
Neleides. *the ſons of* Neleus. *Of whom* Neſtor, *and* Periclymenus.
Neoptolemus. *a name of* Pyrrhus, Achilles *ſon.*
Nereus. *a Sea-god; ſometimes taken for the ſea.*
Nereides. *Sea-Nymphs, the daughters of* Nereus.
Nereis. *pag.* 239. *verſ.* 29. Thetis, *one of the daughters of* Nereus.
Nereis. *pag.* 274. *verſ.* 25. Galathea, *daughter to* Nereus.
Narycius. Aiax Oileus, *of the citie of* Narycium.
Nonacrines. *Nymphs of* Nonacris, *a hill in Arcadia.*
Nyſæus. *a name of* Bacchus; *of the city* Nyſa, *where hee was foſtered.*
Nyſæides. *Nymphs ſo called of* Nyſa, *the top of* Cytheron, *who nurſed* Bacchus.
Nyctelius. *a name of* Bacchus, *in that his ſacrifices were celebrated by night.*

O

Oebalides. Hyacinthus, *of* Oebalia, *a part of* Laconia.
Oechalides. *Nymphs of* Oechalia.
Oenides. *pag.* 160. *verſ.* 32. *and pag.* 261. *verſ.* 14. Meleager, *the ſon of* Oeneus.
Oenides. *pag.* 294. *verſ.* 37. Diomedes, *grand-child to* Oeneus.
Oiclides. Amphiaraus; *the ſon of* Oicleus.
Olenian Kids. *Starres in the ſhoulder of* Auriga, *which commonly riſe and ſet with raine.*
Ora. *a name of* Herſilia, *the wife of* Romulus.

Oreades

Oreades. *Nymphs of mountaines.*
Orion. *a conſtellation.*
Olympicks. *Games performed euery fifth yeare on* Olympus, *a mountaine of* Theſſalie.

P

PÆan. *a name of* Apollo, *of healing, in that the Inuentor of Phyſick.*
Pæan. *a ſong of victorie.*
Pæons. *the daughters of* Pierus, *ſo called of the woods of* Pæonia, *which they frequented.*
Palladium. *the Image of* Pallas.
Paphian *Heros.* Pigmalion *of* Paphos.
Pelides. Achilles, *the ſon of* Peleus.
Perſephone. *The ſame with* Proſerpina.
Phaſias. *a name of* Medea, *from the riuer* Phaſis.
Phegides. Themenus *and* Axion *the ſonnes of* Phegeus.
Pheres *hope.* Admetus, *the ſon of* Pheres.
Phlegeton. *a burning riuer in hell.*
Phœbus } *names of the Sun and Moone, in re-*
Phœbe } *gard of their ſplendor.*
Phorcydes. *the daughter of* Phorcus.
Phoronis. Iõ, *the ſiſter of* Phoroneus.
Pleias. Maia, *one of the* Pleiades, *and mother to* Mercurie.
Pleiones *Nephew.* Mercurie, *grand-child to* Pleione, *the wife of* Atlas.
Pœans *Heire* } Philoctetes, *the ſonof* Pœan.
Pœantius }
Priamides. *pag.* 259. *verſ.* 10. Hector, *the ſonne of* Priamus.
Promethides. Deucalion, *the ſonne of* Prometheus.
Propœtides. *Infamous women of* Cyprus.

Q

QVirinus. *a name of* Romulus.
Quirites. Romans, *ſo called of* Quirinus.

R

RHamnuſia. *a name of* Nemeſis, *of the Citie* Rhamnus, *where ſhee had her Temple.*

S

Saturnius } Iupiter *and* Iuno, *the ſonne and*
Saturnia } *daughter of* Saturne.
Smintheus. *a name of* Apollo, *for deſtroying of mice.*
Sol. *the Sun.*
Stygian *ſhades. Hell; ſo called of* Styx, *an infernall riuer.*

T

TAntalides. *pag.* 253. *verſ.* 13. Agamemnon, *grand-child to* Tantalus.
Taygeta. *one of the* Pleiades, *or ſeuen Starres.*
Tellus. *the Earth.*
Teucrans. Troians, *deſcended of* Teucer.
Thaumantias. Iris, *the daughter of* Thaumas.
Theſpiades. *the Muſes; of* Theſpiæ, *a citie neere* Helicon.
Theſtiadæ. Toxeus *and* Plexippus, *the ſonnes of* Theſtius.
Theſtias. Althæa, *the daughter of* Theſtius.
Theſtorides. Chalcas, *the ſon of* Theſtor.
Thyon'. Bacchus; *of* Thyone, *a name of his mother* Semele.
Thyrſus. *a Iauelin woond with Iuie, borne by* Bacchus.
Titan. *a name of the Sun, from his mother* Titea, *whoſe* 45. *children were generally called by the name of* Titans.
Titania. *pag.* 11. *verſ.* 3. Pyrrha, *deſcended of the* Titans.
Titania. *pag.* 49. *verſ.* 41. *and pag.* 132. *verſ.* 9. Diana, *grand-child to* Titæa.
Titania. *pag.* 116. *verſ.* 17. Latona, *daughter to* Cœus, *one of the* Titans.
Titania. *pag.* 282. *verſ.* 1. Circe, *deſcended of the* Titans.
Triones. *the ſeuen ſtarres, that turne about the Pole.*
Triopeius. Ereſichthon, *the ſonne of* Triopas.
Tritonia. Pallas, *ſo called for her wiſdome.*
Troades. *the women of* Troy.
Tydides. Diomedes, *the ſonne of* Tydeus.
Tyndaridæ. Caſtor *and* Pollux, *the ſonnes of* Tyndarus.
Tyrinthian. Hercules *of* Tyrus.

V

VVlcans *ſeed. pag.* 137. *verſ.* 37. Periphatus.

Z

ZEphyrus. *the Weſt-wind.*

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